ORATORS' MANUAL

RAYMOND

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THE ORATOR'S MANUAL

IS WHAT IT PURPORTS TO BE, VIZ:

A Practical

I think that its method is philosophical and sound, and is developed according to the **practical** judgment of an experienced teacher of the subject.—*Moses Coit Tyler, Prof. of Eng. Lit., Univ. Michigan.*

I have long wished for just such a book to aid me in the criticism of preaching. It is thoroughly practical and descends into details, **really helping the speaker** who follows its suggestions just where he needs the advice of a practical master.—*J. M. Hoppin, D.D., Prof. of Homiletics, Yale College.*

We see everywhere in his book the hand of the experienced teacher, meeting the difficulties gradually but surely, and overcoming them with precision and ease.—*The Tutor, Baltimore.*

The completeness and exactness and **simplicity** of this manual as a directory excite my admiration. It is so just and **full of nature,** that I can imagine no course of training better adapted to develop every man's own peculiar eloquence, while it fixes a standard of conformity, which must be indispensable in common.—*Alex. T. McGill, D.D., LL.D., Prof. of Homiletics, Princeton Theological Seminary.*

The work is evidently that of a skillful teacher, bringing before students of oratory the results of philosophical thinking and successful experience in an **admirable form and a narrow compass.**—*J. W. Churchill, Prof. of Elocution, Andover Theological Seminary.*

and Philosophical Treatise

Builds on such **deep foundations** its **simple instructions** as to leave room for no new "orator's manual" for years.—*Chicago Alliance.*

We regard this book as the **freshest, clearest, most complete and soundly philosophical** work on a public speaker's training that it has been our fortune to meet. . . . The prefatory remarks are full of good sense and ought first to be read. . . . A faithful study of . . . this book will result in a natural, graceful and effective style of public speaking.—*The Christian Union (written by Prof. J. W. Churchill).*

It is **more philosophical and thorough,** according to my opinion, than any other book on the subject.—*Prof. John E. Earp, Ph. D., Indiana Asbury University.*

on Vocal Culture,

The portion on Vocal Culture . . . would work an entire **revolution** in . . . some speakers, greatly to the satisfaction of their hearers.—*Central Christian Advocate, St. Louis.*

"The Orator's Manual" is of value not only to public speakers but also to singers and to all who wish a pleasing voice. . . . The Professor understands the matter, and has given **directions which any person** with ordinary intelligence **can carry out.** . . . We know of no book that embodies our views of correct breathing as well as this.—*The Voice, Albany, N.Y.*

Emphasis

His study of the varying vocal inflections proper for the expression of varying emotions is **surprisingly** elaborate, . . . has done more . . . to reduce oratory to an exact science than any other elocutionist with whom we have any acquaintance.—*Philadelphia North American.*

The pages devoted to the subject of emphasis are **well worth the price** of the book.—*Hamilton College Literary Monthly.*

An **exhaustive** study of the elements of emphasis.—*Christian Union.*

and Gesture,

Particularly full on the subject of Gestures, showing their **natural language.**—*Wisconsin Journal of Education.*

I have been particularly struck with the **value** of the chapters on Force and Gesticulation—the last a subject greatly neglected and in which we moderns are children when compared with the ancients. . . Action of a dignified and powerful sort is almost unknown.—*Prof. Hoppin, of the Art School, Yale College.*

With Selections for Declamation and Reading.

Are made with **admirable** judgment.—*Boston Home Journal.*

ELOCUTION.—Maud asks for a collection of good pieces to speak. . . . We cannot do better than to commend to her, and all lovers of elocution. . . . "The Orator's Manual." . . . It contains a **very choice selection** of pieces for declamation and reading.—*New York Tribune.*

Designed as a Text-Book for Schools and Colleges, and for Public Speakers who are obliged to study without an Instructor.

Hitherto there has been no text-book adapted to the necessities of the case of overloaded teachers of English. Teachers and students will owe a debt of gratitude to Prof. Raymond for the invaluable assistance he has rendered.—*J. T. Murfee, Pres. Howard Coll.*

I think it will **do just the work** I want done in my Freshman class.—*J. M. Geery, Prof. English Literature, Ripon College.*

Very useful, not only as a text-book, . . . but to teachers who need some guide, also to private learners.—*Wis. Jour. of Education.*

It is undoubtedly the most complete and thorough treatise on oratory for the practical student ever published. If you cannot have Raymond as an instructor get his book, and if you are a diligent student you will find the Professor demonstrating on every page the principles of his art almost **as clearly** and **emphatically as in the class-room.**—*The Educational Weekly, Chicago.*

☞ The special attention of Teachers is called to the suggestions in the Preface for the proper method of using this book.

THE

ORATOR'S MANUAL;

A PRACTICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL TREATISE ON

VOCAL CULTURE, EMPHASIS AND GESTURE,

TOGETHER WITH HINTS FOR THE COMPOSITION OF ORATIONS AND

SELECTIONS FOR DECLAMATION AND READING.

DESIGNED AS A TEXT-BOOK FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES, AND FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND READERS WHO ARE OBLIGED TO STUDY

WITHOUT AN INSTRUCTOR.

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FULLY REVISED WITH IMPORTANT ADDITIONS AFTER THE FIFTEENTH EDITION

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PREFACE.

1. This book has been prepared to supply a want felt by the author while giving instruction in his own classes, and felt, as he believes, by many overworked teachers who often, without making a specialty of elocution, desire to give efficient instruction in it, yet have no manual at hand enabling them to do this, without a great expenditure of time and trouble. It is intended to present, in concise and comprehensive form, some new material, the results of the author's own experience in teaching; but over and beyond this to be a compend, amply illustrated, of the best that has been published or taught on the subject of which it treats with each department of the art so described that its methods shall be distinctly apprehended, so explained that the principles underlying their use shall be easily understood, and so few that they can be readily applied.

2. In many of its features, Oratory resembles music. A man can no more declaim well who has not passed the point where he is obliged to exhaust his mental energy in calculating how to modulate his voice in his inflections, or to move his hands in his gestures, than he can sing or play well while his attention is constantly turning from his theme in order to think how he shall form his notes in his throat, or use his fingers upon his instrument. Such things as these, before his performance can be easy, natural, expressive and effective, must be done automatically, as a result of persistent practice. So in Oratory. Certain things must be done automatically; and that they may be done thus, and at the same time correctly, the student must begin by practicing according to methods very accurately described to him. This fact is a sufficient excuse for the minute and full directions contained in this book,—those, for instance, referring to the methods of using the lungs and throat, of starting and ending inflections, of moving and holding the arms and hands in the gestures, etc. It is thought that they will be found to be of exceptional value, not only to students of elocution, but also to teachers; and though it is not supposed that they can take the place of competent oral instruction, especially with those just entering

upon the study, yet they will fail of their object if they do not prove to be just what are needed by clergymen and other public speakers who, for any reason, are unable to obtain the services of an instructor.

3. But besides describing the elements of the art, and how to acquire facility in using them, a manual of this sort must direct the student when and where to use them. Elocution, like music, must deal with the great subject of expression. And here the important matter is to ground the principles presented not on the letter of passages but on their spirit; not on the phraseology but on the mind's attitude toward the phraseology, upon one's judgment of the thought that it contains, upon his motive in using it, and upon the degree of energy or kind of feeling which it awakens in him. In proportion as these requirements are met by the directions that are given him, a man may speak according to rule and yet maintain his individuality and freedom. His knowledge of the art of elocution will be merely a knowledge of the art of expressing, and of impressing on others, his own meanings, motives and feelings. He will be a master and not a slave of the rules that he follows.

4. Once more: any number of rules all of which must be applied with as little forethought as in speaking, must be few; otherwise the mind will be so burdened in trying to recall them that it will not be able to act readily in using them. Great pains have been taken in this book, by means of classifications and diagrams, to reduce the general principles that need to be emphasized to a minimum ; but at the same time to make each of these so comprehensive that all of them together shall include a treatment of the whole subject.

5. On this point,—in trying to devise how the art may be taught and mastered with the least possible waste of time and labor, the author has expended no little thought. It is impossible to refer here to all the "short-cuts" that this book recommends. But as an aid to teachers who have not yet matured their courses of instruction, some suggestions based on his own experience and methods may not prove unacceptable.

6. With a class as a whole, it seems best to begin by teaching something about emphasis and gesture. The least experienced student can understand why these subjects need to be studied; but, as a rule, it is only after he has been led, through studying them, to realize the deficiencies in his own voice that he is prepared to devote him-

self to vocal culture proper with the persistency that it demands. As an introduction to the general study, therefore, the author would recommend — and not only to teachers assigning lessons from this book, but also to those who are studying without a teacher — the use of § 201. The statements which will be found there, and which the instructor may easily explain and illustrate to his pupils, present in compact form about all the qualities of expression that successful oratory, however characteristic of individuals, universally possesses, and, by consequence, about all that it is safe to teach to a class as a whole. Aside from what this section contains, most of the instruction in emphasis must be given to individuals in private; otherwise some of the students, imagining themselves to be deficient in directions where they are not so, may be led to exaggerate excellencies that they have by nature, or to cultivate artificiality in a vain attempt to avoid supposed faults.

7. In addition to learning these general principles underlying emphasis, it is well also for the student, at the very beginning of his course, to be made acquainted with the meaning of the different gestures (§§ 172–175) each of which he should also be shown exactly how to make.

8. It is after this preliminary work that we come to our first real difficulty. In teaching any branch that partakes of the nature of art, it is not enough to explain how and why certain things should be done. The instructor or the pupil has to see to it that they are done. In other words, the pupil must drill himself or be drilled until it becomes a habit with him to do them instinctively, or until he gains such control of himself as to be able to do them voluntarily.

9. In attaining this end there seems to be no course so efficient as to assign, as a lesson, a marked passage (that in § 209 has been used with satisfactory results, and there are twenty-five others among the SELECTIONS for DECLAMATION) and have pupils declaim it in private as many times as may be necessary in order to render their performance satisfactory. Out of a class numbering sixty or seventy, all but one or two, on their first appearance, will need to be corrected on every line; but after the third or fourth attempt hardly one will have failed to acquire all that the exercise is designed to teach.

10. After this, when able to make at will the different kinds of inflections, etc., it is well to have students read passages illustrative

of such notes as are given in § 201 ; to declaim other passages of their own selection ; to read more selected by the instructor for the purpose of showing them their individual faults and how to correct them ; and from this time forward, to copy declamations and original orations on alternate lines of paper ; to mark them with appropriate indications of emphasis and gesture ; to explain the marks ; to receive corrections on the same ; and to declaim the pieces as many times as may be necessary in order to render their performance satisfactory. During their rehearsals, the attention of students will of course be directed to those qualities of delivery in which, as individuals, they are deficient. As for vocal culture, in large institutions, it may be made optional, and comparatively few students will neglect it after they have once fairly entered upon a course of instruction such as has been described.

11. A word now as to the efficacy of such instruction and of such methods of imparting it. Of course some will be skeptical with reference to them. In fact there are many who seem to imagine that the orator, like the poet, is born and not made; that his art, therefore, cannot be learned, and need not be taught ; or, at least, that sufficient is done toward cultivating it when young men are merely required to declaim, at stated intervals, before their classmates, or are incited to exert themselves on particular occasions by a system of prizes, public exhibitions or debates. Many seem to think that the energy stimulated by emulation or the presence of a crowd is all that is necessary to develop the powers of latent genius —to burst the chrysalis of common-place and reveal the full-fledged orator. Even if they be not mistaken in their general theory, do they suppose that the influence of stimulus of this kind is adapted to reach any very large proportion of the students? Are not the majority of those whom it does reach incited mainly to continue to repeat, and so to confirm, as habits, their own peculiar faults? Is there no danger that it may induce the members of a college whose oratory is cultivated only by such performances, to mistake mere energy for eloquence and mere declamatory force for impressiveness? Undoubtedly there are some effective speakers — though their number is much smaller than is usually supposed — who have never studied elocution. But of the majority of these it may be said that if they do not belong to that unfortunate class whose delivery,

because they have never learned to modulate their voices, becomes unpleasantly artificial and bombastic the moment that they become excited, they usually belong to that other class, equally unfortunate, whose delivery becomes dull and lifeless the moment that they lose their excitement; or as is sometimes the case, lose only the spontaneity of their utterance, because they are fettered as they affirm, by being obliged to read from a prepared manuscript. Elocution is the art of speaking or reading naturally when one is excited, impressively when not excited, and in an interesting manner at all times. Its effects are the results of causes, of certain ways of using the voice, which now and then a born orator may manifest under all circumstances, which many manifest when greatly interested or excited, but which the majority of men never manifest at all except after they have been shown what these ways are, and have acquired the art of reproducing them in their own delivery.

12. How much can culture do toward bringing the two latter classes up to the level of the born orator?—toward making them speak and read well under all circumstances, even when there is nothing extraordinary to excite or interest them? It becomes one who is preparing a book to be used where the results of his own instruction are present facts, and who is supposed to be speaking from his own experience, to use some reserve in answering a question such as this—especially so inasmuch as the limitations which condition every college department, render it inevitable that there should be always some students upon whom its methods do not have their perfect work. When one is expected to teach English literature, æsthetics and rhetoric as well as Oratory proper, as during a part of the time the author has done; or when, for other reasons, his time for drill is limited, he cannot fail to be conscious of how much more might be done than has been done. Enough has been done, however, with the nine different college classes that he has met, to make him believe that it is only a question of time and patience, and any person, not physically incapacitated, may be made to become an interesting and attractive speaker. By this is meant that he can be cured of indistinct and defective articulation, of unnatural and false tones, and of awkwardness; and be trained to have a clear, resonant voice, an unaffected and forcible way of modulating it so as to have it represent the sense, and a dignity and ease of bearing; all of which

together shall enable him to continue to hold the attention of an audience so long as it is possible for any qualities of manner aside from matter to do so. It needs to be emphasized, moreover, that a capacity for the very highest excellence—even for what appears to be the most inborn kind of eloquence and grace — is often developed in those who, at the beginning of their training, are the most unpromising.

13. If there be any who read this and doubt these statements, and who have influence among the trustees or faculties of the hundreds of colleges in our country in which no instruction worthy to be called instruction is given in this department, let them not doubt, at least, that in a land like ours where so many avenues of influence are open to those who can speak well in public, no institution is doing its duty by the young men committed to its charge that does not furnish them with such a course of training as to allow them to discover — it can be put stronger than this — as to force them to discover their aptitudes for oratory if they have any.

14. Before closing, the author wishes to express his sense of indebtedness for valuable suggestions, with reference to the subjects treated in this book, over and beyond what seems to be common property, to S. M. Cleveland, M.D., of Philadelphia, formerly Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, in the University of Pennsylvania; C. J. Plumptre, author of "Lectures on Elocution" in King's College, London, and Emilio Belari, Professeur de Chant, Paris; also to the following, especially, among the many works of merit on elocution that have been written in this country: "The Philosophy of the Human Voice," by James Rush, M.D., "The Culture of the Voice," by James E. Murdoch and William Russell; "Reasonable Elocution," by F. Taverner Graham, and the various publications of Professor L. B. Monroe, of the Boston School of Oratory.

It is thought that the black letters, italics, and different kinds of type and "leading" that have been liberally used in the text of this work, will make it more serviceable as a manual,—enabling professional men, who have no time to waste, and younger students who otherwise might overlook important principles, to detect with a single glance of the eye down any given page, what is the main topic of which it treats and what are the chief statements, often greatly condensed, that are made concerning it.

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* Marked for Emphasis.

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ORATOR'S MANUAL.

VOCAL CULTURE.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS HOW TO USE THE ORGANS WHILE BREATHING, VOCALIZING AND ARTICULATING.

1. When not prevented by catarrh, other nasal obstructions, or the requirements of rapid speaking, inhale through the **nostrils.**

a. These *warm* and *filter* the air, and thus prevent it from either *chilling* or *irritating* the vocal passages and so causing huskiness.

2. Always draw the air into the lungs by making the **abdomen** press forward, and force the air out, whether vocalized or not, by contracting the abdomen, or making it sink in.

a. Under the breathing and over the digestive organs, separating the two, is the **diaphragm,** the muscles of which are so formed as to act in the lungs like a piston in a pump's cylinder. These are the only muscles in the body so made and placed as to draw into the lungs all the air possible; or to force it out of them in such a way as to produce the most powerful and effective sounds. When this diaphragm sinks, to draw in the air, it crowds down the abdomen and pushes it outward. When the diaphragm rises, to force out the air, it contracts and draws in the abdomen. Babes and strong men breath and speak thus, naturally. Weak persons, and those who sit or stoop much, acquire a habit of using mainly the muscles of the upper chest, the lifting of which, in order to inhale, draws the abdomen in, and the dropping of which, in order to exhale, forces the abdomen out. *This habit weakens the lower lungs*, by keeping one from using them. *It weakens, also, the upper lungs*, by employ-

ing them for a purpose for which they are not fitted. Besides this, as it does not expel the air from the bottom of the lungs, *it lessens the quantity of breath used in vocalizing;* and also, as the chest, while one is speaking thus, contracts the upper bronchial tubes, which otherwise would expand and vibrate during the utterance, *it lessens the resonance of the tones.*

b. *The proper order in deep breathing* is to expand first the abdomen, i. e. the front, and at the same time the sides and back of the waist, then the lower ribs at the sides, then the upper chest; and in exhaling, to contract first the abdomen and waist, then the lower ribs at the sides, and last, the chest. This will be acquired through the exercises in § 8.

c. *To acquire the use of the diaphragm in vocalizing*, after inhaling, draw in the abdomen suddenly, by an act of will, and at the same time gently cough out *hoo-ho-haw* or *hah*, as in the exercise in § 10. After a few days the contraction of the abdomen, which at first is merely produced *at the same time* as the vocal utterance, will come to be *the cause* that produces it.

3. Always mould or **articulate** vowels and consonants as **near the lips** and as far from the throat as possible.

a. The passages of the nose, and of the throat near to the vocal cords, are designed to act on the voice mainly as a bell's cavity, to throw the tones forward, or give them resonance. When they share in the contraction of the muscles that takes place in articulating, the strength and sweetness of the voice, as well as the health of these passages, is impaired. In acquiring the proper use of these organs, the first thing is to get the muscles in the back part of the mouth in the habit of expanding to let the sounds come forward. Hence the silent muscular exercises — those of coughing, yawning, gasping, sobbing and laughing — and the continued practice (which must be attempted many times before even the sounds can be produced properly) of the elementary vowel sounds of *oh*, *aw* and *ah*, recommended in §§ 7–10.

☞ What has been said of the nature and functions of the organs used in producing words will be found to contain, in concise form, all that the ordinary student of elocution needs to know for practical purposes, i. e. to enable him to understand the general reasons underlying the methods prescribed in the exercises §§ 7–15. Those who wish to study these subjects theoretically and thoroughly will of course consult some good anatomy. See also pages 360–364.

4. When one's articulation is defective, he should find out what letters or combinations of letters represent the sounds that he fails to give, and learn how to adjust the organs of his mouth so as to frame these letters properly. For the benefit of such the following directions are inserted. Comparatively few will be obliged to study them.

Vowels.

a in *ah*. Draw in the breath as if about to yawn; then with the teeth about three-fourths of an inch apart, lips drawn back from them, mouth open laterally at the back, tongue drawn down with its middle's side-edges slightly curled up, throw forward the tone, forming the sound just forward of the palate. (*See, also*, § 10.)

a in *all*. Same as above. With the lips less drawn back, lower jaw pushed forward a little, tongue relaxed in lower part of mouth, its tip touching lower teeth, form the sound just under the palate. (*See* § 10.)

a in *at*. Draw in the breath naturally, then same as last. With the center of the tongue more elevated and its side-edges up, form the sound in front of palate.

a in *ale*. Same. With mouth less open and the center of the tongue more elevated, its side-edges touching the upper back teeth, form the sound between these.

e in *eve*. With the upper and lower teeth near (not touching) each other, lower jaw slightly projecting, lips apart and sides of the mouth drawn slightly back, showing the eye-teeth, tongue against upper back teeth, its tip almost touching the roof of the mouth just back of the upper front inside gums, form the sound between the tip of the tongue and the roof of the mouth just back of the upper eye-teeth.

e in *end*. Same position as in *a* in *ale*, but uttered more rapidly and with the tip of the tongue slightly lower down.

e in *her*. Same position as in the last, except that the tongue is curled up against the roof of the mouth about one quarter of an inch back of the upper front teeth. The final *r* is then formed by pushing the tip of the tongue against the roof of the mouth, leaving a small space between the two.

i in *it*. Same position as in *e* in *eve*, but uttered more rapidly, with the front of the tongue slightly lower down.

i in *ice*. Begin with the position of *a* in *ah*, and pass at once to that of *i* in *it*.

o in *no*. With the teeth apart as in *ah*, but the lips pushed over them, forming an oval in front, the cheeks slightly drawn in, the lower jaw thrust forward, and the tongue drawn back, form the sound just behind the upper and lower front gums.

o in *on*. Same position as in *a* in *ah*, but uttered more rapidly. (*See* § 5.)

oo in *book* and *ooze*. Take the position of *o* in *no*, then push the lips nearer together and farther forward in *book*, and still farther forward in *ooze*. The sound in both cases is made between the lips.

oi in *oil*. Begin with the position of *a* in *all*, and pass at once to that of *i* in *in*.

ou in *our*. Begin with the position of *o* in *on*, and pass at once to that of *oo* in *ooze*.

u in *up*. With the teeth as near together as in *e* in *eve*, the lips apart in a natural position, the tongue relaxed and full, its tip against the lower front teeth, make the sound just under the uvula, by a slight forward movement of the lower jaw.

u in *use*. Begin with the position of *e* in *eve*, and pass at once to that of *oo*.

u in *bull*. Same as *oo* in *look* shortened.

a, e, i, o, u, y, aw, ew, ow, in *any*, *they*, *marine*, *fir*, *son*, *wolf*, *or*, *rude*, *my*, *very*, *law*, *few*, *now*, represent respectively the same sounds as are in *end*, *ale*, *eve*, *her*, *up*, *bull*, *all*, *ooze*, *ice*, *in*, *all*, *use*, *our*.

The following table has been arranged so as to show, when read up and down, how the vowel sounds approach each other, but chiefly to bring out another important fact, which, strangely enough to one who considers how much the position of the tongue has to do with the vowel sounds, seems hitherto to have been almost entirely overlooked.

5. **Table showing Vowel Sounds,** and how they are modified by consonant sounds that follow them:

In each line below, when read across the page, the vowel sound is the same, *but*, whenever one pronounces it quickly and naturally, the consonant following it changes the position of the *tongue*, so that, instinctively and necessarily, this is

Am. Phii. Soc. Phon. Rep.	Single Vowel Sounds.	1 Drawn up against the mouth's roof, thickened behind and contracted, thus closing the back of the mouth.		2 Curled up slightly, lengthened, flattened behind and loosened, thus opening the back of the mouth.		3 Brought forward still more, and flattened behind, thus still more opening the back of the mouth.	
I i,	ĭ ȳ,	it	in	spirit	quill	quiz	rhythm
E e,	ĕ,	met	men	merit	mellow	essence	death
A a,	ă,	fat	fan	fare	fallow	ask*	bath*
Ɑ ɑ,	ä ŏ,	what	pond	far*	folly	oscillate	father*
Ɔ ɔ,	â ö au,	God	dawn	or	all	exhaust	author
O o,	ō,	boat	bone	bore	bowl	gross	loathe
U ʊ,	ë ḕ ŭ,	but	bun	bur*	bulb	buzz	mother
Ʊ u,	o͝o û,	put	book	wool	pull	puss	butcher
	ū o͞o,	moot	moon	poor	pool	loose	booth

* Those who are manufacturing phonetic alphabets should notice that the peculiar sound of the vowel that distinguishes *ask* and *bath* from *fat*, *far* and

Double vowel sounds:*

E ė (i e),	ea ee,	meet	mean	mere	meal	knees	breathe
Ɑ a (e a),	ā ai ay,	late	lain	layer	flail	lays	lathe
I i (a i),	ī ie ȳ,	fight	fine	fire	file	rise	writhe
ɑU au,	ou ow,	out	town	our	owl	browse	mouthing
ƟI ƟI,	oī oy,	adroit	loin		boil	poise	
IU iƟ,	ia io iu,	patriot	minion	familiar	genial	fractious	
Ü ü (i u),	ū eu,	refute	impugn	pure	mule	music	

Consonants.

6. These are divided into *sub-vocals*, which are all uttered with a murmuring sound which one should learn to prolong and make loud; and *aspirates*, which are produced by a current of the whispering breath, forced through certain positions of the lips, tongue or palate.

I. *Sub-vocals* that have no corresponding *Aspirates*.

a. In these, *the breath passes through the nostrils:*

The lips are closed in **m** in *moon*.

The lips are open in **n** in *noon*, and the tongue's tip touches upper inside front gums.

The lips are open in **ng** in *anguish*, and the tongue's middle touches the palate.

b. In these, *the breath passes through the mouth:*

The tip of the tongue in **l** in *dwell* touches the mouth's roof just behind the upper inside front gums, and the breath passes around the tip at either side of the tongue.

The tip of the tongue in **y** in *your* is down, its sides touch the upper side teeth, and the breath passes between its middle and the palate.

The sides of the tongue in **r** in *row* touch the upper side teeth, the tip is turned upward and backward, and the breath passes between it and a point in the mouth's roof about half an inch behind the gums.

The tongue in **r** in *core* is slightly farther forward.

II. *Sub-vocals*, with their corresponding *Aspirates*.

a. In these the breath is checked and confined till the organs separate to give it explosive vent. This separation is in the

father from *what*, and *bur* from *but*, depends on the following consonant, and therefore needs no separate vowel representative. *Ask* and *bath* are to *fat* as *quiz* and *rhythm* to *it*, *buzz* and *mother* to *but*, *puss* and *butcher* to *put*, *browse* and *mouthing* to *out;* so between *father* and *what* the difference is no greater than between *author* and *nor*, or *mouthing* and *out;* and *bur* is to *but* as *far* to *what*, *poor* to *moot*, *mere* to *meet*.

* The movements of the tongue in pronouncing all these will show that there is a double action of the vocal organs, but the second or vanishing sound is *distinctly* recognized only when it is one that might be represented by some form of ī or ū, which two stand at the extremes of the regularly graded series, i, e, a, o, u; so the last vowels in *music* (iu) and *fractious* (iu) are more distinct than in *laiu* (ea) and *piece* (ie).

Sub-vocals preceded by vocalization.		but in the	*Aspirates* preceded by no vocalization.	
In **b**	bab	and	**p**	pap the lips join.
In **v**	van	and	**f**	fan the lower lip touches the upper teeth.
In **d**	dole	and	**t**	toll the tongue's tip touches the upper inside front gums.
In **j**	jar	and	**ch**	char the tongue's tip touches the mouth's roof just behind upper inside front gums.
In **g**	gay	and	**k**	kay the tongue's middle touches the corresponding palate.

b. In these the breath is allowed to escape gradually between the organs mentioned:

Sub-vocals accompanied with vocalization.			*Aspirates* unaccompanied with vocalization.	
In **w**	way	and	**wh**	whey between the lips pushed forward.
In **th**	this	and	**th**	thistle between the tongue's tip and the teeth.
In **z**	zone	and	**s**	sown between the tongue's tip and upper inside front gums.
In **z**	azure	and	**sh**	sure between the tongue's tip and roof of mouth behind gums.
In			**h**	hah between the tongue's middle and palate.

III. Notice also that the position of the lips and tongue is the same in *m*, *b* and *p*; *n*, *d* and *t*; and *ng*, *g* and *k*. (*See* EXERCISE, § 11.)

CONSONANT COMBINATIONS.

☞ In practicing upon the consonants it is better to repeat over the **separate consonants** or combinations of consonants than the **whole words** in which they are found. Otherwise there is danger that the articulation, instead of becoming proper, will become *precise*,—one of the worst of faults.

Most persons will not need any more exercises upon the consonants than those in §§ 11, 12. But when articulation is particularly defective in connection with certain letters or combinations of letters, it may be found advantageous to practice over such of the following exercises as contain them.

m in gum, blame, realm, calm, phlegm, moment, mammon, tempter, monumentary, matrimony,—He was most mindful of that mysterious melancholy—The moment he came home he mounted the mule—The mutterings of the maddened communists made music for me.

n in noun, nine, stolen, swollen, barn, mown, name, gnarl, design, banner, frozen, reason, heathen, shapen, Briton, deaden, non-

entity, unanimous, an ice, a nice, an ocean, a notion, an oyster, an uncle, an aunt, a niece, an ink-bottle, a numbskull,—When lightning and dread thunder rend stubborn rocks asunder, and monarchs die with wonder—What news do you know?

ng in gang, king, length, bank, being, bringing, robin, robbing, chapping, chopping, anguish, concourse, banquet, anxiety, reading, writing, dancing and singing,—Being all deserving of strong consideration.

l in all, marl, earl, love, isle, loins, lively, lovely, helm, castle, axle, grovel, able, liberty, looming,—We cast one longing, lingering look behind—Explain, exclaim and explode—The heavily-laden load loomed up.

y in yawn, yell, he, hear, ye, year, you, use, youthful, useful, million, Asia, studios,—Also *u* in duke, tune, new, Tuesday,—The new tune suits the duke—Youth with ill-humor is odious.

r in raw, wrap, fry, bray, pray, grope, dray, tray, shrill, shriek, throw, raiment, rampart, wrestle, christian, rural, around, erect, rebel, dreading, dredging, memorandum, remuneration, repetition,—The grunting groom groaned grossly at the glittering robe—Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear—The armed rhinoceros—Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder, with gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbus and thunder.

r in fir, cur, nor, bur, err, hire, core, pure, terse, force, marsh, scarf, dark, card, garb, learn, pearl, hearth, swerve, pardon, mercy, virtue, mortgage, commerce, debar, appear, expire, demure,—What man dare I dare—I hear thee near, I start and fear.

b in bab, barb, babe, bib, bulb, embark, babboon, abrogate, fabulous, ebony, liberty, barbarous, barbican.

p in pap, pate, pet, pipe, pope, pippin, proper, topple, puritan, papacy, populous.

b and **p** in Where boundless rest that borders boundless love abides in bliss of bounty absolute—The north-sea bubble put the public in a hubbub—Here piles of pins extend their shining rows, puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux—Abuse the city's best good men in meter, and laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.

v or **ph, f,** in vat, vain, pave, weave, hive, void, ravel, heaven, even, given, vivid, votive, Stephen, twelve, of.

f or **ph, gh,** in far, for, fry, deaf, calf, laugh, tough, phrase, phial, profit, deafen, roughen, soften, epitaph, phaeton, phonetic.

v and **f** in The vile vagabond ventured to vilify the venerable voter—Down in the vale where the leaves of the grove wave over the graves—He filled the draught and freely quaffed, and puffed the fragrant fume and laughed—The flaming fire flashed full in his face.

d in dad, did, dead, aid, made, longed, hedged, saved, writhed, walled, ebbed, damaged, modest, pedant, udder, deadly, adjourned.

t in tat, tight, debt, laced, danced, chafed, laughed, wrecked, matter, totter, titter, testament, titillate, destitute, taciturn, testator, attainment, intestate.

d and **t** in Down in the deep dungeon he did delve—He discovered naught but deserts and despair—And of those demons that are found in fire, air, flood, or under ground—To inhabit a mansion

remote from the clatter of swift prancing steeds—A tell-tale, tattling, termagant that troubles all the town—He talked and stamped and chafed till all were shocked.

j in jam, gem, gin, June, joke, judge, jot, jut, Julius, disgorge, allege, jolly, jogged, regiment,—This generous jolting gave us general joy—Jaded he joked and jumped a jig—The jailbird nudged the jovial judge, then jerked away.

ch in chat, chant, latch, itch, choose, chaplain, charmer, checkmate, chirping,—The chosen church a changeless challenge made—The wretch chastised would fetch the matches.

g *hard* in gag, egg, gig, gog, good, guide, ragged, cragged, gimlet, ghastly.

k (or **c, ch, qu**) in car, cake, coke, keen, chord, quay, clear, comic, conquer, collocate, calico, cucumber, vaccinate,—He gave a guinea and he got a groat—A giddy, giggling girl her kind folks plague, her manners vulgar and her converse vague—A black coat of curious quality—With the cold caution of a coward's spleen, which fears not guilt, but always craves a screen—The expectant will execrate this exceedingly expensive expedition—He will accept the command except of the navy, and expects to come back a conqueror.

w in way, one, woo (who), wain (vane), wine (vine), wood, woos (ooze, whose), swoon, quake, choir, thwart, forward, wormwood, quorum, froward.

wh in what, why, while, whether, whim, whom, whiffle, wherewithal, whithersoever, whales (wales), whirlwind,—A wight well versed in waggery—We wandered where the way wound through the winding wood—When wheels whizz whirring round, and whirlwinds whistling sound—While the white swelling tide is turned aside.

th in booth, with, wreath, bathe, oaths, breathe, tithe, these, those, their, either, heathen, northern, father, hither, thither, inwreathe.

th in bath, path, oath, mouth, width, truths, thwart, thesis, hundredth, amethyst, mathematics, orthodox.

th in Through the smooth paths—They wreathe about the thicket—Thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb—From nature's chain whatever link you strike, tenth or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

z in blaze, as, is, was, views, moves, baths, bathes, balls, pains, commas, prizes, houses, scissors, brazen, cousin, puzzle, observes, exert, exempt, sacrifice, mechanism, anxiety.

s in mass, dose, laughs, mouths, verse, dupes, packs, lax, hosts, fists, soil, cell, scene, schism, apsis, thesis, schedule, preside, desists, design, dissuade, vaccinate,—The prices of his dramas render the disposal of them, as is usually his usage, easy—When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw—He bares his fists with strangest boasts, and still insists he sees the ghosts.

z in azure, leisure, treasure.

sh in ash, shore, marsh, sure, sugar, censure, pension, nation, showy, luxury, crucifixion, adventitious—The shade he sought and shunned the sunshine—The weak-eyed bat with short, shrill shriek

flits by on leathern wing—The string let fly twanged short and sharp like the shrill swallow's cry.

EXERCISES FOR PRACTICE.

At first practice only § 7: e; §§ 8 and 10.

7. Stand erect with shoulders back; look straight ahead; hold chin in; rest on one leg, with both straight, and feet four inches apart, so placed that a straight line drawn through one foot from toe to heel will pass through the heel of the other. (*See* §§ 156–162).

a. Alternating Passive and Active Chest.—Without breathing or moving shoulders, repeatedly lift the chest from that which is its ordinary (passive) condition to the slightly raised and expanded (active) condition in which the shoulders seem to be back and down. When practicing the vocal exercises always hold the chest in this active position.

b. Waist Movements.—Bend the body backward and forward, from side to side, and, without moving the hips, twist it, i.e. turn shoulders from side to side.

c. Arm Movements.—After acquiring the mode of breathing (*see* § 8)—

I. Do the following, all slowly and *gently:* While filling the chest lift the arms (without bending elbows) outward till the two together form a straight line parallel to the floor. When chest is filled, strike it gently with the hands; alternately move the arms slowly about the chest upward and downward, and backward and forward; hold the arms up, and, bending the elbows, alternately elevate the hands and touch the cheeks with the backs of the fingers.

II. Do the following vigorously: Draw back the elbows with hands near the shoulders, fists clinched and palms up; take and hold a full breath; push forward the hands, on a line level with the shoulders, at the same time unclasping the fingers; then, keeping the arms as near to the sides as possible, so as not to strain the lungs, and clinching the fingers, draw the fists against the shoulders and as far back as you can. Place each fist near its own shoulder, fill lungs, and, keeping the elbows near the body, touch them in front, and behind if you can.

d. Neck Movements.—Bend the head backward and forward, from side to side, and twist it.

e. Throat Movements.—To accustom different parts of the back of the mouth and throat to open and allow vowel sounds to come forward—

I. Keep putting tip of tongue behind upper front teeth, and carrying it, as if about to swallow it, along roof of mouth.

II. Keep lifting the soft palate (something like gaping); look into a mirror and make the uvula (i.e. the membrane hanging from the back of the roof of the mouth) disappear.

III. Alternately gape and make a movement as if about to swallow.

IV. Put three fingers' breadth between the upper and lower teeth, and keep moving the lips backward and forward.

f. Time for Vocal Practice.—Begin from one to five hours after eating, and practice from fifteen to thirty minutes.

I. If any one exercise fatigues or irritates the organs, pass on to another.

II. If out of practice, go over the exercises daily for three or four days before public speaking.

8. Breathing. (*See* §§ 1, 2.)

MODE.

Always inhaling through nostrils—

I. **Expand,** first, **abdomen,** then **lower side** ribs, then lift **chest,** then contract abdomen and side ribs, and last drop the chest. (§ 7: a.)

In the following, *if a beginner*, place the arms akimbo, with fingers pointing forward, then throw shoulders (not body) forward so as to keep the chest down, and with fingers gently drawing apart the lower ribs below the breast bone—

II. **Expand,** first, **lower side** ribs, then (throwing shoulders back) the **abdomen,** and **lift chest,** then contract the lower ribs and abdomen, and last drop the chest. (§ 7: a.)

After a few weeks, see to it also that the muscles at *side* and *back* of the waist expand as you draw in the air.

☞ In holding the breath, or letting it out, never allow yourself to feel that there is *contraction* or force expended in the throat. Keep the throat open: make the *waist* muscles do all the work. (§ 3.)

RATE.

According to each mode, practice—

I. **Effusive** *or tranquil breathing:* i. e. inhale slowly, and exhale with a prolonged whispered sound of *h*.

II. **Expulsive:** i. e. inhale more rapidly and expel, by contracting the abdomen, repeated whispers (a second or two long), of h—h, h—h, etc.

III. **Explosive** *or abrupt:* i. e. inhale more rapidly (or inhale slowly); expel, by contracting the abdomen, suddenly and forcibly, one or any number of whispered sounds of *h*.

In this way **cough, yawn, sob** and **laugh** out the whispers.

To develop full respiration, strong utterance and clear articulation, practice the exercises in § 11, or read anything in a **whisper.** Never prolong this exercise for more than two or three minutes. Never practice breathing or whispering after you feel giddy.

9. **Vocal Cords.**—I. Holding the breath, repeat as rapidly as possible a soft, short sound, between that of **u** in *up* and **oo** in *coo*—**whispered**—then **softly vocal**—and **up and down the scale.** Make it in the forward part of the mouth, rather than in the throat, and never after it begins to irritate the organs.

II. If you have a voice of a breathing quality, occasionally, for a few seconds, hold the breath and force it against the vocal cords so

as to *grate* them together, emitting a half-vocalized, constantly interrupted sound.

10. Elementary Vowel Sounds. (*See* §§ 3, 4.)

a. Practice the sound of *oo* in *coo*, but much less than *aw* in *jaw*, *oh* in *woe*, and *ah* in *father*.

b. It is best to practice *aw* between about f and b, ; an *oo* quality of *aw* for a note or two above this; then *oh* on the highest (speaking) notes; *ah* is best for the lowest notes. Tenors and sopranos should practice most between f and b (as above), bassos and contraltos between d and g. Avoid practicing too high.

RATE.

Practice *oo*, but especially **oh, aw,** and later, **ah.**

I. **Effusively.** Walking slowly, with arms akimbo, sound, as long as possible, but not after you lack in breath, a soft, low **oo.**

II. **Expulsively.** Utter, by contracting the abdomen, with moderate force, repeated sounds (a second or two long) of **o—h! a—w!** etc.

III. **Explosively.** Utter, by contracting the abdomen, short, sharp, ringing tones, **oh! ah!** etc.

When rightly given, a match held in front of the mouth will not be blown out by the breath.

In this way **cough, yawn, sob** and **laugh** out the sounds.

MODE.

Inhaling through nostrils as in breathing exercises, expelling breath by contracting the abdomen, and allowing none to escape before vocalizing it, repeat over slowly—

I. **woo, woo,** etc.

After a few repetitions, lowering the chin and bringing it forward slightly, and retaining the *oo* quality of the tone, pass on to *woe;* thus: **woo, woo, woe, woe,** etc.

After a few repetitions drop the *w*, yet keep the vowel where it was with the *w* before it; thus: **woe, woe, oh, oh,** etc.

Practice *oh* on a comparatively high key, for five or ten minutes.

When *aw* can be made properly, as indicated below, bringing forward the chin, lowering the chin and pitch, and retaining the *oh* quality of the tone, pass to **aw, aw,** etc., and from *aw*, drawing the chin back and down a little, to **ah, ah,** etc.

II. Keeping the tongue as flat as possible behind, with its tip against the lower front gums, push forward the lower jaw, open mouth wide, draw in the breath as if about to yawn, and with the mouth in this position utter from abdomen, at a medium pitch, for five or ten minutes, **haw, haw,** etc., **aw, aw,** etc.

Aspirate *slightly*, and drop *h* when sure that the sound is made from the abdomen.

After a few days pass from *haw, aw,* down the scale to **hah, ah,** and up the scale to **ho, oh,** as indicated in the last exercise.

c. To keep the mouth open, place part of a match-stick between upper and lower teeth, one to one and a half inches long for *aw* shorter for *oh*, longer for *ah*.

It will take the beginner many weeks to learn to make these sounds properly, and he must always continue to practice them.

11. Elementary Consonant Sounds. (*See* § 6.)

Contracting abdomen with each utterance, and taking care not to pronounce the *name* of the consonant, and not to sound the vowel following it, repeat the vocal sounds indicated by the **sub-vocals** and breathing sounds by the **aspirates:**

SUB-VOCALS								ASPIRATES		
First three for nasal passages.*										
m	as in	moon,	nose-breathing form of	**v**	as in	vow,	corresponding to	**f**	as in	fourfold.
n	"	noon,	"	†**b**	"	bob,	"	**p**	"	pawpaw.
ng	"	anguish,	"	†**d**	"	daud,	"	**t**	"	taught.
l	"	Lulu,		†**g**	"	gog,	"	**c k**	"	cuckoo.
y	"	you,		**gj**	"	George,	"	**ch**	"	chowchow.
r	"	row,		**th**	"	though,	"	**th**	"	thought.
r	"	err,		**z**	"	azure,	"	‡**sh**	"	shaw.
				z	"	zone,	"	‡**s**	"	sauce.

Exercises for Advanced Scholars.

12. Moving the *jaws* vigorously, repeat **oo-oi-ai-ou, oo-oi-ai-ou,** etc.

a. In uncultivated voices, the muscular effort of articulating the consonants closes the back of mouth and the throat, thus keeping the vowel sounds down. In stammering and stuttering, the chief trouble is the same; i.e. the articulation, so to speak, swallows the vowel. So **practice words containing consonants and open or long vowels,** keeping vowel sounds as near the lips and the throat as wide open as possible, with the lower jaw forward and the throat in the position of wailing. If the exercise tires the muscles on the *outside* of the throat, no matter.

b. Repeat the words in § 11, using, at first, a separate action of the diaphragm with each consonant, and dwelling upon each very distinctly, thus: **b-o-b, d-au-d.**

Also,

bibe	babe	booby	bauble
dod	daud	died	doodle
gawky	gargoyle	gong	glowing
judge	jejune	jujube	Julia
lull	loll	dwell	liberty
rare	rule	rural	bar
more	mine	maim	moon
noun	none	nine	name
thou	loathe	mouthing	mother

*Also, *kng* in k(i)ng. † Practice much on *low* tones.
‡ Do not practice these unless you lisp.

vault	hive	love	lave
wayward	wave	pope	pipe
your	culture	tote	tight
zeugma	zone	church	changing
Asia	azure	thaw	through
cocoon	croking	show	bosh
fife	five	cease	souse

☞ A cultivated voice out of practice can be prepared for public speaking by a two days' repetition of the above exercises.

c. Moving the lips and diaphragm vigorously, repeat with ē and short vowels—

Wee-weck-wick-wack-wock, or **quee-queck-quick-quack-quock.**

☞ Learn to use the open vowels with consonants, and the short vowels will usually take care of themselves.

d. Practice difficult combinations of consonants with and without vowels. (*See* § 6: IV.)

Add also *t* or *d* and *st* to the first three columns of the following:

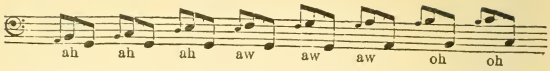
arm	wrong	crack	brow	sky	helms
dream	bathe	bask	crow	spy	prompt
scorn	imprison	crackle	grow	spry	nymphs
hold	chirp	throttle	strow	blow	thousandth
furl	live	dazzle	throw	glow	twelfth
probe	march	baffle	frown	flown	rhythms
range	bark	gobble	prow	splash	expects
forge	milk	drivel	draw	slow	contents

13. **Pitch** and **Time.** (§§ 35–96.)

Practice with different degrees of **loudness** and kinds of **stress,** with **long** and **short** slides in **slow** and **fast** time, the following inflections, and also the examples under **a, b, c, d, h, i,** and §§ 39–42.

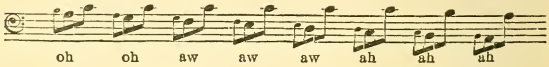
In the following the small preliminary note, in connection with each inflection, represents a slight slide of the voice that *occasionally*, especially in connection with *terminal* or *median stress* (§ 15), precedes the real inflection. This makes the voice in the downward inflection, for instance, move thus ⌒, rather than ⌣. This preliminary movement of the voice is not represented in the marks used in this book, except in the case of the upward circumflex ~, in which, because it is exceptionally important, it is marked lest it should be overlooked.

a. **Falling Inflection.**



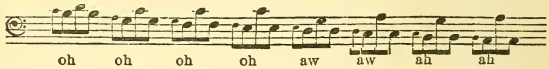
It's a glòrious, a splèndid project! It's abòminable, monstròus, âwful!

b. **Rising Inflection.**



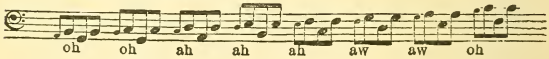
Indéed, is it só? Did he sáy só, and to yóu?

c. **Falling Circumflex.**



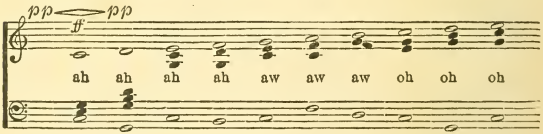
Ôh, you meant no hârm, — ôh, nô, yôu are pûre.

d. **Rising Circumflex.**



Ăll that I lĭve by is the ãwl.

e. Practice the scale both up and down with a long *median swell* on each note. This exercise, especially with **oo**, will also cultivate *pure quality.*



f. Sound alternately a *high* then a *low* **ah, aw,** or **oh.**

Develop *low tones* by practicing a low **g, d,** or **b** consonant element, or *low whispered* **u** in **up**; *high tones* by using them. Never practice too high.

g. Base or contralto voices should gain perfect command of musical notes between mid *e* and *g*. Tenors and sopranos between mid *g* and *b*.

h. Read the following, beginning low, and *gradually* ascending the scale on each syllable, and ending with the rising inflection :

Do you mean to tell me that you could have thought that I could go all around town and tell everybody that I happened to meet that I could believe such a mean story about you as that?

i. Read the same, beginning high, and *gradually* descending to a falling inflection. Also,

Start high,	To the dèep, (descend) dòwn,
	(Descend) To the dèep, (descend) dòwn,
low,	Through the shades of slèep;
	Through the cloudy strífe
gradually,	Of death and of lífe;
	Through the veil and the bár
rising,	Of things that seem and áre;
high,	Even to the steps of the remotest thrône,
lower,	Dòwn!
lower,	dòwn!
low,	dòwn!

Practice exercises in §§ 149–151; § 97; § 92: a, b, c.

14. Force. (§§ 99–115.)

Practice *explosively*, *expulsively* and *effusively*,—i. e. with different degrees of abruptness and smoothness, both loud and soft—the exercises in §§ 10–12.

a. Also, with different degrees of *loudness*, then with *abrupt explosive* and *expulsive* force, at *medium* or *low* pitch—

FORWARD, FORWARD, FORWARD, etc.

Read extracts in §§ 107, 110, 111, 114, 118, 149: b, d, and §§ 211, 213.

b. For *smooth* force, make at *medium* pitch, long, swelling sounds of oo (§ 13: e), beginning and ending soft, with the middle loud.

Read passages in §§ 112, 119, 120, and those marked for effusive utterance in §§ 221–225.

15. **Stress.** (§§ 99–105.)

Lift the arms at full length above the head, and strike forward and down. When the hands reach the hip-level, stop them suddenly and utter *ah*. This, which need not be continued after one can give the proper sound, will cause

Initial Stress >, with the beginning of tone louder (not necessarily very loud) than its continuation or end; made with explosive or expulsive utterance (§§ 8, 10).

With the same movement (§ 15) begin a soft sound as the hands begin to descend, and end with an explosion as they stop. This will give

Terminal Stress <, with the end of the sound loudest; made with expulsive or explosive utterance (§§ 8, 10).

Median Stress <>, with the middle of the sound loudest; made with effusive or expulsive utterance (§§ 8, 10).

Compound Stress ><. This begins and ends loud; a combination of Initial and Terminal Stress.

Thorough Stress ≋, loud throughout; a combination of Compound and Median Stress.

Tremulous Stress ∼∼, a trembling tone.

a. Practice each kind of stress with **ah**, **aw** and **oh**; also

With vehemence,	>	Understand distinctly, you all are fools.
determination,	<	I am determined to abide and remain.
enthusiasm,	<>	Let all the grandeur of the law be recalled.
amazement,	><	Is it all gone,—all he had? Yes, all.
defiance,	≋	Let all the lawyers and the law work on.
grief,	∼∼	Ah, is such the law,—the nation's law?

b. Practice the different examples in §§ 99–105.

16. **Volume** and **Quality.**

The flexibility of the organs, which is the inevitable result of practicing the foregoing exercises, will sufficiently prepare one for the direct study of these elements as explained in §§ 121–137.

EMPHASIS.

17. The first thing noticeable in the utterance of consecutive words is, that certain of them are uttered with more *weight* of voice than others are; that they receive what, for this reason, is termed an *emphasis*. A little thought will evince that this emphasis is given to words mainly because they are conceived of as introducing into the general drift of the phraseology more *weight* of meaning than other words do; often as in themselves conveying the specific meaning that characterizes a whole passage. A man, e. g., may remark: "In that case, I shall walk to Boston." Four persons, hearing him, may exclaim respectively: "You shall walk to *Boston!*" "You shall *walk* to Boston!" "You *shall* walk to Boston!" "*You* shall walk to Boston!" In each case the word (in italics) emphasized indicates that it, rather than any other, specifies that which conveys to the conception of the speaker the import, information or peculiarity of the expression.

This example shows also the importance, if we wish to be rightly understood, of emphasizing the right words in the right way. It will be noticed that the same phraseology may be made to convey almost as many different ideas as there are different words in it to be emphasized. Here is the

18. **General Principle Underlying Emphasis.** Words or phrases conceived of as *introducing special importance*, *information* or *peculiarity* into the general thought of a passage are **emphasized;** those that merely carry forward the general thought, expressing what is of *little value* in itself, or is *known*, *acknowledged*, *forestalled* or *repetitious*, either in the way of *statement* or *sequence*, are **slighted.**

a. For illustrations consult §§ 40, 41, 42. All that are necessary for our present purpose may be considered in connection with the following:

19. **Antithetic** Emphasis. Antithetic or contrasted words or phrases necessarily introduce importance, peculiarity, etc., into the general thought, and are emphasized.

1. If we have no regard for our *own* character, we ought, at least, to regard the characters of *others*.

2. The *wicked* flee when no man *pursueth;* but the *righteous* are bold as a lion.

3. *Without* were *fightings; within* were *fears*.

4. *Faithful* are the *wounds* of a *friend;* but the *kisses* of an *enemy* are *deceitful*.

20. **Transferred** Emphasis. When a word or clause that has been once emphasized is repeated soon after, the emphasis, unless there be some special reason for directing attention again to the same thought, is transferred to some other word or clause; e. g.

1. Jesus asked them, saying, What think ye of *Christ*,—whose *son* is he? They say unto him, The son of *David*. He saith unto them, How, then, doth David in spirit call him *Lord?* * * * If David, then, call him Lord, how is he his *son?*

2. How many *hired servants* of my *father's* have bread enough and to spare, and *I* perish with hunger! I will *arise* and *go* to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have *sinned*.

3. He is the propitiation for our *sins;* and not for *ours* only, but for the sins of the *whole world*.

Also John vii: 41, 42.

a. But *if the repeated word* has a *new import* or refers to a *different object*, it may be emphasized; e. g.

1. And he began to be in want, and he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and *he* sent him into the fields to feed swine.

2. Then he said, I pray thee, therefore, father, that thou wouldst send him to my *father's house*.

21. As an association in sound is the best possible representation of an association in sense, we frequently find words and clauses that seem to introduce little into the general thought, which, nevertheless, must be emphasized, to indicate the relation that they hold to other words and clauses; hence

a. Emphasis on Account of **Association.** Words or series of words associated with one another, either by being

in apposition or by having similar grammatical relationships or general characteristics, are similarly emphasized. (*See* § 211: 5, 7, 12; § 215.

1. Thou speakest of great *principles* which we do not understand—*oxygen* and *hydrogen*.

2. For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The *oppressor's wrong*, the *proud man's contumely*,
The *pangs* of *despised love*, the *law's delay*,
The *insolence of office* and the *spurns*
That patient merit of the *unworthy* takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?

3. Holy intention is to the actions of a man that which the *soul* is to the *body*, or *form* to its *matter*, or the *root* to its *tree*, or the *sun* to the *world*, or the *fountain* to a *river*, or the *base* to a *pillar;* for without these the *body* is a *dead trunk*, the *matter* is *sluggish*, the *tree* is a *block*, the *river* is *quickly dry*, and the *pillar* rushes into *flatness* or *ruin*.

Connected with this principle of association are the following:

22. Emphasis by **Attraction.** In order not to interfere with the general sense of the sentence in which they stand, words, or series of words, sometimes receive by attraction an emphasis appropriate only for some more important word with which they are associated.

Thus, in the following, *power* receives the same emphasis as *not*. If it preceded *not*, it would be emphasized differently.

1. Sir, we are *not* weak if we make a proper use of such means as the God of Nature hath placed in our *power*.

And *hold* and *duty* receive the same as *exclaim*, though the Duke would have uttered them differently.

2. Was Arthur Duke of Wellington in the house, and did he not start up and *exclaim:* "*Hold!* I have seen the aliens do their *duty?*"

23. Emphasis by **Personation** or Representation. Words, or series of words, associated with a conception that may be represented by the tones of the voice, may receive an emphasis suggesting that which is mentioned; e. g.

In quick time — He flew by like a flash o' lightning.

In low pitch — He growled out, "Who's there?"

With loud force — Forward, the light brigade!

With thin volume — Here's a knife; clip quick!

Representing character — "Well, Jo! What is the matter? Don't be frightened."

"I thought," says Jo, who has started and is looking round,—"I thought I was in Tom-all-Alone's agin. An't there nobody here but you, Mr. Woodcot?"

24. In reading the **Bible,** personation, in the sense of imitating the manner of the characters described, should not be carried too far. The reader should be in the attitude of a *medium,*— both receiving and imparting, both listening and causing others to listen.

25. Besides applying the above principles, in determining the **appropriate emphasis** to be used with any given word or phrase:

a. Let one **try** to find out how he would utter the same if he were **talking it,** instead of declaiming it.

b. Let one **try** the words **supposed** to be **emphatic,** then other words (without regard to the part of speech to which they belong), until satisfied that he has found the right emphasis for the right word.

c. Let him remember that, with inexperienced speakers, the inspiration that comes from an audience affects favorably only *force* and *volume* (§§ 29, 30); the *pauses* and *inflections*, and, to some extent, *movement* and *pitch* (§§ 29, 30), it affects unfavorably; therefore, one should invariably determine upon these *latter* before the time for declaiming comes.

ELEMENTS OF EMPHASIS,

AS DERIVED FROM NATURAL RHYTHM AND ACCENTUATION.

26. It is observed that, as a rule, the consecutive words of every language are uttered *rhythmically;* and this because every second or third syllable is *accented.*

a. There is a *physical* reason for accentuation. On examining the action of the throat, it is found that the current of sound flows through the vocal passages just as blood pulses through the veins or water pours through the neck of a bottle, with what might be

termed active and passive movements. If this physical requirement is disregarded, as is usually the case in stammering and stuttering, the ease of utterance is impeded.

b. Natural Rhythm, as a rule, cannot be avoided in case words are uttered softly and quickly, as in ordinary conversation. When they are uttered loudly and slowly, as in most oratory, it is possible to disregard its requirements; but when this is done, the delivery that has no rhythm in it will not appear *natural* to those who hear it. Hence, in all forms of utterance that are artistic, we may perceive the results of an endeavor to represent nature in this regard. Not only the *poet* and *musician* arrange their clauses and melodies so that the prominent words, rhymes, swells and runs shall be *rhythmical*, but the *orator*, both as a *rhetorician* and *elocutionist*, must do the same. Rhythm, however, must always be made subservient to the sense. This can always be done, because

27. The requirements of rhythm and emphasis usually coincide.

Rhythm is a result of regularly recurring accentuation. This makes prominent certain syllables, and in the act of doing so necessarily slights others. But *emphasis* does precisely the same thing. Simply *by increasing, therefore, the degree of habitual accent* on a given syllable, we can render *emphatic* the word in which it occurs. In this way we may emphasize either one or all of the following words in italics:

One-*eighth* of the *whole population* were *colored slaves.*

In such cases *the elements of accent*, if discovered, *will give us the elements of emphasis.* The ordinary accent distinguishes the syllable on which it falls from those before and after it, by its being uttered in *longer* **time,** *at a different* **pitch,** *with more* **force** and *greater* **volume.** For definitions see § 29. The inference is, that the same elements will be present when, for the sake of emphasis, we make the accent extraordinary.

28. There are occasionally cases in which the requirements of rhythm and emphasis do not coincide. Here, as both are important, they must be made to coincide.

a. When we try to make them do this, we find that **time, pitch, force,** and **volume,** furnish all the elements needed for the purpose.

b. In the first of the following sentences, to have perfect rhythm, there needs to be an accented syllable after *nature* and *character*, and unaccented syllables both before and after *high*, so that *high* can be emphasized as well as *most* and *God*. Accordingly, to give the right emphasis and yet preserve the rhythm (i. e. have the vocalizing breath work in the right way), we need to fill up the time where these syllables should be, either by pausing after a word, as after *nature*, *character*, and *most*, or by dwelling upon it, as upon *high;* i. e. we need to read the whole in the *same relative time* as the second sentence in which no syllables are missing; e. g.*

Nature, | ♈ it is | often | said, re | veals the | character | ♈ of
Nature, | as it is | often | said, re | veals the | character | too of
the | most ♈ | high ♈ | God.
the | great and | mighty | God.

c. Notice also the following:*

1. Thou | compassest my | path, ♈ | ♈ and my | lying dòwn, ♈ | ♈ and | art ac- | quainted with | all my | ways. ♈ | For there is | not a | word in my | tongue, | ♈ but | lo, ♈ | O ♈ | Lord, | thou ♈ | knowest it | alto- | gether. | ♈ | ♈ | Thou hast be- | set me | ♈ be- | hind and be- | fòre, ♈ | ♈ and | laid thine | hand up- | on me. | ♈ | ♈ | Such ♈ | knowledge is | too ♈ | wònderful | for me: | ♈ it is | high, ♈ | ♈ I | cannot at- | tain unto it.

2. At | midnight, | ♈ in his | guarded | tent, ♈ |
The | Turk ♈ | ♈ was | dreaming | ♈ of the | hour, ♈ |
When | Greece, ♈ | ♈ her | knee in | suppliance | bent, ♈ |
Should | tremble | ♈ at his | power; ♈ |
♈ | ♈ In | dreams, ♈ | ♈ through | camp and | court, he | bore ♈ |
The | trophies | ♈ of a | conqueror. |
In | dreams, his | song of | triumph | heard; ♈ | ♈ |
Then ♈ | wore his | monarch's | signet | ring, | ♈ |
Then ♈ | press'd that | monarch's | throne, | ♈ | ♈ a | King; ♈ | ♈ |
As | wild his | thoughts, ♈ | ♈ and | gay of | wing, ♈ |
As | Eden's | garden | bird. ♈ | ♈ | ♈ |
At | midnight, | ♈ in the | forest- | shades, | ♈ |
Boz- | zaris | ranged his | Suliote | band, | ♈ |
True | ♈ as the | steel ♈ | ♈ of | their ♈ | tried ♈ | blades, |
Heroes | ♈ in | heart ♈ | ♈ and | hand; | ♈ | ♈ |

* In the rest of this book the *bars* indicate pauses, but here they are used as in music, and only the musical *rests* indicate pauses.

There ♩ | ♩ had the | Persian's | thousands | stood, ♩ |
There ♩ | ♩ had the | glad ♩ | earth ♩ | drunk their | blood ♩ |
| On | old Pla- | tæa's | day: |
And | now ♩ | ♩ there | breathed that | haunted | air ♩ |
The | sons ♩ | ♩ of | sires who | conquered | there, ♩ |
With | arm to | strike ♩ | ♩ and | soul to | dare, |
As | quick ♩ | ♩ as | far ♩ | ♩ as | they. ♩ | ♩ | ♩ | ♩ |

d. Observe that sometimes, as after *throne*, *thoughts*, and *now*, in the last example, the **pause**, suggested in the first place by the requirements of rhythm, is made very long. For the sake of emphasis, the voice rests during the time necessary for the utterance not alone of one or two syllables, but in some cases of half-a-dozen syllables.

e. Observe also that when, instead of merely ceasing to make a sound, the voice fills up the interval of **time** by dwelling on a word (as, in the last example, on *Greece*, *tremble*, *throne* and *now*), this action is accompanied by a decided change in **pitch** (e. g. *Greece* and *tremble*), or in **force** (e. g. *throne* and *now*) ; and that, wherever there is a change in these, the very effort made in causing the voice to glide from one pitch to another, or to be expelled from the lungs with more force, has a tendency to produce a change in its **volume.** Accordingly we see that wherever emphasis and rhythm do not coincide, a judicious use of the elements that enter into both can make them coincide. Enough has been said to show why

29. The **Elements** of **Emphasis** are,

Time, determined by the relative rapidity with which words are uttered ;

Pitch, by the relative position of the sounds on the musical staff, whether high, medium, or low,

Force, by the relative energy with which the breath is expelled from the lungs ; and,

Volume, by the relative degree in which the breath is vocalized and made resonant.

These elements admit of subdivision according to the following principles :

30. In **Emphasizing Single Words** by means of a change.—

a. In *Time*, a **Pause**, marked ' | ‖, is used *after*, *before* or *on* a

word. The manner of pausing is determined largely by **what is** termed the **Quantity** of time that can be given to the utterance of the word.

b. In *Pitch*, an **Inflection,** or, if we refer to the movement of the voice in producing this, a **Slide** is used, termed *downward* or *falling* (§ 13), marked ˋ ; *upward* or *rising* (§ 13), marked ′ ; and a *circumflex* or *wave*, if it moves in both directions. The wave is termed (from the way in which it ends) falling, marked ˆ, or rising, marked ˇ~ (§ 13).

c. In *Force*, **Special Force** is used ; and the manner of using this depends on the kind of **Stress** that is given to a syllable. The different kinds of stress, determined by the place in the syllable on which the chief energy is expended, are *initial* >, *terminal* <, *median* <>, *compound* ><, *thorough* ⌣⌣, and *tremulous* ~~. (*See* §§ 15, 99–105.)

d. In *Volume*, there is no special term used for a slight change. It is said to be *thin* or *full*. When the change is great, and not only in degree but in kind, there is a difference in **Quality.**

31. In **Emphasizing Consecutive Words** by means of a change

a. In *Time*, we find, corresponding to long or short pauses, slow or fast **Movement;** e. g.

Slow.

A soldier | of the Legion ‖ lay dying | at Algiers; ‖
There was lack ‖ of woman's nursing, ‖ there was lack ‖ of woman's | tears.

Fast.

I sprang | to the stirrup, | and Joris, | and he ; |
I galloped, | Dirck galloped, | we galloped ! all three.

b. In *Pitch*, corresponding to long or short slides, together with their influence on intervening syllables, we have varied or unvaried **Melody,** and also (as the speaking voice is naturally low, and, therefore, varied mainly through introducing the high tones) an associated high or low **Key.**

c. In *Force*, corresponding to the different degrees and kinds of special force and stress, we have *loud* or *soft*, *abrupt* or *smooth* **General Force;** divided again, according to one's mode of vocalizing, into *sustained*, *natural* and *suppressed* force, and, according to one's mode of emitting the breath, into *explosive*, *expulsive* and *effusive* force.

d. In *Volume*, we have changes in degree, or in kind; in the latter case necessitating changes in **Quality**.

32. **The Significance** of the **Elements of Emphasis** must be determined, in all cases, by the object in view, or by the effect produced when using any given element.

Time. When a speaker pauses or lingers on a word or phrase, he does so that he himself, or that others, may have more time in which to think of it. The giving of a different relative time to different words causes, in poetry, what is termed *metre* or *measure*. We may take a hint from this term, and say that the relative time apportioned to a word indicates the *mind's measurement* of it,—represents the speaker's *judgment* as to the amount of meaning or importance that it conveys.

Pitch. When, either abruptly, as in the emphatic slides, or gradually, as in unemphatic passages, the voice passes up or down the scale, or continues on one key, it does so because the mind of the speaker is impelled to open, close or continue the consideration of an idea that has been broached (§ 43). The melody of the movement taken by the voice represents, therefore, like melody in music, the *mind's motive*,—indicates its purpose in using the particular phraseology to which the melody is applied; and because pitch, through the kinds of inflections and melody chosen, reveals the motives, we shall find that the use of this element in ordinary conversation is constantly causing precisely the same phraseology to express entirely opposite meanings (§§ 53–66).

Force. When one uses different degrees and kinds of force with a word, he does so because he conceives that, in connection with the idea that it expresses, there is more or

less demand for exertion. Hence, Force indicates the *mind's activity*,— represents the kind or degree of *mental energy*.

Volume. When natural causes have such an effect upon utterance as to close, choke or expand the throat — as in whispering, the guttural sound, or wailing,—it is because one's excitement, one's feelings, have mastered him. Volume, or the qualities of the voice, therefore, which are determined by just such actions of the throat, represent the degree or kind of *mental feeling*.

Of course, to some extent, all the departments of mind are enlisted in the use of each of these elements of emphasis; but when considering that which each is particularly adapted to represent, it may be said that **time** represents the *judgment*, **pitch** the *motives*, **force** the *energy*, and the **quality** of voice the *feelings*.

Besides this, it may be said that while the *special* emphasis used with an individual word represents some special *conception* of the speaker with reference to it, the *general* emphasis given to clauses and sentences represents the combined influence of many special conceptions, i.e. his general *state of mind*, or his *moods*.

If a special utterance is conceived of as in itself *final* or *decisive*, i.e. *interesting*, *important*, *noteworthy*, *affirmative*, *positive*, or if the general mood expressed in the utterance is *serious*, *grave*, *dignified* or *self-determined*, the *judgment*, first of all, measures, then the *motives* direct, and in case there is demand for it the *energies* push and the *feelings qualify* the idea as something to be **emphasized,** because (§ 18) it introduces *importance*, *information* or *peculiarity* into the general sense. This emphasis for important ideas is given by the use of *slow* **time,** *low unvaried* **pitch,** *loud* or else *abrupt* **force,** and *full* **volume.** Opposite conceptions and states

are expressed, of course, in opposite ways. These principles, which there is no necessity of stating again under each separate head of *time*, *pitch*, *force* and *volume*, will be unfolded and explained in the consideration of these elements that is to follow.

33. The Diagram on the Elements of Emphasis in Combination (§§ 140).

In this, the facts just stated are presented in such a way as to show at a glance what the elements of emphasis are, and also that similar conditions influence them similarly. The student who has come to understand the principles underlying the diagram, and can apply them to his delivery, has mastered the main difficulties of our subject.

34. **Methods of Studying** the Elements of Emphasis.

Beginners should first learn § 201, and what is printed in large type,—and enough that is in the fine type to enable them to understand the principles in the large type,—under the heads of Elocutionary Pauses (§§ 35–39), Movement (§§ 40–42), Inflections (§§ 43–74), Starting Key of the Slides (§§ 75–77), and Key (§§ 96, 97); then they can turn to the diagram (§§ 140), and, in connection with this, study Transitions (§§ 147–151), and Massing (§§ 152, 153). Only after this need their attention be directed to Stress (§§ 98–105), and still later, in connection with vocal culture, to General Force (§§ 106–115), Quantity (§ 39), Quality (§§ 121–137), and Melody (§§ 78–95). See also § 6 of *Preface*, and §§ 201, 203, 204.

TIME.

Elocutionary Pauses.

35. **Elocutionary Pauses,** with cessations of sound, should be made *before* or *after*; or the voice should dwell *on* all words that introduce into the general sense special *importance*, *information*, or *peculiarity*. (§§ 18, 32, 140.)

a. Pauses are not often made *before* words, because most of these are preceded by an article, preposition or qualifier that cannot, except for extraordinary emphasis, be separated from them; e. g.

One half | of the whole | was the whole | of his claim.

b. They are usually made *after* words, and must be made there when these contain short vowels and consonant-sounds that cannot be prolonged without a *drawl;* e. g.

Up, | sluggard, | up! | Wicked, | debilitated | wretch! | Fickle | fop!

c. When a word contains one or more long vowels or consonant-sounds that can be prolonged, the voice *dwells* on it, with or without a cessation of the sound at its close. This makes delivery *legato* rather than *staccato* (§ 39); e. g.

Wailing, | and woe, | and grief, | and fear, | and pain.

36. Besides making delivery *rhythmical*, and so *natural* (*see* § 26,—hence called **Harmonic Pauses**), these pauses **allow time** *for breathing, for giving slides, stress and full quantity,* and *for uttering the important words* (hence called **Rhetorical Pauses**) that give the clew to the meaning of a passage with **distinctness** (*see* § 40). In addition to this, they have more to do than changes in pitch or force with preventing **monotony.** They introduce light and shade into delivery. The foreground for important ideas is slower time; while, in contrast with this, faster time keeps unimportant ideas in the background.

a. These pauses depend on the *sense, not* on the *grammatical construction;* so they may or may not be used where there are *marks of punctuation.*

b. Sometimes it is impossible to render the sense without bringing in the pause, e. g. (*see, also,* § 97: a; § 140: a)—

1. Let that plebeian || talk; 'tis not || my || trade.
2. Daily || with souls that cringe and plot
   We Sinais climb || and know it || not.

37. According to the general principle (§ 35) a slight pause usually stands between the *predicate* of a sentence and its *subject,* and also its *object* (unless these are pronouns); and after emphatic *adjectives, adverbs, prepositions* (but these latter are very seldom emphatic) and *conjunctions,* especially *but*; e. g.

The people | will carry us | gloriously | through | this struggle.

He is pleasing, | but || is he honest?

a. Be especially careful to pause after Adjectives that are essential to the sense of the nouns they qualify; e. g.

Instead of chartered | immunities, | held under a British |

king, ‖ set before them | the glorious | object | of entire | independence.

b. Never pause long on words whose importance depends on what follows; not thus, e. g., Thousands ‖ of them | that love | me.

38. In emphasizing by the pause, there is a natural tendency to *group* or *mass* (*see* §§ 152, 153) words together, the less important around the more important, and to consider each phrase thus formed as a unit, i.e. as one long word of many syllables. Such a group has in it no full pauses.

a. A *Pause* usually precedes and follows every *qualifying*, *relative*, *parenthetical* or *independent* phrase, clause or sentence; every simile or quotation, and every separate paragraph; e. g.

Mr. Burke, ‖ who was no ˈ friend | to popular ˈ excitement,— ‖ who was no ˈ ready ˈ tool | of agitation, ‖ no hot- ˈ headed ˈ enemy | of existing ˈ establishments, ‖ no undervaluer | of the wisdom ˈ of our ancestors, ‖ no scoffer | against institutions ˈ as they are,— ‖ has said, ‖ and it deserves ˈ to be fixed | in letters ˈ of gold | over the hall ˈ of every ˈ assembly | which calls itself ˈ a legislative ˈ body,— ‖ "Where there is abuse, | there ought ˈ to be clamor; ‖ because ˈ it is better | to have our slumber | broken ˈ by the fire- ˈ bell, ‖ than to perish ˈ amid the flames, | in our bed!"

For other examples of the pause, *see* § 28: c; § 140: a; §§ 150, 151, 226; 117, 120; and §§ 211–219: 1, 3, 12.

b. For a similar reason a pause occurs wherever there is an ellipsis, or words are omitted.

O Gȯd, ‖ —to clasp | those fingers | close ‖
And yet | to feel | so lȯnely!

In connection with pauses, *see* Massing, § 152; especially what is said of the emphatic tye, § 153.

Quantity.

39. **Quantity,** as this term is technically used in elocution, refers exclusively to the quantity of *time* employed in the utterance of a syllable. It has to do with the methods of giving the emphatic pauses.

a. Wherever these pauses occur, and thus lengthen the time in which a syllable is uttered, it is important, if possible, to prolong the ordinary vowel-sounds or consonant-sounds composing it. Otherwise the tones of the voice will cease after each emphatic syllable; and

one's delivery will not be characterized by that continuity of utterance which is always pleasing, and often, as in *sustained force* (§ 109), necessary to the effect.

b. As related to Quantity, syllables are of two kinds :

I. **Variable.** Almost every syllable, whether containing a long or a short vowel, *can be prolonged* when there is reason for it; e. g. in *that, what, all, arm, debt, easy, fig, defile, nod, no, tub, tune.*

II. **Fixed.** In a general way, it may be said that some syllables, especially those containing a short vowel and ending with *k* (*c, ch*), *p* or *t*, cannot be prolonged without a *drawl.* When such syllables precede a pause, the sound ceases; e. g. Tuck | it | up—Sip | it—The patter | of the upper | pit.

c. A due regard for the requirements of quantity enables one to read poetry smoothly yet rhythmically; e. g.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; — vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Nameless here for evermore.

d. It has much to do also with imparting to oratory that rhythmical emphasis that Dr. Rush termed *drift* (*see* § 154).

☞ **Quantity is best cultivated indirectly,** through the General Exercises (§§ 8–14), and through learning to use rightly the different kinds of *pauses* (§ 35), *inflections* (§ 43), *stress* (§ 99) and *force* (§ 106).

For long quantity, practice *smooth* and *sustained* force (§§ 109–112), also the *monotone* (§§ 94, 95).

For short quantity, *abrupt* and *vehement* force (§§ 107, 114, 211 also *initial* stress, § 100: 1, 2, 3).

Movement.

40. **Movement** changes with every transition of meaning or new paragraph,—becoming **slow** to represent *what moves slowly,*[1] or to emphasize what introduces special *importance,*[2] *information*[3] or *peculiarity*[4] into the general sense; and becoming **fast** to represent what moves *rapidly,*[5] or to *slight* what is comparatively *valueless*[6] or is *known,*[7] *acknowledged,*[8] *forestalled,*[9] or *repetitious,*[10] whether in the way of *statement*[11] or *sequence.*[12] (§ 18, 32, 140.)

Slow, 1.
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Fast, 5.
He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;

Slower, 1, 2, 3.
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;

Slow, 1–4.
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

Fast, 5.
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung;
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush and scour;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

Slow, 2, 3.
In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God.

Faster, 10, 11.
The same was in the beginning with God.

Slow, 2, 3.
All things were made by him,

Faster, 10, 12.
and without him was not anything made that was made.

Slow, 2, 3, 4.
In him was life, and the life was the light of men.

Faster, 6.
There was a man sent from God

Slow, 2, 3.
whose name was John. The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the light, that all men through him might believe. He was not that light,

Faster, 10, 11.
but was sent to bear witness of that light.

41. The following, respectively, introduce special importance, information and peculiarity into the general sense, and so are uttered slowly.

The dogmatic, didactic. For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers; but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil.

The detailed, circumstantial. Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and

see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear, etc.

The strange, wonderful. I say unto thee arise, and take up thy couch, and go unto thine house. And immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his own house, glorifying God. And they were all amazed, and they glorified God, and were filled with fear, saying, We have seen strange things to day.

42. Quotations, Illustrations and all Parenthetical or Qualifying Clauses are preceded and followed by a *pause*, and are uttered *slower* or *faster* according to the *general principle* (§ 40); e. g.

Slower, 2, 3, 4. { Dearly beloved, avenge not yourself, but rather give place unto wrath, for it is written, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Faster, 6, 10. { Ye have heard that it hath been said, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth;

Slower, 2, 3, 4. but I say unto you that ye resist not evil."

Slower, 2, 3. { The spiritual warrior, like the young candidate for knighthood, may be none the worse for his preparatory ordeal of watching all night by his armor.

Faster, 5, 6. { As a fountain casteth out her waters, so she casteth out her wickedness. (*Read, also,* §§ 226–228.

Slower, 2. { Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering (for he is faithful that promised), and let us consider one another, to provoke unto love and to good works.

Faster, 6. { He girt his fisher's coat unto him,—for he was naked,—and did cast himself into the sea.

In connection with changes in movement, study particularly § 28: b, c; massing or grouping, §§ 152, 153; transitions, §§ 147–151; elements in combination, §§ 140–144, and the examples under each; also §§ 221–226.

PITCH.

Inflections: Emphatic Slides.

43. **Elocutionary Inflections,** like Pauses, depend on the *sense.*

a. So they are not always determined by *marks of punctuation*, nor by the limits of a *grammatical sentence.* They do not always rise, for example, where there is a (?), nor fall where there is a (.)

b. Pitch, as we have found (§ 32), represents the *mental motive.* In giving the changes in pitch peculiar to the inflections, the voice *rises* when moved *to open* and *falls to close* a sentence, if the *sense* opens and closes where the sentence does; e. g.

If só, I will gò.

c. But if the *sense* does not *open and close* where the sentence does, this is not the case; e. g.

I will gò, if só.
Will you gó?
Nò, I wòn't, if he waits a year.

IN GIVING ELOCUTIONARY EMPHASIS,

d. The voice rises for the purpose of *opening up* or *broaching* an idea; i. e. to **point away from** utterances when they are merely *anticipative* or *indecisive*, in the sense of being in themselves *subordinate*, *insignificant*, *trite*, *negative*, or *questionable*, as contrasted with something that is expected to be, or has been, expressed by the falling inflection. (*See* §§ 47–66.)

e. The voice falls for the purpose of *closing* or *completing* an idea; i. e. to **point to,** or point out, utterances that are *final* or *decisive*, in the sense of being *interesting*, *important*, *noteworthy*, *affirmative*, or *positive*, in themselves. It falls, e. g., *whenever it gives its sentence*, in the sense either of having *satisfactorily finished* the ex-

pression of a sentiment or of having uttered something *sententiously*. (*See* §§ 48–66.)

f. The voice sometimes, on an emphatic word, *neither rises nor falls*, because the mind is in a mood neither anticipative nor decisive, but in mere neutral suspense; e. g.

To diē;—to sleèp;—
To sleēp? Perchance to drèam.

g. The voice sometimes, on an emphatic word, *both rises and falls*, because the mind wishes to express the ideas represented by the movement of the voice in each of these directions. This gives us the *circumflex* or *wave*. (*See* §§ 67–74.)

44. Successful Oratory is always characterized by a habit of using liberally the **falling** inflection or bend, because

a. This **interests** an audience by conveying the impression that the objects or ideas mentioned are *in themselves interesting*, *important*, etc.

b. It **convinces** and **persuades** an audience, by conveying the impression that the speaker is making *affirmations* about which he is *positive*.

c. It **keeps control** of an audience, by causing the speaker to seem to keep control of himself. Notwithstanding the high pitch to which excitement may occasionally carry one's voice, a frequent use of the downward inflection has a constant tendency to bring the voice down to a lower key, in which one seems to have control of his faculties. When delivery is not thus broken by frequent returns to a more normal key, the rising inflections carry the voice higher and higher, into a tone from which it seems impossible to descend, and from which everything suggestive of self-mastery, or of the mastery of one's subject, is eliminated. In fact, almost all false tones in delivery are connected in some way with a disregard of the falling inflection.

☞ Do not suppose, however, that giving the falling inflection necessarily involves letting the voice fall on a word as though it ended a paragraph. On this subject *study carefully* §§ 75–77.

45. **Method of giving** the Emphatic Slide.

a. The *slide always begins on the accented syllable* of a word. Where this is followed by syllables secondarily accented, it is continued downward or upward on them; e. g.

He did it inconsìderately. Inconsíderately? That is an impossibìlity.

b. This principle is particularly noticeable when giving the *circumflex*. In the following, in *Italy*, the *I* and *y* together receive the same inflection as the *e* in *Greece*:

I should feel ashâmed of an enthusiasm for Îtalý and Grẽece, did I not also feel it for a land like this.

c. Notice, also, that while *I* receives *Initial* Stress and *y Terminal*, the *e* in *Greece* receives *Compound* Stress. (*See* §§ 100, 101, 103.)

d. When the slide is given *on a single syllable*, the voice must pass distinctly *through* several intervals of pitch; and not merely *to* a pitch different from that sounded in the syllable uttered before it.

46. The **Length** of the Emphatic Slide, in ascending or descending the scale, depends upon the quantity and quality of the Emphasis that it is desired to give.

The final inflection of a clause or sentence, rising or falling through the interval only of a semitone, is chiefly plaintive, and expresses melancholy, dejection and subdued grief or pathos. If the falling inflection descends through the interval of a tone (or a musical second), it conveys simply the logical completion of the meaning of a clause or sentence, but without any passion or feeling being expressed. If the inflection rises through the interval of a tone, it merely shows that the logical meaning of the clause or sentence is in progress of development, but conveys no emotion. If the rising inflection is carried through the interval of a tone and a half (or in music a minor third), the inflection becomes strongly plaintive, and characterizes all pathetic appeals; whilst, if the inflection falls to the same extent, it marks all assertions with an air of grief and lamentation. If the voice rises through an interval of two tones (or a major third), it expresses strongly doubt, appeal and inquiry, and if it falls in the same degree it conveys strong assertion. When the voice rises through the greater intervals of the musical fifth, or, still more, the interval of the octave, it expresses earnest appeal, wonder, amazement, and exclamation; while if it falls through these intervals it expresses the strongest conviction, command, reprehension, hate, and all the sterner passions. A similar increase of meaning or emotion characterizes the extent to which the rising or falling circumflexes may be carried in those cases where they are specially applicable.—*King's College Lectures on Elocution, C. J. Plumptre.*

Sufficient has been said to enable the student to understand the following diagrams, in which (from pp. 50–59) inflections with opposite meanings are arranged *vis-à-vis* on opposite pages.

§ 47. **RISING INFLECTION.** — **Opening** the sense, where the thought is **anticipative** and the expression of it **indecisive, points forward** or **away from** an object or idea emphasized by it, because this (as *explicitly* or *implicitly* contrasted with something that *is to be* or *has been* mentioned) is conceived of as in itself—

§ 49. **ANTICIPATIVE**; e.g. Instead of a lóng and blóody wár for restorātion of prívileges, for redrēss of griévances, for chārtered immúnities, held under a British king, ☞

Subordinate.

The noisy géese that gabbled o'er the póol,
The playful children just let loose from schóol;
The watch-dog's vóice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud láugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the sháde,
And filled each pause the nightingale had màde.

The gay will láugh
When thou art góne; the solemn brood of care
Plod ón, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phántom; yet all these shall lèave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thèe.

Insignificant.

His lordship's orthography is a little lóose, but several of his equals countenance the cústom. Lord Loggerhead always spells physician with an F'.

In **sarcasm.** — So you despíse me, Mr. Gígadibs.

In **concessions.** — There are wild theories abróad. I will not say I have nóne. (*See* § 212.)

Trite.

In **repeated words** *that introduce no importance, etc., into the sense.* — Fellow-citizens, the enemy have còme and we must march agàinst them. They have cóme, fellow-citizens, to desolate our fields. They have cóme to sack our cities.

§ 51. **INDECISIVE**; e.g., I know not what course ôthers may táke, ☞

Negative.

Of which the positive is sometimes expressed. — Men are not gods, but properly are brùtes.

Sometimes only implied. — Thou canst not be relèntless.
It certainly would be a strange thing if this were trúe, and all the efforts of the past should prove to have been in váin.

Questionable.

Therefore in **supplication.** —

Say that thou dost not háte me. Sáy it to me, Thékla!
O God! I cannot leave this spót — I cánnot!
Cannot let go this hánd. O téll me, Thekla!
That thou dost súffer with me, art convinced
That I cánnot áct ótherwise.

(*See* §§ 212, 213, 215.)

§ 48. **FALLING INFLECTION.**— **Closing** the sense, where the thought is **conclusive**, and the expression of it **decisive, points out specifically** an object or idea emphasized by it, because this, irrespective of anything else that *is to be* or *has been* mentioned, is conceived of as in itself—

§ 50. **CONCLUSIVE**; e. g. ☞ set before them the glorious object of entire indepèndence, and it will breathe into them anèw the breath of life.

Important. Interesting.

How often have I paused on every chàrm,
The sheltered còt, the cultivated fàrm,
The never-failing bròok, the busy mìll,
The decent chùrch that topt the neighboring hìll,
The hàwthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking àge and whispering lòvers màde.

Look to your heàrths, my lords —
For there henceforth shall sit, as household gods,
Shapes hot from Tàrtarus — all shàmes and crìmes —
Wan Trèachery, with his thirsty dàgger dràwn —
Suspìcion, poisoning his brother's cùp —
Naked Rebèllion, with the tòrch and àxe,
Making his wìld spòrt of your blazing thròues;
Till Anarchy come down on you like nìght,
And mâssacre seal Rome's eternal gràve. (§ 213.)

Noteworthy.

Cleàrness, fòrce and èarnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True éloquence, indeed, does not consist in spèech. It cannot be brought from fàr. Labor and learning may tóil for it, but they will toil in vàin. Wòrds and phràses may be márshalled in évery wày, but they cànnot còmpass it. It must exist in the màn, in the sùbject, and in the occàsion. It cómes, if it come at áll, like the outbreaking of a fòuntain from the èarth, or the búrsting fórth of volcànic fires with spontàneous, original, nàtive force.

§ 52. **DECISIVE**: e. g. ☞ but, as for me, give me lìberty or give me dèath.

Affirmative.

In **assertion.** — I hàte him, for he is a Chrìstian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out mòney gràtis, and brings down
The rate of ùsance here with us in Venice.
He hàtes our sacred nàtion; and he ràils,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On mè, my bàrgains, and my well-won thrift.

Positive.

Advocation. — Let every man bear in mind, it is not only his ŏwn person, but his wìfe and chìldren, he must now defend.

Therefore in **command.** — Fret, till your proud heart brèak;
Go, show your slàves how chòleric you are,
And make your bòndmen trèmble.

(*See* §§ 211–12, esp. Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 11, 12; § 215, and selections following.)

The Motive, not the Phraseology, as the Criterion of the Rising Inflection.

53. The inflection depends on the motive of the mind in using it, not on the verbal or grammatical form used.

The following are mentally **anticipative, indecisive, negative, questionable,** etc.

55. **The conditional mood** *usually* expresses what is anticipative, indecisive, subordinate, etc.; e. g. If he has done thát, he shall sùffer for it.

If that the face of mén,
The sufferance of our sóuls, the tímes abúse,
If these be motives wéak, break off betimès.

57. **The imperative mood** *may* express what is anticipative, subordinate, etc. (§ 211:11); e. g. Be true to yoursélf: you will succeed.

Lóok to it;
Consíder, Wílliam: take a month to thínk,
And let me have an answer to my wísh;
Or by the Lord that made me, you shall pàck.

59. **A negative** is *usually* anticipative and indecisive, i. e. in itself merely preparatory to some following positive affirmation; e. g.

Not only around our ínfancy
Doth hĕaven with all its splendors líe; ☞

Is mere ánimal life entitled to be called góod? Certainly nót. There is no good in mere animal lífe.

An assertion *may* be indecisive, expressing what is anticipative (§ 212:28), negative, questionable, etc.; e. g.

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, as you know, are hónorable mén.

61. **A question** is *usually* anticipative (of an answer), expressing what is indecisive and really questionable (§ 212).

What! acting on this vague abstráction, are you prepared to enfórce a law, without consídering whether it be júst or únjust, constitútional or únconstitutional? Will you collect móney when it is acknowledged that it is not wánted?

Does any man, in his senses, believe that this béautiful strúcture, this harmonious ággregate of státes, produced by the joint consent of áll, can be presérved by fórce?

The direct question (first time), seeking for information; e. g. Did you see that lády?

The Motive, not the Phraseology, as the Criterion of the Falling Inflection.

54. The same phraseology may be differently inflected, according to the idea that the mind is moved to express by it.

The following are mentally **conclusive, decisive, affirmative, positive,** etc.

56. **The conditional mood** *may* express what is positively affirmed or believed; e. g. If he has done thât, he should sùffer for it.

But if these
(As I am sure they dô) bear fire enough
To kindle còwards and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of wòmen, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own câuse?

58. **The imperative mood** *usually* expresses what is conclusive, decisive, positive, etc. (§ 212); e. g. Be true to yoursèlf, whether you succeed or not.

Ròuse, ye Romans; ròuse, ye slaves.
Awâke, arìse, or be forever fâllen.
Let every man stand by his gùn.

60. **A negative** *may* express a conclusive, decisive, positive affirmation (§ 215); e. g.

☞ Daìly, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb, and know it nòt.

Thou shalt not stèal! Nò, gentlemen, the remembrance of their folly will nòt pass to posterity. There is no retreat but in submìssion and slâvery. There would, without obedience, be no kìndred to create a hòme; no lâw to create a stâte; there would be no cònscience to inspire rìght; no fâith to apprehend relìgion.

62. **A question** *may* express a decisive, positive affirmation, which, in the speaker's opinion, is more important than the answer it anticipates (§ 211: 5; §§ 212–218); e. g.

Why, what make you hère?
Why are you vìrtuous? Why do people lòve you?
And wherefore are you gèntle, strông, and vâliant?

Who, then, ìs Pâul, and who is Apòllos, [I point them out as interesting in themselves; and affirm that they are] but mìnisters by whom ye belièved?

The direct question (repeated), conveying information; e. g. Did you see that lâdy? i. e. I affirm I spoke of that lâdy; did you sèe her?

The Motive, not the Phraseology.—*Continued.*

The indirect question, seeking for information; e. g. When are you going to Bóston? i. e. Áre you going?—when?

The negative question *may* express that it is questionable whether others will agree with the speaker; e. g. Is she not beáutiful?

> Would they not féel their children tréad,
> With clánking cháins, above their héad?
>
> But did not Chánce at length her error ménd?
> Did no subverted empire mark his énd?

The double question, containing no affirmation,—the whole answer questionable; e. g. Shall we go to the stóre or hotél? Yès, to the stòre; or Nò, let us stay hère.

"Who is the greâter?" says the German moralist; "the wíse mán who lifts himself abóve the stórms of tíme, and from alóof lóoks dówn upon them, and yet takes no párt therein; ☞

Contrasted Motives with same Phraseology; Rising Inflection.

63. The *anticipative*, *indecisive*, *subordinate*, *insignificant*, *trite*, *questionable*, *negative*, respectively lead us to express:

Hesitation, in view of the **inexperienced:** There's a páth through the wóods here.

Uncertainty, in view of the **doubtful:** It múst be so.

Faint praise, in view of the **mediocre:** He declaims very wéll.

Indifference, in view of mere **formality:** How do you dó?

Disapprobation, in view of the **evil:** John has returned hóme.

Discontent, in view of the **limited:** You see all there is léft.

Sorrow, in view of the **painful,**

Commiseration, in view of the **unfortunate:**

> 'Tis but the falling of a withered léaf,
> The breaking of a shéll—
> The rending of a véil.

65. Series of Words.

If all the words together are conceived of as expressing only *one general idea*, the voice falls on the last word only; i. e. all together are uttered like one word of many syllables.

Knówledge, trúth, lóve, beáuty, góodness, fàith, alone give vitálity to the mechânism of exìstence.

The Motive, not the Phraseology.— *Continued.*

The indirect question, asserting a belief; e. g. When are you going to Bòston? i. e. You àre going; — whèn?

The negative question *usually* expresses a positive belief that others will agree with the speaker; e. g. Is she not beàutiful?

Why, then, sir, do we nót, as soon as pŏssible, chànge this from a cĭvil to a nàtional war? And since we must fight it thróugh, why not put ourselves in a state to enjòy all the bènefits of victory, if we gàin the victory?

The double question, containing an affirmation,— part of the answer positively known; e. g. Shall we go to the stóre or hotèl? As we are going somewhere, let us go to the hotèl.

The falling part of a double question usually asserts the questioner's opinion, as in this, continued from the opposite page:

☞ or hé who, from the heíght of quíet and repóse, thròws himself bòldly into the bàttle-tumùlt of the wòrld?"

Contrasted Motives with same Phraseology; Falling Inflection.

64. The *conclusive*, *decisive*, *interesting*, *important*, *noteworthy*, *affirmative*, *positive*, respectively lead us to express:

Readiness, in view of the **experienced:** There's a pàth through the wòods here.

Assurance, in view of the **certain:** It mùst be so.

Commendation, in view of the **excellent:** He declaims very wèll.

Respect, in view of **hearty esteem:** How do you dò.

Approbation, in view of the **good:** John has returned hòme.

Content, in view of the **abundant:** You see all there is lèft.

Joy, in view of the **pleasurable,**

Congratulation, in view of the **fortunate:**

> Wèlcome her, all things ùseful and swèet;
> Scàtter the blòssoms under her fèet.
> Brèak, happy lànd, into èarlier flòwers.

Series of Words.

If *each* word is conceived of as expressing a *specific idea*, the voice falls on each.

Mr. Prèsident, and fellow-cìtizens — at the *opening* of a speech.

Knòwledge, trùth, lòve, beàuty, gòodness, fàith, alone give vitality to the méchanism of exìstence.

Our own selfíshness, our own negléct, our own pássions, and our own vìces, will furnish the elements of our destruction.

66. **Series of Clauses.**

Where a connecting conjunction (*and*, *or*) before the last clause shows that the mind **anticipates** that the series is about to be brought to a close:

If the series closes the sentence, the voice usually rises on the clause next to the last.

It should be the lábor of a génuine and nóble pátriotism to ráise the life of a nátion to the level of its prìvileges; to hármonize its géneral práctice with its ábstract prìnciples; to redúce to áctual fàcts the idéals of its institùtions; to êlevate instrúction into knówledge; and to déepen knówledge into wìsdom.

If it does not close the sentence, the voice usually rises on the last clause.

The causes of good and evil are so various and uncèrtain, so often entàngled with each òther, so divèrsified by various relàtions, and so much subject to àccidents which cannot be foreséen, that he who would fix his condition upon incontestible reasons of préference must live and die inquiring and delìberating. (*See* § 215.)

Circumflex or **Wave,** ending with Rising Inflection.

67. Used when a *subordinate* motive is to *point out* specifically *an object* or idea as in itself interesting, important, noteworthy, positive, affirmative, conclusive, decisive, etc.; but when the *main motive* is to *point forward* or *away from it* to something else that is to be or has been mentioned in connection with it. The wave thus suggests the double relation of words used in cases of

69. **Comparison;** i. e. in **illustrations, similes, metaphors,** etc. (*see* § 218–19); e. g.

Was not Ábraham [we need to anticipate in our inflection what is to be said about Ábraham, yet we need also to point him out as Àbraham. We combine the two thus:] Ǎbraham, our fāther, justified by wōrks when he had offered Ĭsaac, his sōn, upon the ālтar?

Notice how, when one turns off from a straightforward course of thought to find an illustration, this wavering inflection *represents* his motive:

And in the same house remàin, eating and drinking such things

NOTE.—This last sentence is continued on page 58.

Our own sèlfishness, our own neglèct, our own pàssions, and our own vìces, will furnish the elements of our destruction.

Series of Clauses.

Where the *absence* of a connecting conjunction before the last clause shows that the mind does **not** anticipate that the series is about to be brought to a close:

If the series closes the sentence, the voice may fall on the clause next to the last.

He ònly is advàncing in lìfe whose héart is getting sòfter, whose blóod wàrmer, whose bráin quìcker, whose spírit is éntering into líving pèace.

If it does not close the sentence, the voice may fall on the last clause.

The láugh of mìrth that víbrates through the hèart, the tèars that fréshen the dry wastes withìn, the mùsic that brings chìldhood bàck, the pràyer that cálls the fùture near, the dòubt which makes us mèditate, the dèath which startles us with mỹstery, the hàrdship which forces us to strùggle, the anxìety that ends in trùst,—are the trùe nourishments of our natural bèing. (*See* § 215.)

Circumflex or **Wave,** ending with Falling Inflection.

68. Used when the *main motive* is to *point out* specifically *an object* or idea as in itself interesting, important, noteworthy, positive, affirmative, conclusive, decisive, etc.; but when a *subordinate motive* is to *point forward* also or *away from it* to something else that is to be or has been mentioned in connection with it. The wave thus suggests the double relation of words used in cases of

70. **Comparison;** i. e. **in illustrations, similes, metaphors,** etc. (*see* § 218–19); e. g.

Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten vìrgins [we need to point out vìrgins with this inflection, yet the likeness is to ten vírgins which took, etc. We need, *also*, this anticipative upward inflection, so we combine the two] vìrgins which took their lamps and went into a far country.

The graves of the best of men, of the noblest martyrs, are like the graves of the Hêrrnhuters (the Moravian brethren)—lêvel, and undistinguishable from the universal earth; and if the earth could

NOTE.—This last sentence is continued on page 59.

as they gìve, for the lăborer is worthy of his hìre. Go not from house to hŏuse.

The wave may be continued through an illustrative passage (§ 21), if this be short:

They are like unto chîldren, sitting in the mârket-place, and calling one to another, and saying, We have pīped unto you, and ye have not dânced; we have mōurned to you, and ye have not wêpt.

71. **Contrast,** i. e. **Antithesis, expressed** (*see* § 213); e. g.

Are all these innovations to be made in order to increase the influence of the exêcutive [pointing away to the word *popular*] power, and is nothing to be done in fàvor of the pōpular part of the Constitution?

Implied; e. g.

Whât! in such an hour as this, can it be that people of high răṅk, and professing high prĭnciples, that thēy or their fāmilies should seek to thrive on the spoils of mĭsery, and fatten on the meals wrested from industrious pōverty?

'Tis not mȳ trâde. When men are brāve the sìckle is a spèar.

73. Where there is a contrast between the *motive* and the phraseology, ☞

In the **imperative mood;** e. g. Never fear thăt, if he be so resōlved.

In **questions;** e. g. Where grōws? And you mean to say you don't knōw?

In cases in which the mind is wavering between a positive and negative expression, i. e. in **doubt** and **uncertainty:**

Tell. Look upon my bōy! what mêan you? Look upon
My bōy, as though I gūessed it! Guẽssed the trial
You'd have me mâke!

☞ The circumflex in *comparisons* and *contrasts* is *well* given when *slightly* given. Don't make it *too distinct.*

74. **Double Motives,** i. e. contrast between a real and an assumed motive, ☞

1st Clo. There is no ancient gĕntlemen but gârdeners, dìtchers and grâve-makers; thêy hold up Àdam's profession.

2d Clo. Was hĕ a gĕntleman?

1st Clo. He was the first that ever bore ārms.

2d Clo. Why, he hăd none.

1st Clo. What, art a hĕathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam dīgged. Could he dig without ārms?

give up her secrets, our whole globe would appear a Westminster Âbbey laid flat.

John does everything backward. He is the dôrsal fîn of humanity. He is a human obliquity. He might have attended a school for crâbs. In fact, he is one of Crăbb's sȳnonyms.

72. **Contrast,** i. e. **Antithesis,** expressed or implied (*see* § 149: b, c; *also*, § 213); e. g.

It is thêse [as contrasted with other implied things pointed to] which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashâmed of an enthusiasm for Itāly [pointing away to *this*] or Grēece, did I not âlso feel it for a land like thîs. In an Amêrican, it would seem to me degênerate and ungrâteful to hang with passion upon the traces of Hōmer and Vīrgil, and follow, without emotion, the nêarer and plâiner footsteps of Vîrgil and Mîlton.

It is not so far as a man dōubts, but so far as he belîeves, that he can achieve or perfect anything. All things are possible to him that belîeveth.

☞ the circumflex suggests the idea usually conveyed by the *phraseology*.

In the **conditional mood**; e. g. See if one of them will dare to lift his arm up in your cause if I forbîd them.

In **negations** and **questions**; e. g.

> There is not a man among you âll
> Who can reproach me that I used my power
> To do him an injûstice.
>
> By that sin fell the ângels; how can màn, then,
> The image of his Mâker, hope to wîn by it?
>
> You do not mean—no—no—
> You would not have me make a trial of
> My skill upon my chîld! Impôssible!

☞ i. e. in **Double Entendre,** *insincere* expressions, *jesting*, *ridicule*, *irony*, *sarcasm*, *mockery*. (*See* § 213.)

You meant no hârm: oh, nô: your thoughts are înnocent; you have nothing to hîde; your breast is pûre, stâinless, âll trûth.

O yes, hê is a man of hônor, indêed! Hîs words and deeds shôw it. He would be a gâin to our Society.

It isn't the sêcret I care about; it's the slîght, Mr. Caudle. Man and wife indêed! I should like to know how thât can be when a man's a mâson,—when he keeps a sêcret that sets him and his wife apârt.

75. **Starting Key of the Slide,** or **Slide Balance.** As contrasted with the syllable or syllables immediately preceding it —

Ordinarily, the voice descends to start a rising inflection on a lower key, and ascends to start a falling inflection on a higher key; but

Occasionally, for the sake of variety, and always at the end of a speech, paragraph or sentence that sums up or concludes a particular phase of the subject under consideration, the voice ascends to start a rising inflection on a higher key, and descends to start a falling inflection on a lower key. (*See* §§ 82, 83.)

In other words, the Emphatic Slide should **ordinarily** be so inserted as to cause its beginning and end to **balance** (hence the term used in this book) equally above and below the line of the general movement; thus,

— — — / — — — / — — — / or — — — \ — — — \ — — — \
not — — —′ — — —′ — — —′ or — — —, — — —, — — —,

76. **a. Reasons.** Slides begun rightly do not interrupt the onward flow of the general movement. Therefore, in connection with regularly recurring pauses or rhythm, this way of starting rising inflections low, and falling inflections high, causes that important factor in holding the attention of an audience called **drift** (§ 154). All successful speakers manifest this characteristic when excited. The trained elocutionist should manifest it at all times.

In the following, falling inflections *can* be given on all the words marked (§ 50) without interfering at all with the buoyancy and swing of the general movement:

When Frèedom, from her mòuntain height,
  Unfùrl'd her stàndard to the air,
She tòre the àzure ròbe of night,
  And set the stàrs of glòry thère;
She mingled with its gòrgeous dyes
The milky bàldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celèstial white
With streakings of the mòrning lìght;

Thèn from his mànsion in the sun
She càll'd her eàgle-bèarer dòwn,
And gàve into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chòsen lànd.

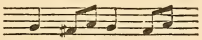
b. Again, **ease** and **audibleness** (especially in bringing out distinctly the word emphasized by the *downward* inflection) are both facilitated by starting to slide the voice **up** from a comparatively *low* key, and to slide it *down* from a comparatively *high* key.

c. Besides this, the **downward movement** indicates, as we have found (§ 43 : e), an affirmation of positive importance. When used, therefore, on the syllables preceding or starting the rising inflection, it **arrests attention** by suggesting an *affirmative* state of mind, dealing with something of positive importance, notwithstanding the negative or questioning significance of the inflection itself. Again, the **upward movement** of the voice indicates anticipation, subordination (§ 43 : d), etc. When used, therefore, on the syllables preceding or starting the falling inflection, it **holds the attention** by suggesting that something of still greater importance is to *follow*, notwithstanding the relative importance of that now emphasized by the inflection itself. Every one recognizes that **the downward inflection started high** is not the *concluding* word of a speech or paragraph, but **if started low**, the clause or sentence that it ends seems to be isolated from what is to follow.

d. But **occasionally**, at the end of a speech, paragraph or sentence that sums up or concludes a particular phase of a subject, the rising or falling of syllables preceding the one on which the inflection starts serves to increase the effect of its rising or falling emphasis.

77. As **accent** is an elementary form of emphasis, the principles stated apply to it. **Ordinarily**, in a passage where there is a general tendency to rising inflections, the accented syllable is on a lower key than it would be if it were unaccented, and where there is a tendency to falling inflections it is on a higher key. But occasionally, as in the case of the emphatic inflection, this condition is reversed.

a. Here all the rising inflections start on a lower key than the preceding syllable :

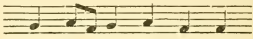


Is any man so weak as now

to hópe for a reconciliátion with Éngland, which shall leáve either sáfety to the cóuntry and its líberties, or sáfety to his

òwn life and his ówn hónor? Áre not yoú, sir, who sit in that cháir,—ís not hé, our vénerable cólleague néar you,—are not bóth alréady proscríbed and predéstined óbjects of púnishment and of véngeance?

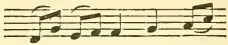
b. Here all the falling inflections start on a higher key than the preceding syllable:



when it is pròperly understòod! But the rock upon which men and upon which nations split is PROSPÈRITY. This man says that we have grown to be a gìant, and that we may depàrt from the wisdom of our yòuth. But I say that now is the time to take càre; we are great enough; let us be sàtisfied; prevènt the growth of our ambìtion, to prevent our prìde from swèlling, and hold òn to what we have gòt.

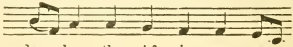
c. Here the *last* rising inflection is started on a higher key than the preceding syllable:

Shall I compáre mysélf, almost bórn, and cértainly bréd, in the tént of my fáther, that illústrious commánder,—mysélf, the cónqueror not ónly of the Álpine nátions but of the Álps themselves,—mysélf, who was the púpil of you all, before I becáme your commánder,—to thís síx mónths' géneral? or shall I



d. Here the last falling inflection is started on a lower key than the preceding syllable:

We yielded to their prayers for pàrdon; we relèased them from the blockàde; we made pèace with them when cònquered, and we afterward held them under our protèction when they were borne



e. Here the rising inflection on *nations* begins on a higher key, and the falling one on *ours* on a lower key, than the preceding syllable:

Shall I be told these are ídle féars? That in a wár with Rússia, no matter for whát caúse wáged, we must be the

víctors? That, in shórt, áll Eúrope combíned could not blót this Únion from the máp of *nátions?* Ah, sir, that is not âll I fèar. I fear succèss even mòre than defèat. The Senator from Michigan was rìght when he said that our fears were to be found at hòme. I dò fear oursèlves. Commit our people ónce to unnécessary fóreign wárs,—let víctory encóurage the míllitary spírit, alréady tóo prévalent amóng them, —and Rôman history will have nò chapter blòody enough to be transmìtted to postérity síde by síde with *oùrs.*

Read exercises in §§ 211, 212, with special reference to this subject, especially Nos. 5, 7, 12, 28; also §§ 215, 219, 220, and § 218.

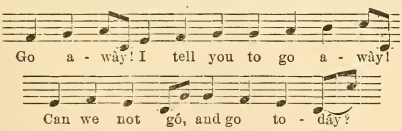
MELODY.

78. Before considering the significance of Melody (§ 92) let us notice the connection between it and the subject just considered.

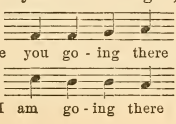
a. If the mental requirements underlying the pauses, inflections, and keys on which the inflections start, are understood and applied, there is usually little occasion to study the subject of Melody, so far as concerns *the physical effect produced on the ear by the successive notes of the voice.* Now and then, however, a pupil, in order to cure a tendency to monotony, needs to study

The Emphatic Slides as Related to Melody.

79. Where the **Melody needs** to be greatly **varied**, as in light, gay, lively, uncontrolled passages, *the unemphatic syllables should gradually ascend the scale* (in degrees differing according to the degree of emphasis to be given) *to reach an emphatic slide that starts higher* than the general pitch; *and descend it to reach one that starts lower* than the general pitch.



a. In an ascending passage, the **accented syllable** is usually at the same pitch as the syllable preceding it; in a descending one, at the same pitch as the syllable following it; e. g.



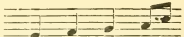
80. Where the **Melody does not need** to be greatly **varied,** as in grave, dignified discourse (*See* MONOTONE, §§ 93–95), *the unemphatic syllables should be kept*, to a great extent, *on one key.* The ascent of the voice from that key to begin downward inflections and accents, and its descent to begin upward ones, will afford *sufficient variety.* (*See* § 109.)

Are búlwarks like thése ever constrúcted to repél the incúrsions of a contémptible enemy? Was it a trívial and órdinary occásion which ráised this stórm of indignátion in the Párliament of thát dáy? Is the ócean éver láshed by the témpest to wáft a féather or to drówn a flý? By thís áct you have a sólemn législative declàration "that it is incompàtible with lìberty to send ány subject out of the rèalm under preténse of ány crime suppósed or alléged to be commítted in a fòreign jurisdĭction, excépt that crĭme be càpital?

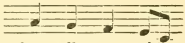
Read, also, in the same way, the passages in § 77: b, c, d, e, f; §§ 94, 95; also, § 211–220: 1, 5, 7, 12, and parts of all in § 215.

81. But not more than three successive *unemphatic* or *emphatic* (though separated by intervening unemphatic) syllables should be sounded at *precisely* the same pitch, otherwise there will be monotony.

82. The Triad of the **Cadence.** At least the *last three syllables ending a speech, paragraph or sentence* that sums up or concludes a particular phase of a subject under consideration *must* gradually *rise with a rising* and *fall with a falling* inflection. (*See* §§ 75–77.)



Did you say they had all gone óff?



Of còurse they have all gone òff.

The only explanation that needs to be given of this principle (aside from that in §§ 75–77, which see,) is that the ear requires it. A similar requirement leads to the following:

83. The Emphatic Triad of the **Climax.** At least *the last three* (and sometimes more) *emphatic words* of an *ascending* series of clauses *must* gradually *ascend* the scale; and *the last three* of a *descending* series *must* gradually *descend* the scale.

1. If I were an *Américan*,[1] as I am an ÉNGLISHMAN,[2] while a fóreign tróop was landed in my *country*,[3] I nêver[1] would lay down my arms!—*nèver!*[2] NÈVER! NÈVER![3]"

2. Who bránds me on the *fórehead*,[1] bréaks my SWÓRD,[2]
Or láys the blŏody scóurge upon my BĂCK,[3]
Wrongs me not *hâlf*[1] so much as he who shuts
The gates of HÔNOR[2] on me,—turning out
The Rōman from his BÎRTHRIGHT.[3]

a. The **gradual descent in Pitch** is the important factor in this Melody of the Cadence or Climax. If we bear this in mind, we shall **avoid** the **artificial wave-like movement** of the voice often heard upon the **stage** and among young declaimers, arising from a supposition that they must invariably slide the tones up on the next to the last emphatic word. But often the sense will not warrant this. Notice how much weaker these two sentences become when the voice rises on *life* and *God*; or, if *call* and *vision* be taken as the emphatic words next to the last, notice how much weaker is a decided upward inflection on these words than is a merely suspended inflection:

1. The only principles of públic cónduct which are worthy of a géntleman or a mán, are to sacrifice éstate, héalth, éase, appláuse, and even *lífe*, at the sacred *cāll* of his còuntry.

2. If you could endow the smallest însect with the sense of the beautiful and the ínfinite, this imperceptible atom would comprehend etèrnity, and would see *Gŏd*, and this *vīsion* would render it *immòrtal*.

84. *Long sentences* may contain *long clauses*, *and* within these *short clauses*. And the *emphatic words in the long clauses* may gradually ascend or descend the scale *relatively to one another;* so, too, the *subordinately emphatic words in the short clauses.* In the following the emphatic words printed in similar type gradually ascend or descend the scale relatively to one another.

When my éyes shall be túrned to behóld, for the lást tíme, the sún in the héaven, may I nót see him shíning on the brŏken and dishônored frágments of a ónce glórious Unìon; on Stâtes dissèvered, discòrdant, bellìgerent;—on a lánd rént with cívil feùds, or drénched, it may be, in fratérnal bloòd! Let their lást féeble and língering glánce ráther behóld the górgeous énsign of the Repûblic, nów knówn and hónored throughóut the eárth, stíll "fúll hígh advânced,"—its árms and tróphies stréaming in their orìginal lùstre,—not a strìpe erásed or pollûted, nor a sìngle

stàr obscûred; — béaring, for its mótto, nó súch míserable interrógatory ás, "Whát is all this *wŏrth?*" nor those óther wórds of delúsion and fólly, "Libérty *first*, and Union *áfterwards*," — but ÊVERYWHÉRE spréad áll óver, in chárácters of líving líght, blázing on áll its ámple FÓLDS, as they flóat over the SÉA and over the LÁND, and in évery WÍND únder the whóle HÉAVEN, that ÔTHER sentiment, deàr to *évery trùe Amèrican* héart, — "Libērty ÂND Union, nów and *fórever*, *óne* and INSÈPARABLE."

a. In long sentences, the emphatic words usually ascend the scale gradually through the introductory relative or subordinate clauses, and descend it on the principle or concluding ones, as in the sentence just quoted;

b. Or else they ascend the scale till the second or third clause from the end is reached, after which the voice gradually descends; e. g.

May you stand as unimpeached in hōnor as in pôwer; may you stánd, not as a sŭbstitute for vírtue, but as an ôrnament of virtue, as a secûrity for virtue; may you stand lòng, and long stand the terror of tyrànts; may you stand the rèfuge of afflicted nàtions; may you stand a sàcred tēmple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable jùstice!

☞Apply these principles to all the *selections* in § 215; and, in connection with this subject, study transitions, §§ 147–151; massing, §§ 152, 153.

85. **The Pitch or Melody appropriate for the different portions of an oration** or declamation, considered as a whole, will be best understood if we regard it as a development of the single long emphatic sentence. At first the key should be comparatively low, no higher above the level of conversation than is necessary to render it audible. It should then become varied, high or low to suit the various sentiments expressed. Lastly, a few sentences before the close, especially in long orations, it should return again to the level of conversation. This mode of closing, especially after an emphatic climax, is very effective.

The Unemphatic Slides as Related to Melody.

86. On unemphatic syllables we use

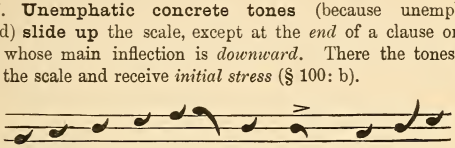
a. Discrete tones. These are separate from one another, like the notes of a piano, and each is sounded wholly on one key. They are used in syllables of short sharp quantity; e. g. Ha! ha! ha! — No! no! no!

b. Concrete tones. These glide into one another like the notes of a violin, and each passes over an interval of a tone or

half-tone. They are used in syllables of medium or long quantity; e. g. Are you all there?

These tones are **natural** to the voice; but the flexibility of the organs, that comes from practicing the general exercises (§§ 8–14) will improve the quality of them.

87. **Unemphatic concrete tones** (because unemphatic, § 43: d) **slide up** the scale, except at the *end* of a clause or sentence whose main inflection is *downward*. There the tones slide down the scale and receive *initial stress* (§ 100: b).



An upward slide on *home* would give us one characteristic of a *ministerial tone;* and any stress there except *initial* would give us a *drawl.*

a. Sometimes the upward slide of an unemphatic syllable is wrongly made on every emphatic one as a preliminary to its falling inflection, which thus becomes circumflex; e. g. They are gone. The *drawling monotony* resulting is usually cured by learning to give such inflections with a *short, sharp initial* stress; e. g. They are gone; or with an *abrupt terminal* stress (§ 101).

88. **Diatonic Melody** results where the *unemphatic* concrete syllables in a passage slide over *an interval of a whole musical tone* (diatonic), and the *emphatic* syllables over an interval of at least *two musical tones.* It is used in all ordinary statements and arguments, especially when referring to occurrences and objects that are pleasing.

a. To cultivate it, where it is lacking, read pieces expressive of light and joyous sentiments, as in § 92: a. b, c; §§ 221–223, 227; also pieces requiring vehemence, as in §§ 211, 213.

89. **Semitonic** or **Chromatic Melody** results when the *unemphatic* concrete syllables in a passage slide over *an interval of only half a musical tone*, and the *emphatic* syllables over an interval usually of *a tone and a half*, forming what musicians term a minor cadence. (§ 46: note.)

a. This kind of melody gives us the tone popularly called plaintive. It is heard in ordinary crying; and, like it, springs from a consciousness of inherent weakness in one's self, or sympathy for it

in others, such as to interfere with the ordinary strength and elasticity of utterance. Semitonic melody is used in expressing *the subdued forms of grief;* subjectively for *regret, contrition, complaint, supplication;* objectively for *tender sympathy, commiseration* and *pity.* In comedy, it expresses a travesty of these emotions.

90. In the **pulpit,** at the **bar,** and in **ordinary reading,** it should be **avoided** when there is no pathos in the sentiment. Break up the habit by reading pieces in Diatonic Melody, expressive of very light, joyous or vehement sentiments. (§ 88: a.)

91. The following passages demand **Semitonic Melody;** also all the selections in § 228.

Here's the smèll of the bloòd stìll. All the pérfumes of Aràbia will not sweeten this líttle hánd. Òh! òh! òh!

Jùdge, O you gods, how deàrly Cæsar lòved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of àll;
Fór, when the noble Cæsar saw hím stab,
Ingràtitude, more stròng than traitors' arms,
Quite vànquished him. Then bûrst his mighty heart;
And, in his mântle múffling up his fáce,
Even at the base of Pómpey's státue,
Which all the whíle rãn blóod, great Cæsar fèll.
Oh, whàt a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then Ì, and yòu, and àll of us fell down,
While bloody treàson flóurished òver us.

One more unfórtunate,
Weary of bréath,
Rashly impórtunate,
Gone to her deàth!

Tàke her up tènderly,
Lìft her with càre;
Fàshioned sò slènderly,
Yoùng, and so faìr!

"It's tíme for me to gó to that there bèrryin'-ground, sír," he retúrns, with a wild look.

"Lie dòwn, and tèll me. Whàt burying-ground, Jo?"

"Whére they láid hím as wos wéry goòd to me; wery good to me, indeèd, he wos. It's tíme fur me to go dówn to that there bèrryin'-ground, sir, and ask to be put alòng with him. I wants to gò there and be bérried. He used fur

to say to me, 'I am as póor as yôu, to-day, Jó,' he sez. I wants to tell him that Ì am as poor as hîm, nów, and have come there to be laìd along wìth him."

92. **Varied and Unvaried Melody.** *Light*, *gay*, *lively*, *uncontrolled* moods or motives find expression in a melody comparatively varied; *serious*, *grave*, *dignified*, and *self-determined* ones in a melody comparatively unvaried (*see* §§ 79, 80, 32, 140–145).

Examples of this principle will be found in §§ 143, 144. Here it is important to notice only the following:

a. In **laughing mirth and gayety,** the light, lively mood expresses itself in a melody **much varied,**—often in **successive discrete** tones, given in different keys, with a **light, abrupt** force (§ 107: b), initial stress (§ 100), and short quantity (§ 39).

Rusp. Ha, ha, ha! He is a queerity, by all that's quizzish!

Rack. He is an insufferable bore.

Mrs. Rack. O no; I think he's very amusing, now and then.

Rusp. He is a traveler, I think you say.

Mrs. Rack. Poor Doctor! The few ideas he has are always traveling post, and generally upon cross-roads. His head is like New York on May-day,—all the furniture wandering.

b. In **astonishment, surprise** and **exultation** the mind has not yet control of itself, and expresses the fact by a melody *varied* on **long concrete slides,** accompanied by a circumflex of *double meaning*; i. e. of *uncertainty* (§ 74), mainly *expulsive* force, and prolonged stress and quantity; sometimes, also, by an aspirated quality.

Tell. Look
Upon my bõy!—what mêan you? Look upon
My bõy, as though I guẽssed it! Guẽssed the trial
You'd have me make! Guessed it
Instĩnctively! You do not mean—no—no—
You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my chĩld! Impôssible!

Albert. Father, I'm sâfe—
Your Albert's sâfe! Dear father, spêak to me!
Spêak to me!

c. In **adoration** and **worship** the seriousness of the mind necessitates an unvaried melody, while its joyousness necessitates variety; hence we have **concrete tones,** successively starting at about *the same pitch*, but sliding slowly a long distance up and down the scale.

Praise ye the Lòrd. Praise ye the Lord from the hèavens; praise him in the hèights. Praise ye him, all his àngels: praise ye him, all his hòsts. Praise ye him, sùn and moòn: praise him, all ye stârs of lìght. Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens. Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created. He hath also stablished them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass. Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps: fire and hail, snow and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling his word: mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars; beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl; kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth; both young men, and maidens; old men, and children; let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power. Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness. Praise him with the sound of the trumpet; praise him with the psaltery and harp. Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs. Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

(*See, also*, § 102: 3, 4, 5.)

d. In **contrition** and **penitence** these concrete tones become *semitonic*.

Have mèrcy upon me, Ò Gòd, according to thy lòvingkìndness: according to the mùltitude of thy tender mercies, blot òut my transgrèssions! Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me. Against thee,—thee only,—have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight. Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities!

e. In **horror** and **despair**, the low, concrete tones are uttered with the least possible suggestion of variety (*see* § 94: 3, 4).

The last three (c, d, and e) are given with the **monotone.**

93. The **Monotone** is caused by a repetition, more frequent than in other cases, partly of the *same key* at the beginning of emphatic or unemphatic concrete slides and partly of the *same sort of* a median *stress* (§ 102) on all syllables whose quantity can be prolonged.

These kinds of repetitions *suggest* monotony. But the voice really moves up and down the scale sufficiently to answer all the requirements of variety. Moreover, the *median stress* (§ 102) that may make prominent either the beginning, middle or end of a concrete tone, may cause this tone to appear to differ in pitch from another that begins on the same key, or to agree in pitch with another that begins on a different key. These facts combine to allow of sufficient modulation to rescue the monotone from real monotony (*see, also,* § 80).

94. The **Monotone** is used in almost all cases in which, as already described, the general pitch is low, tending to very low, and the special pitch unvaried; i. e. to express that which oppresses the mind with a sense of *weight*, *grandeur*, *power*, *majesty*, *splendor* or *sublimity*, inspiring *reverence*, *solemnity*, *awe*, *amazement*, *terror* or *horror*.

a. In such cases, whenever we speak naturally, the *presence of something* to subdue the free exuberance of feeling *prevents variety* of tone. At the same time, as this presence is conceived of as external, rather than internal,—caused by grandeur without, rather than by weakness within,—it does not always, though it may sometimes, necessitate the wailing or plaintive effects of semitonic melody.

Read 92: c, d; also the following, with a *monotone*, in slow time, low pitch, smooth, sustained, effusive or expulsive force (§§ 106–120), orotund quality (§ 134), long quantity and predominating median stress (§ 102).

1. Be mèrciful unto me, O God, be mèrciful unto me: for my soul trùsteth in thee: yéa, in the shádow of thy wings will I make my rêfuge.

Partially semitonic.

2. And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out

of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bond-man, and every free-man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, "Fall on us and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" (*See* § 220.)

Idem, but at medium pitch.

3. I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
   The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
   Did wander, darkling, in the eternal space,
   Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
   Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
   Morn came, and went, and came, and brought no day,
   And men forgot their passions, in the dread
   Of this their desolation; and all hearts
   Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light.

Idem, but at very low pitch, with aspirated pectoral quality (§ 129) and tremulous and thorough, as well as median, stress (§§ 105, 104, 102):

4. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no mòre.
   Macbeth doth mùrder sleep—the ìnnocent sleep:
   Slèep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of càre,
   The death of each day's lìfe, sore labour's bath,
   Balm of hurt mìnds, great Nàture's sècond còurse,
   Chief nòurisher in Life's fèast."
   Still it cried, "Sleep no mòre!" to all the hòuse.

§§ 219, 220, 226, contain examples of monotone at medium pitch. Consult also the passages mentioned in § 80.

95. **Poetry**, especially **rhyme**, should be read with a **monotone**. In reading it thus *avoid sliding the voice up* perceptibly *on an unemphatic rhyming syllable*. Give this no more than the slide appropriate for an *unemphatic* concrete tone. Be careful, too, to *slide the voice downward* at least *two tones, and so* to *give* a *full cadence* whenever the sense of a clause is completed; e. g.

Middle pitch, orotund quality, long quantity, predominating median stress, sustained effusive and expulsive force:

I know that age to age succeeds,
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,
A dust of systems and of crèeds.

I cannot hide that some have striven,
Achìeving calm, to whom was given
The joy that mixes man with heàven:

Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to bâsement,
She stood, with amàzement,
Hòuseless by nìght.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wìnd: the sun
Of nòon looked down, and saw not òne.

Up rose old Barbara Frìetchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and tèn;

Bravest of all in Fréderick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled dòwn;

In her attic wìndow the staff she sèt,
To show that òne heart was loyal yèt.

Flâsh'd all their sabres bare,
Flâshed as they turned in air,
Sâbring the gunners there,
Charging an àrmy, while
All the world wònder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right thròugh the line they bròke;
Cossack and Russian
Rèel'd from the sabre-stroke.

Semitonic.

O the fâmine and the fèver!
O the wâsting of the fâmine!
O the blâsting of the fèver!

All the earth was sìck and fàmished;
Hùngry was the àir arŏund them,
Hùngry was the skỳ abŏve them,
And the hungry stàrs in hèaven
Like the ĕyes of wòlves glàred at them!

Read also, on the different keys and with the different quality marked for each, §§ 222–225.

KEY.

96. *Light*, *gay*, *lively* or *uncontrolled* states of mind find expression in a key comparatively **high**; *serious*, *grave*, *dignified* or *self-determined* states in a key comparatively **low.** (§§ 32, 140–145.)

For illustrations of this principle see §§ 143, 144, 145–153. Practice the exercises in § 13.

Special attention needs to be given to the difficult matter of **transitions in pitch,** treated in §§ 147–151, which see.

97. **A common fault** is to invariably *fly* to *high pitch*, as well as to *rapid time*, when passing to a very emphatic or forcible word, even when this expresses an idea relatively more serious, grave, dignified or self-determined.

a. The *downward inflections* in words like those in *italics* in the following examples should be started *slightly*, *if at all*, *higher* (and sometimes lower) *than the general pitch;* and in all cases the voice should *pause* before or after them, and *utter them slowly.* The longer the pause, the higher and louder will it be proper to utter the word following it.

I saw
The cōrse, | the mangled cōrse, | and then I cried
For vêngeance! ‖ *Rôuse*, ‖ ye Ròmans! | *Rôuse*, ‖ ye slàves! |
Have ye brave sôns? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them | *diè*. ‖

I'm with you ŏnce agâin!—I *câll* to you
With all my | *vôice*— | I hold my hânds to you,
To show they still are | *frêe*. | I | *rùsh* | to you
As thoúgh I could | *embrâce* you!

FORCE.

Special Force.

98. **Special Force,** by which is meant the force that is used with special syllables or words, may be *abrupt* or *smooth*, *loud* or *soft*. The kinds and degrees of force are considered in §§ 106–108. As a rule,

a. *Special Force should be used* in the utterance of most words that are emphasized by *pauses* or *inflections*, or that *stand at the end* of a sentence. (§§ 32, 35, 43, 140–145.)

b. Be particularly careful to give Special Force to **Adjectives** emphasized by the *pause* that are essential to the sense of the nouns that they qualify; e. g.

Its foundations, *great* | *truths*, far more lasting than *mere* | *granite;* its pillars, *great* | *rights*, far more beautiful than *mere* | *porphyry;* its roof, *great* | *hopes*, swelling higher than any dome of bronze and gold.

c. It is well to form a habit of giving more force to the *last word* of a sentence, because (a) otherwise one is apt to let his force subside on it, and utter it **indistinctly;** (b) this last word is usually **important** to the sense; its forcible utterance (c) conveys a suggestion of **reserved power,** by causing the audience to recognize that the speaker's breath is not exhausted, and (d) is almost essential if one is to start the last inflection of the sentence on a key suggesting that another sentence is to follow (§ 75).

Stress.

99. **Stress** is determined by the way in which force is applied to emphatic syllables.

☞ Practice the different kinds of stress, according to the directions in § 15.

a. Do not confound the *method* of stress with the *degree* of it. All kinds of stress may be given with a soft, as well as a loud, tone.

b. To use more force with an utterance necessitates using *more time* with it; therefore, words emphasized by stress usually take longer time for their utterance than the words surrounding them take.

c. **Mental Energy** indicated by *force* (§ 32) may be exerted on account of a *subjective* or an *objective* motive; in other words, because a man desires chiefly to *express* an idea *on his own account*, or to *impress* this *on others*. In the former case, the sound *bursts forth abruptly*, as if the man were conscious of nothing but his own organs to prevent the accomplishment of his object; in the latter the sound is *pushed forth* gradually, as if the man were conscious of outside opposition, and of the necessity of *pressing* his point. These two methods, and different combinations of them, give us the following different kinds of stress:

100. **Initial** (or **Radical**) **Stress** >, usually necessitating *explosive* breathing (§ 8) or utterance (§ 10), is given when a syllable bursts forth abruptly, with its loudest sound at the beginning of the utterance, which gradually becomes more and more faint. It is used whenever one's main wish is to *express himself so as to be distinctly understood.* In its mildest form it serves to render *articulation clear* and *utterance precise;* when stronger, it indicates bold and earnest *assurance*, *positiveness* and *dictation;* when strongest, *vehemence* that *sounds* an *alarm* or gives way to *demonstrative indignation.*

☞ Of course the same passage may be read with different kinds of stress, according to one's conception of it. No. 6 below may be rendered with quick, vehement *initial*, or slow, determined *terminal* stress.

Pure, moderately high, fast.

1. Give wày! Zoùnds! I'm wìld—màd! Yŏu teach mé! Poòh! I have been in London befòre, and know it requires no teaching to be a modern fine géntleman. Why, it all lies in a nûtshell : sport a cûrricle—walk Bónd street—play the dándy—síng and dánce well—go to the ópera—put on your wíg—pull off your óvercoat, and thére's a mân of the first fashion in tòwn for you. D'ye think I don't know what's gôing?

Idem.

2. Why, yesterday, I asked a lad of fifteen which he prefèrred, algebra or geòmetry; and he told me—oh, horrible!—he told me he had never stùdied them! Never studied geòmetry! never studied àlgebra! and fifteen years òld! The dark àges are retûrning.

Idem. moderately fast, medium pitch.

3. Life is short at the best; why not make it cheerful? Do you know that longevity is promoted by a tranquil, happy habit of thought and temper? Do you know that cheerfulness, like mercy, is twice blessed; blessing "him that gives and him that takes?"

Orotund.

4. Bâck! beardless boy!
Bâck! mìnion! Holdst thou thus at naught
The lesson I so lately táught?

Aspirated guttural.

5. We will be revènged: revènge; abòut—sèek—bùrn, fìre—kìll—slày! Let not a traitor lìve!

Guttural and aspirated orotund, medium pitch, explosive force.

6. You speak like a bòy,—like a boy who thinks the old gnarled ōak can be twisted as easily as the sâpling. Can I forget that I have been branded as an ŏutlaw, stigmatized as a trăitor, a price set on my hĕad as if I had been a wŏlf, my family treated as the dam and cubs of the hĭll-fox, whom all may tŏrment, vĭlify, degrăde and insŭlt; the very năme which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors denŏunced as if it were a spell to conjure up the dĕvil with?

☞ *See, also*, § 217 and §§ 211, 214, 217, 219.

a. Without initial stress, gentleness becomes an inarticulate and timid *drawl*, and vehemence mere *brawling bombast*. *With too frequent* use of it, one's delivery becomes characterized by an appearance of *self-assertion*, *assurance* or *preciseness*.

b. In order to prevent one form of what is termed a **tone,** initial stress should be given to the last word of a sentence ending with a downward inflection not particularly emphatic, and therefore not requiring some other kind of stress (*see* § 87: a); e. g. on the word *you* in the following:

There's a man of the first fashion in tòwn for you!

101. Terminal (Final or Vanishing) Stress <, which may be used with both *expulsive* and *explosive* breathing (§ 8) or utterance (§ 10), is given when a syllable begins softly and gradually increases in force till it ends with its loudest sound, or an explosion. It is used whenever one's main wish is to impress his thoughts on others. It gives utterance, in its weakest form, to the *whine* or *complaint*

of mere *peevishness demanding consideration;* when stronger, to a *pushing earnestness*, *persistency* or *determination;* in its strongest form, to a desire to cause others to feel one's own *astonishment*, *scorn* or *horror*.

Pure medium pitch.

1. Nîce clothes I get, too, traipsing through weather like this! My gown and bonnet will be spôiled. Needn't I wĕar 'em thén? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shăll* wear 'em. Nô, sir! I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody êlse. Grâcious knows! it isn't ôften that I step over the thréshold.

Slightly aspirated orotund.

2. I did send to you
For certain sums of gôld, which you denîed me;
For Ī can raise no money by vîle means:
By hèaven! I had rather coin my hêart,
And drop my blôod for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trâsh
By any indirèction. I did send
To you for gôld to pay my lègions,
Which you denîed me: was that done like Căssius?
Should Ī have answered Cáius Căssius so?

Orotund.

3. Blàze, with your serried columns!
I will nòt bend the knèe!
The shâckles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is frêe.
I've mâiled it with the thûnder,
When the tempest muttered low;
And where it fâlls, ye well may dread
The lightning of its blôw!

Idem.

4. Sír, we are nòt weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our pòwer. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of līberty, and in such a country as that which wē possess, are invîncible by ây force which our enemy can send agaînst us.

Idem.

5. I am astònished, shòcked, to hear such principles confèssed,—to hear them avowed in this House, or even in

this coûntry; — principles equally unconstitûtional, inhûman, and unchrìstian!

Strongly aspirated orotund and guttural.

6. Turning out
The Rōman from his bìrthright; and for whàt?
To fling your offices to every slâve —
Vipers that creep where mân disdâins to climb;
And hâving wóund their lóathsome trâck to the tóp
Of this hûge móuldering mônument of Rôme,
Hang hîssing at the nôbler man belôw.

☞ *See, also,* §§ 211–219.

a. Without terminal stress, there can be **no** representation of **childish weakness** or **obstinacy,** or of **manly strength** or **resolution;** used too exclusively, or excessively, it causes delivery to be characterized by an appearance of **willfulness,** depriving it of the qualities of persuasion that appeal to the sympathies.

102. **Median Stress** <>, used generally with *effusive* but sometimes with *expulsive* breathing (§ 8) or utterance (§ 10), is given when a syllable is loudest in the middle of its utterance and begins and ends softly. It is used whenever one's desire to impress a thought on others is matched by a desire to express it on his own account. That which begins, therefore, to be a Terminal Stress < does not end with a loud sound or explosion, but gradually subsides as it dies away in the form appropriate for Initial Stress >. For this reason the Terminal Stress used in most oratory passes into Median Stress in passages characterized by strong feeling in view of the *eloquence of the thought* (*see* §§ 215, 219); and the latter stress is especially appropriate in *uttering the language of poetry* and *devotion* (*see* §§ 92–95). In its effusive form it may indicate either *exaltation* or *dejection* in consideration of the *beautiful*, *sublime* or *pathetic;* in its stronger, mainly expulsive form, *admiration*, *adoration*, *enthusiasm*, *self-confident command commendation* or *disapprobation.*

Pure medium pitch.

1. Listen clôser. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A làdy, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked dòwn upon, you must pâint for me;
Oh, if I only could make you sêe

The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel's face,
That are beaming on me all the while!

Orotund, high.

2. O jôy to the people, and jôy to the throne,
Còme to us, lòve us, and make us your òwn:
For Sáxon or Dâne or Nórman wé,
Téuton or Cèlt, or whatéver we bé,
We are èach âll Dâne in our welcome of thèe,
Alexàndra!

Idem, moderately high.

3. Oh! sing unto the Lord a nèw sòng; for he hath done marvellous thìngs: his right hand and his holy arm hath gotten him the vîctory. Make a jòyful nòise unto the Lord, all the eàrth: make a lòud noise, and rejòice, and sing pràise. Sing unto the Lord with the hârp; with the härp, and the voice of a psâlm.

Idem, low.

4. Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth; and the hêavens are the wôrk of thy hànds. Thèy shall pèrish, but thôu shalt endùre; yea, all of them shall wax òld like a gàrment; as a vèsture shalt thou change them, and they shall be chànged: but thóu art the sâme, and thy years shall have no ènd.

Idem, moderately high.

5. Oh divine, oh delightful legacy of a spotless reputation! Can there be conceived a more atrocious injury than to filch from its possessor this inestimable benefit; to rob society of its charm, and solitude of its solace; not only to outlaw life, but to attaint death, converting the very grave, the refuge of the sufferer, into the gate of infamy and of shame?

☞ *See, also,* § 92: c; §§ 95, 108, 112, 218, 219, 222–225.

a. This stress corresponds to the **swell** in music, and characterizes successive words as well as single ones, giving to whole passages a gliding and graceful as distinguished from an abrupt and harsh effect. It is especially adapted for an address to the sympathies, but used too exclusively it may lead to what is termed **mouthing.** The *monotonous chanting* effect, sometimes called the **pious tone,** results largely from a habit of using a long loud *median* in cases

where *terminal* stress would be appropriate. In emphatic passages one should be careful to stop the sound when at its loudest.

103. **Compound Stress,** beginning like Initial and ending like Terminal >< ; and sometimes, in passages characterized by Terminal Stress, both beginning and ending like Terminal < < ; and in each form beginning loud and ending loud, with its softest part in the middle, is used in its first form, >< , for a combination of the ideas conveyed by Initial and Terminal Stress; i. e. when one *wishes* both to *express* and to *impress* his thoughts, also for *vehement determination*, or *demonstrative astonishment* or *horror*. In both of its forms it is used wherever there are *long emphatic*, especially *circumflex*, *slides*, both the beginning and the end of which it seems important to bring out with distinctness; therefore, usually upon words expressing *comparisons* and *contrasts*, especially on those expressing *irony*, *sarcasm* and *contemptuous mockery*.

In the following extracts the Compound Stress falls on the words in *italics*.

Slightly aspirated orotund, sustained force.

1. Are you really prepared to determine, but not to *heár*, the mighty cause upon which hang a nation's hopes and fears? You *áre?* Then be*wàre* of your decision! By all you hold most *dèar*,—by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common òrder and our common còuntry, I solemnly adjùre you,—I *wàrn* you,—I im*plòre* you,—yea, on my bended *knèes* I supplicate you,—reject *nòt* this *bìll!*

Idem.

2. You *blòcks*, you *stònes*, you *wòrse* than senseless things!
O you *hàrd heàrts!* you *crùel* men of Ròme!
Know you not Pómpey? many a tíme and óft
Have you clímbed up to walls and battlements,
To tówers and wíndows, yea to chìmney-tops,
Your ínfants in your árms, and thére have săt
The lívelong dáy with pátient expectátion,
To see great *Pòmpey* pass the streets of Rome;
And do you *nów* put on your best attíre?
And do you *nów* cull out a holíday?
And do you *nów* strew flowers in hĭs way
That comes to triumph over Pompey's *blóod?*
Begòne ——

Pure, high, sustained force, varied melody.

3. "The *bîrds* can fly, an' why can't *I?*
Must we give *in*," says he with a grin,
"That the *blúebird* an' *phéebe* are smarter'n *wé* be?"

Pure, high, varied melody.

4. The meaning of *Mēek* she never knêw,
But imagined the phrase had something to do
With "*Mōses*," a peddling German *Jēw*,
Who, like âll hăwkers, the country through
Was a person of no posítion:
And it seemed to her exceedingly *plăin*,
If the word was really known to pertain
To a vulgar *Gẽrman*, it wasn't *germāne*,
To a lady of hīgh condition!

Idem.

5. *Fal.* I call thee *cŏward!* I'll see thee *hânged* ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pōund I could *rŭn* as fast as *thŏu* canst. You are straight enough in the shŏulders; you care not who sees your *băck*. Call you that bā̃cking of your *friĕnds?* A *plâgue* upon sûch backing!

Medium pitch, orotund and guttural.

6. What's *bánished*, but set free
From daily contact of the things I *lôathe?*
"Tried and convicted *trăitor!*"—whò says thîs?
Who'll *prôve* it, at his pêril, on my head?
Bánished? I *thânk* you for't! It breaks my *châin!*
I held some slack allègiance till this hour,—
But now my sword's my ôwn.

☞ *See, also,* §§ 211, 212, 213.

a. This stress is especially effective on a long slide made on a **single syllable** that ends a word; e. g. I supplicate you, I *implore* you.

The syllables that follow the inflection on *supplicate* prevent our using the Compound Stress on that (*see* § 45: b, c). It will be noticed, also, that the same principle sometimes prevents our using Compound Stress even where we have the circumflex (§ 45: c).

b. Used excessively, Compound Stress makes delivery seem sometimes **snappish,** and sometimes **overdone,** in the matter of emphasis.

104. **Thorough Stress,** a strong stress throughout the syllable, is sometimes described as a *combination* of *Initial*, *Median* and *Terminal* ⌣⌣, but, as given by a flexible

cultivated voice, it perhaps might better be described as a very strong form of *Median Stress.* In either case, it would begin and end loud, and indicate a combination of the ideas conveyed by Initial, Median and Terminal; i. e. *positiveness*, *push* and *feeling*, all together; therefore, *rapturous triumph*, *vehement appeal*, *lofty command*, *indignant disdain* or *soul-stirring agony.*

Moderately high aspirated orotund.

1. The world *recedes;* it *disappeàrs!*
Heàven opens on my eyes! my éars
With sounds *seràphic rìng:*
Lènd, lend your *wìngs!* I *mòunt!* I *flỳ!*
O gràve! whère is thy *vìctory?*
O deàth! where is thy *stìng?*

High orotund, explosive sustained force.

2. Cheer answer chéer, and bear the cheer abòut.
Hurràh, hurràh, for the fiery fort is òurs!
"Vìctory, vìctory, vìctory!"

Idem.

3. Fòrward, through blood and toil and cloud and fìre!
Glòrious the shòut, the shòck, the crash of stèel,
The volley's ròll, the rocket's blasting spìre!
They shàke; like broken wàves their squares retìre.
Òn them, hussars! Now give them rèin and hèel!

Idem.

4. Some to the *common pùlpits!* and *cry out*
"*Lìberty*, *frèedom* and *enfrànchisement!*"

Low aspirated pectoral.

5. *Poîson* be their drìnk;
Gâll, *wórse* than gall, the *dâintiest* meat they tàste;
Their *swéetest shâde*, a *grove* of *cỳpress* trees;
Their *sweetest prospects*, *murdering bàsilisks;*
Their *softest touch* as smart as *lìzard's stìngs*,
Their *music frightful* as the *sèrpent's hìss*,
And *boding scrèech*-owls *make* the *concert full*
With the *foul terrors* of *dark-seated Hèll.*

As a rule, this stress needs to be more **avoided** than cultivated. Except when used with discrimination, its inflexibility, devoid of the graceful and delicate tones characterizing other forms of stress, renders it a disagreeable mannerism, suggesting, when employed on the stage, **rudeness** and **vulgarity.**

105. **Tremulous Stress** (so called) is hardly a form of stress, but a trembling movement of the voice produced in the throat, and characterizing a whole passage rather than the emphatic words in the passage. It indicates *exhaustion*, whether it come from *age, sickness, weakness*, or *an excess of emotion*, either of *joy* or of *grief*.

Pure, medium pitch.

1. Pìty the sorrows of a poor old màn,
   Whose trembling limbs have bórne him to your dòor.

Pure, medium pitch, moderate time.

2. If you're wáking, cáll me èarly, cáll me èarly, mother deàr,
   For I would see the sùn rise upon the glád Néw Yèar.
   It is the lást New Yéar that I shall ever sèe,
   Then you may lay me low i' the moùld, and think no mòre of me.

Oratund, medium pitch.

3. Have mèrcy upon me, O Gòd, according to thy loving-kìndness: according unto the multitude of thy tènder mèrcies, blot out my transgrèssions! Wàsh me thòroughly from mine inìquity, and clèanse me from my sìn. For I acknòwledge my transgrèssions, and my sin is ever befòre me. Against thèe, thee ònly, have I sìnned, and done this evil in thy sight. Hide thy fàce from my sìns, and blot òut àll mine inìquities!

High, pure, aspirated, fast.

4. You must wake and call me èarly, call me eàrly, mother dear;
   To-morrow 'll be the hàppiest time of all the glad NewYèar;
   Of all the glad New Year, mother, the màddest, mèrriest day;
   For I'm to be Queen o' the Mày, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the Mày.

Orotund, rather low.

5. Còld is thy brów, my son! and I am chìll, as to my bósom I have tríed to prèss thee! How wàs I wont to féel my pulses thrill like a rích hàrpstring, yèarning to carèss thee, and héar thy sweét "*My fàther!*" from those dúmb and cóld lìps, Absalom!

☞ *See, also*, §§ 91, 228.

A discriminating use of the tremor imparts to delivery a **rapturous** or **pathetic** effect that nothing else can give; used in excess, it is enfeebling.

Let the student now read over the passages given as illustrations in §§ 107–120, 123–137, 140–145, and § 149, and **determine** for himself **the kind of stress** that should be used with each quotation.

General Force.

106. By this is meant the force that characterizes series of words in phrases or sentences, rather than single words or syllables. It may be divided, according to the *kind* of mental energy (§ 32) that it expresses, into **abrupt** and **smooth** force; according to the *degree* of this energy, into **loud** and **soft** force; or according to the *nature* of the force itself, as influenced by the action of the vocalizing organs, into **sustained, natural** and **suppressed;** as influenced by the action of the lungs, into **explosive, expulsive** and **effusive** (§ 8). Besides this, it is further modified by the kind of stress used with individual words,—all which facts are sufficient to show that the character of General Force is somewhat complicated. But a little attention given to the following explanations will reveal to the student that the right use of all these different varieties of force depends on the application of a few general principles, which it is not difficult to understand. Let him first learn **when** to use *loud* or *soft*, *abrupt* or *smooth* force; then all that follows will show him **how** to use these.

107. **Abrupt Force** is used when there is an excess of energy, which seems to have a constant tendency, as it were, to *burst through* the form. If this excess come from a *great degree* of *excitement*, or of *irritation*, as in *rage*, *horror*, *detestation*, etc., we have

a. Loud Abrupt Force, usually on a *low* key with orotund, aspirate or guttural quality.

Practice the following, and all the examples in § 149, changing the force as indicated by the *italics*. Keep a *low* key, expelling tones from the abdomen (§ 2).

Dost thou come here to WHĬNE?
To OUTFĂCE me by leaping in her gráve?
BE BÙRIED QUÌCK WITH HER, and so will Ỉ.
And if thou prate of MŌUNTAINS,—let them throw
MÎLLIONS OF ÂCRES on us, TILL OUR GROUND
SINGEING HIS PATE, AGAINST THE BURNING ZONE,
MAKE ÔSSA LIKE A WÂRT. Nay, an' thou'lt MŌUTH,
Ỉ'll RANT as well as *thòu*.

(*See, also*, exercises in § 14; also §§ 110, 114.)

If the excess of energy comes from a *slight degree of excitation*, or from mere *exuberance* of spirit, as in *laughing mirth*, *raillery*, etc., we have

b. Soft Abrupt Force, uttered usually with a *high*, discrete varied melody (§ 92: a) and pure quality.

Now o'er a chair he gets a fall; now floundering forwards with a jerk, he bobs his nose against the wàll; and now encouraged by a subtle fancy that they're near the door, he jumps behìnd it to explore, and breaks his shins against the scuttle; crying, at each disaster—"Drat it! Hang it! 'od rabbit it!" and "Rat it!"

108. **Smooth Force** is used when there is merely what might be termed an *expansion* of energy. If this is accompanied by a great degree of excitation or enthusiasm, as in referring to what is *sublime*, *grand*, *powerful*, etc., we have

a. Loud Smooth Force. (*See, also*, §§ 111, 215, 218.)

If there were no religion; if that vast sphere, out of which grow all the supereminent truths of the Bible, was a mere emptiness and void; yet, methinks, the very idea of Fatherland, the exceeding preciousness of the laws and liberties of a great people, would enkindle such a high and noble enthusiasm, that all baser feelings would be consumed!

If there is only a slight degree of excitation and exhilaration, as in referring to what is *beautiful*, *lovely*, *tender*, etc., (*see, also*, §§ 109, 112, 116, 119), we have

b. Soft Smooth Force.

If I were now to dìe,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succêeds in unknown fate.

(*See, also*, exercises in § 14: b.)

Now let us consider **how** to produce these different kinds and degrees of Force: first, as determined by the modes of vocalizing.

109. **Sustained Force.** When one speaks forcibly on a high key, appropriate for *light*, *gay*, *lively* or *uncontrolled* states of mind, there is a tendency to run the tones together, as in singing, i. e. to *sustain* them. Although natural to a high key, the same kind of force can be used, especially after

the voice has been cultivated, on a comparatively low key. Sustained force may be given in three different forms, determined by the different modes of breathing. In practicing it, sustain successive unemphatic tones on the same key. (§ 80.)

110. **Explosive Form** (interchanging in places with expulsive). This unites the effects of *loud abrupt* and *loud smooth* force; each tone, after the abrupt beginning, being prolonged, as in smooth force. In it we have usually *initial*, *terminal*, or *compound* stress, a *high* key and *orotund* quality. It is used for *uncontrolled* moods, in which the speaker, owing to the grandeur or importance of his thought, is *carried away* by excessive *joy*, *rage* or *fear*. Its most distinctive form is the tone of shouting.

1. Vìctory! vìctory! Their columns give wày! prèss them while they wãver, and the day is òurs!

2. Hurràh! hurràh! a single field hath tùrned the chance of wàr!
   Hurràh! hurràh! for Ìvry and King Hènry of Navàrre!

3. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands!—To Brutus'! to Cassius'!—burn all! Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'—away!

4. "O, spare my child, my joy, my pride!
   O, give me back my child!" she cried:
   "My child! my child!" with sobs and tears,
   She shrieked upon his callous ears.

5. "Come back, come back, Horatius!"
   Loud cried the Fathers all.
   "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
   Back, ere the ruin fall!"

(*See, also*, § 104: 2, 3, 4; § 135: 1, 2; § 145: h.)

111. **Expulsive Form** (interchanging with explosive). This is *loud smooth* force, with predominating *terminal* stress, though it can be used with all kinds of stress, and a comparatively *high* key. It is sometimes called **Declamatory Force,** and is appropriate for moods that are *uncontrolled*, in the sense that the speaker seems to be *carried away* by his impetuosity or conception of the importance, grandeur, etc., of his theme. It is very effective in Oratory, especially when accompanied by full *orotund* volume; e. g.

Predominating terminal stress.

1. All, all his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his mèmory; Vimièra, Bàdajos, Salamànca, Albuèra, Toulòuse, and, last of all, the greatest,—tèll me,—for you were there,—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me, who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrépid bréast,—tèll me, for you must needs remémber, on that day, when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the bálance, while death fell in shówers upon them; when the artillery of France, levelled with the precision of the most déadly scíence, pláyed upon them; when her légions, incited by the vóice, inspired by the exámple of their mighty léader, rushed agáin and agáin to the contest;—tèll me if, for an ìnstant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lõst, the "aliens" blânched?

Median stress.

2. Up with my banner on the wall,—
The banquet board prepare;
Throw wide the portals of my hall,
And bring my armor there!

Terminal stress.

3. Go hòme, if you dàre,—go hòme, if you càn, to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it dòwn! Meet, if you dare, the appalling countenances of those who sènt you here, and tell them that you shrânk from the declaration of your òwn sèntiments—that, you cannot tell hów, but that some unknown drèad, some indescribable apprehènsion, some indefinable dànger, affrìghted you—that the spectres of cîmeters, and crôwns, and crêscents glèamed before you, and alàrmed you; and that you supprèssed all the nòble feèlings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humànity!

(*See, also*, §§ 211–214, 218, 219, especially § 215.)

112. **Effusive Form** (interchanging with expulsive). This is *soft smooth* force. In it we have predominating *median* stress, a *high* or moderately high key, *greatly varied concrete* (§ 87) melody, and *pure*, though sometimes *orotund* quality. It is used for *gay, light, lively, uncontrolled* moods, that are *gently agitated* by experiences pleasurable or beautiful, as in *exuberant humor, playful irony, banter, delight, exultation.*

1. Oh, then, I see, Queen Mâb hath been with you.
She is the fâiries' mìdwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an âgate stone
On the fore-finger of an âlderman,
Drawn with a team of little âtomies
Athwart men's nôses as they lie aslèep.

2. You talk of prîde! Oh! that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your nêcks, and make but an interior survey of your good sêlves!

3. Awây, awây! for the stârs are forth,
And on the pure snows of the valley,
In a giddy trance, the moònbeams dance—
Còme, let us our comrades ràlly!

4. Hear the sledges with the bèlls, sìlver bells—
What a world of mèrriment their melody foretèlls!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, in the icy air of nìght!
While the stars that oversprinkle all the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delìght—
Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bèlls.

(*See, also*, § 224; § 133: 1, 2, 3.)

113. **Natural Force** seems to be the most appropriate term by which to designate that large number of passages in which the tones, strictly speaking, are neither Sustained nor Suppressed, but in a condition between the two. Natural Force may also be given in three different forms.

114. **Explosive Form** (interchanging with expulsive). This is *loud abrupt*, commonly called **vehement** force (§§ 210–215). In it we have predominating *initial*, *terminal* and *compound* stress, and a comparatively *low* key, with *orotund*, *aspirate* and *guttural* quality. It passes easily and often into *sustained* force (example 2), when the *indignation* which it chiefly expresses is overbalanced by a consideration of the *importance* or *grandeur* of the subject. For additional illustrations of its use *see* §§ 211–215.

1. I do not rise to waste the night in wôrds;
Let that plebêian talk; 'tis not mỹ trâde;
But here I stand for rîght,—let him show prôofs,—
For Rôman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, clùster there!
Cling to your mâster, jũdges, Rõmans, slãves!
His charge is fâlse; I dare him to his prôofs.

In the following, natural force becomes sustained:

2. These abóminable prínciples, and this more abóminable avówal of them, demánd the móst decísive indignàtion. I cáll upon that ríght réverend and this most léarned Bénch to vìndicate the relígion of their Gòd, —to defènd and suppòrt the jùstice of their còuntry. I cáll upon the bìshops to interpóse the unsúllied sánctity of thèir lâwn, upon the jùdges to interpóse the púrity of thèir èrmine, to sàve us from this pollùtion.

115. **Expulsive Form** (interchanging with explosive). This is *loud smooth*, ordinarily called **earnest,** force (classified as *animated*, §§ 216–219). In it we have predominating *terminal*, with some *initial* and *median* stress, a *medium* key, and *pure* or *orotund* quality. It passes often and easily into sustained force, when from merely serious and strong sentiments it passes to grand ones. For illustrations of its use *see* §§ 216–219, and poetry marked *expulsive* in §§ 221–225.

You can mould opìnion, you can create political pòwer; you cannot think a good thòught on this subject and communicate it to your neìghbor, you cannot make these points topics of discussion in your sõcial circles and more gẽneral meetings, without affecting, sensibly and speedily, the course which the government of your coûntry will pursue.

116. **Effusive Form.** This is *soft smooth*, ordinarily called **moderate,** *force*. It is used with all kinds of stress, a *medium* key, and *pure* quality, whenever there is no appearance of an effort to *suppress* the utterance. It characterizes ordinary, unimpassioned statements or descriptions (*see* § 226).

Now comes the autumn of life—the season of the "sere and yellow leaf." The suppleness and mobility of the limbs diminish, the senses are less acute, and the impressions of external objects are less remarked. The fibres of the body grow more rigid; the emotions of the mind are

more calm and uniform; the eye loses its lustrous keenness of expression.

117. **Suppressed or Subdued Force.** When one is in a *serious*, *grave*, *dignified*, *self-determined* mood, his utterances,—however forcible, and because they must be, in these cases, on a *low* key,—will be more or less *suppressed*, rather than sustained. We have these different forms:

118. **Explosive Form** (interchanging with expulsive). This is *loud abrupt* force, on a *low* key, with *initial*, *terminal* or *compound* stress, and often passes from *orotund* into *aspirate*, *guttural* or *pectoral* quality. It gives expression to moods greatly excited by serious and grave considerations, in which the tendency to expression is *forcibly* suppressed, as in *amazement*, *impatience*, *indignation*, *revenge*, *fear*, *horror*, *despair*.

1. Ye gôds! ye gôds! must I endure all thís?

2. If it will feed nothing ẽlse, it will feed my revênge. He hath disgrâced me, and hindered me of half a míllion; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies. And what's his rêason?

3. How ìll this taper burns! Hà, who comes hère?
I think it is the weàkness of mine èyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It cômes upon me—Art thou ánything?
Art thou some gód, some ángel, or some dèvil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Spèak to me, whât thou àrt.

4. [While thrông the cítizens with térror dúmb,
Or whisper with whíte líps] "The fôe!—
They cômе, they cômе!"

(*See*, *also*, §§ 128, 129, and examples there referred to; *also*, § 145: a.)

119. **Expulsive Form** (interchanging with effusive). This is *not very loud smooth* force, with predominating *terminal* or *median* stress, on a *medium* or *low* key, with *pure* or *orotund* quality. It is for moods not *carried away* by a subject, but rather *suppressed* and *subdued* by the gravity and dignity of it.

1. Where Chrîst brings his cróss he brings his prèsence, and where hè is nòne are dèsolate, and there is no room for despàir. At the dàrkest you have félt a hand through the dárk, clóser perhaps and ténderer than any touch dreàmt of at nòon. As he knōws his own, so he knows how to cômfort them,—using sometimes the very grief itsêlf, and straining it to the sweetness of a faith unattâinable to those ignorant of any grief.

2. There was no tráce by which the nâme of the ship could be ascertained. The wréck had evidently drifted abôut for many mònths; clusters of shèll-fish had fàstened about it, and lóng seà-weeds flaunted at its sîdes. But where, thought I, is the crèw? Their struggle has long been òver;—they have gone dòwn amidst the róar of the tèmpest;—their bónes lie whítening in the cāverns of the deèp. Sîlence,—oblìvion,—like the wàves, have closed òver them; and nò one can tell the story of their ènd.

(*See, also*, § 220.)

120. **Effusive Form** (interchanging with expulsive). This is *soft smooth* force, with predominating *median* stress, on a *medium* or *low* key, with *pure*, sometimes *orotund*, quality. It gives expression to sentiments of *beauty, tenderness, love*, etc., when the moods are the opposite of lively or uncontrolled in the sense that the feeling or tendency to express them is gently *subdued* or *suppressed*, as in *submissive supplication, contrition, commiseration*, or the presence of *sorrow, slumber, sickness, death.*

1. O, my lórd,
Must I, then, léave you? must I needs foregó
So góod, so nóble, and so trúe a máster?
Bear wìtness, all that have not hearts of irōn,
With what a sòrrow Cromwell leaves his lord.

2. Thou túrnest man to destrúction; and sáyest, "Retùrn, ye children of men." For a thôusand yēars in thỹ sight are but as yēsterday when it is pàst, and as a watch in the nìght.

3. She sleèps: her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apàrt.
The fragrant tresses are not stìrred
That lie upon her charmed hèart.

She sleèps: on either hand upswells
The gold-fringed pillow, lightly prèst:
She sleèps, nor drêams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rèst.

4. Beautiful Evelyn Hope is deàd!
Sìt and wàtch by her sìde an hour.
Thàt is her bòok-shelf,—thís her bèd;
She plucked that piece of gerànium flower
Beginning to dìe, tòo, in the glass.

(*See, also*, §§ 226, 228.)

VOLUME.

121. This is determined by the relative amount of breath, energy and resonance that the voice derives from the way in which the various organs of the lungs, throat and mouth are used in forming it.

a. There are all possible degrees of volume. No separate term is in use to apply to a slight change in it; but if the change is great it necessitates a difference not only in degree but in kind, in what is termed *Quality*. Pure quality, for instance, may be uttered with a certain degree of full volume and still remain pure; but if an attempt be made to change it still further in the same direction it becomes orotund. The principle regulating slight changes in volume, such as are usually, though not exclusively, made when emphasizing individual words or phrases, rather than whole passages,— the changes in the latter almost always necessitating changes also in quality,—is as follows:

b. **Volume,** which, as we have found (§ 32), is representative of the *feelings*, is **thin** or *fine* in utterances that are *anticipative*, *indecisive*, *subordinate*, *insignificant*, *negative*, etc., when these are expressive of moods that are *light*, *gay*, *lively* or *uncontrolled;* and it is **full** in utterances that are *final*, *decisive*, *self-important*, *self-interesting*, *affirmative*, *positive*, etc., when these are expressive of moods that are *serious*, *grave*, *dignified* or *self-determined*.

For illustration *see* § 140: e.

This, for instance, necessitates *thin* volume.

"Farewell! farewell!" I faintly cried;
"My breeches,—oh, my breeches!"

And this *full.*

Lo! the death-shot of foemen out-speeding he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad.

Anything further on this subject will be sufficiently unfolded while considering

Quality.

122. By this is meant the *kind* of voice or tone that one uses; and this, as has been said, depends on the elements that enter into it and constitute its *volume* (§ 121).

The following qualities need to be understood: the **Aspirate, Guttural** and **Pectoral,** which, as they are used mainly to modify and supplement other tones, it is convenient to consider first; the **Pure** and **Orotund,** which are the most ordinary and important qualities; and the **Nasal** and **Oral,** which need to be mentioned mainly that they may be avoided. Recalling (§ 32) that the different qualities of voice represent different kinds of emotions, we turn first to the

123. **Aspirate.** This is the thinnest quality,—a tone almost flooded with breath. Wherever heard, it suggests that behind the tone there is an *excess* of motion, or emotion, that is constantly *straining through* and preventing complete vocalization. In other words, it indicates *intensity of feeling.* Besides this, in the degree in which its quality approaches that of the ordinary whisper, it suggests *surprise*, *caution*, *apprehension* or *alarm*, in view of external circumstances.

a. **The Effusive Whisper** or **Aspirate** indicates a gentle degree of intensity *subdued*, as in the presence of something to cause *caution* or *awe;* e. g.

Lèave me! thy footstep with its lightest sòund,
The very shadow of thy waving hàir,
Wakes in my soul a feeling too profound,
Too stròng for aught that lives and dies to bèar:
Oh, bid the conflict cèase!

Gentle knave, good nìght!
I will not do thee so much wrōng to wake thee.
If thou dost nōd, thou break'st thy ìnstrument:
I'll tàke it from thee; and, good boy, good nìght!

b. The Expulsive Whisper or **Aspirate** indicates a great degree of *intensity* or *earnestness*, as *in the presence of* something to cause *apprehension;* e. g.

1. All's hushed as midnight, yet!
——— No nòise! and ènter.

2. One disorderly noise or motion may leave us at the mercy of their advànced guàrd. Let every man keep the strictest sìlence, under pain of instant dèath!

c. The Explosive Whisper or **Aspirate** indicates the *greatest* degree of *intensity*, or *vehement earnestness*, as *in the presence of* something to *alarm;* e.g.

1. Hàrk! I hear the bugles of the ènemy! They are on their march along the bank of the rìver. We must retrèat ìnstantly, or be cut off from our bòats. I see the head of their column already rising over the hèight. Our only safety is in the screen of this hèdge. Keep clòse to it; be sìlent; and stòop as you run. For the bòats! Fòrward!

2. *Lady M.* My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white.—(*Knock.*) I hear a knòcking
At the south èntry:—retire we to our chàmber:
A little water clèars us of this deed:
How èasy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattènded.—(*Knocking.*) Hàrk, mòre knocking.

124. **The Aspirate** *may be used with* any tone or quality of the voice, and, when thus used, *intensifies the feeling* that the tone expresses. In the degree in which the aspiration is decided and forcible, it conveys the impression of *apprehension or alarm.*

a. When used habitually, however, it is a fault, and needs to be corrected by learning how to draw and hold more air in the lungs, and to use economy in vocalizing it. (*See* §§ 8–10.)

b. Practicing the **whisper** (§ 8) tends to develop the capacity and strength of the respiratory and articulating organs.

☞ In practicing the whisper, do not allow yourself to feel that there is contraction in the throat. Keep the throat open; make the waist-muscles do the work. Never practice after feeling giddy.

125. **Guttural.** This is a real voice, so modified by the drawing back of the tongue, and the contraction of the throat above the larynx, as to have an impure, harsh effect. It is acquired by practicing the consonants *g*, *j*, *k*, *r*, *t*, and *d;* and, in any given passage, is produced largely by articulating these consonants with great distinctness. It is the natural expression for *hostility;* hence for *malice*, *hatred*, *revenge*, etc.

1. I would that now
I could forget the monk who stands before me;
For he is like the accursed and crafty snâke!
Hènce! from my sight! — Thou Sâtan, get behînd me!
Gò from my sight! — I hâte and I dèspise thee!

2. A mûrderer, and a vîllain:
A slâve, that is not twentieth pàrt the tythe
Of your precedent lòrd: — a vîce of kìng's:
A cûtpurse of the èmpire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stôle,
And put it in his pôcket!

(*See* §§ 211–225: 7, 12, 14, 15; § 100: 5, 6; § 118: 2; § 145: a; § 137.)

126. **The Aspirate** *used with the guttural* increases the feeling, especially *apprehension* connected with the sensation of hostility; hence, it indicates *profound impatience*, *disgust*, *aversion*, *derision*, and *contemptuous defiance*. (*See* references under § 125)

1. Oh, that the *slave* had FORTY THOUSAND lives!
My great *revenge* had stomach for them ÀLL!

2. Thou stand'st at length before me undisgùised —
Of all earth's groveling crew the most accùrsed.
Thou wôrm! thou vîper! to thy native èarth
Retùrn! Awày! Thou art too bâse for man
To treàd upon! Thou scùm! thou rêptile!

3. *Aufidius.* Name not the god,
Thou boy of tears.
Coriolanus. Mēasureless līar! thou hast made my heart
Too grèat for what contains it.
Bôy! Cut me to pìeces, Volscians: men and láds,
Stain âll your èdges on me. Bôy!—
If you have writ your ànnals trûe, 'tis there
That, like an eàgle in a dôvecot, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corìoli:
Alône I did it.—Bôy!

127. **The Guttural,** like the *aspirate*, may accompany other qualities (though seldom the *pure*), and when thus used, *intensifies the hostility* that they express, § 137.

When used habitually, the exercises (§§ 8–11) will enable one to overcome the habit.

128. **Pectoral.** This is a hollow murmur from the chest, in which the lower part of the throat seems expanded. It furnishes the natural expression for sensations of *awe* and *horror*.

1. Avâunt! and quìt my sight! Let the earth hìde thee!
Thy bônes are màrrowless, thy blòod is côld:
Thou hast no speculàtion in those èyes
Which thou dost glâre with!
Hènce, horrible shadow!
Unrèal môckery, hènce!

2. Such an act
As blurs the grace and blush of môdesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; and takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blìster there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words.

(*See, also*, § 94: 2, 3, 4; § 104: 5; § 118: 3; § 144: 3, 4.)

129. **The Aspirate** *used with the* **pectoral** increases the feeling, especially *apprehension*, connected with this sensation of awe or

horror; hence, it indicates *astoundment, abhorrence, despair,* and *despairing terror.*

1. What may this mèan,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revìsit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hìdeous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reàches of our sòuls?

2. Is it come to thís? Shall an infērior mágistrate, a gōvernor, who holds his whole power of the Rōman péople, in a Rōman próvince, within síght of Itāly, bínd, scóurge, tórture with fíre and red-hot plates of íron, and at last put to the infamous death of the crōss, a Rōman cítizen?

3. Which way I fly is Hèll,—mysèlf am Hell;
And in the lowest deep, a lòwer deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Hèaven!

4. Oh! horror! horror! horror!—Tongue nor heart
Cannot concèive, nor nàme thee! . . .
Confūsion now hath made mē his mâsterpiece!
Most sacrilegious mûrder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed Tèmple, and stole thence
The lìfe of the bùilding. . . .
Appròach the chàmber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gôrgon!

130. When the **pectoral** tone is *used habitually* it is owing to a feeble action of the abdominal muscles, an inadequate supply of air in the lungs, and a constant use of too low a pitch. The exercises (§§ 8–10), together with acquiring a *habit of using the middle notes* of the voice, will overcome the fault, unless it result from a state of health that demands the services of a physician.

131. **Pure.** This quality results when the breathing, sounding and articulating organs are used with a gentle or moderate degree of force in the way indicated in §§ 8–12.

a. The singing of the scale (§ 13), ascended and descended slowly, with a *median stress* (§ 102) on each note, will help especially to cultivate this quality. When all the vowels come to have *a quality similar* to that of *oo,* as ordinarily given with *soft force,* they will be pure.

132. **Pure tone** is the natural expression for *gently agitated moods*, whether light and gay, as in *raillery*, *banter*, *admiration*, *exultation*, or serious and grave, as in *supplication* and *contrition*, or in *the presence of sorrow*, *sickness*, *death*, or of anything to *gently subdue* or *suppress* the feelings. (*See* §§ 108: b; §§ 112, 116, 120: 3, 4.)

Very high, varied melody.

1. *Lion.* You, lâdies, you whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mŏuse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lĭon rough in wildest rage doth rôar.
Then knŏw, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
No liŏn fell, nor else no lion's dàm;
For if I should as liŏn come in strife
Into thìs place, 'twere pity of my lĭfe.

Idem, high.

2. Alas! now, pray you,
Work not so hârd: I would the lightning had
Burned ùp those logs, that you are enjoined to pile!
Pray, set it dŏwn and rèst you: when this bûrns,
'Twill wèep for having wèaried you. My father
Is hard at stùdy,—pray now, rèst yourself:
He's safe for these threè hours.

Medium pitch.

3. Bèar with me, good boy, I am much forgètful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhíle,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
I trouble thee too mùch; but thou art wĭlling.
I should not urge thy duty past thy mĭght,
I know young blŏods lâck for a time of rèst.
I will not hold thee lòng: if I do live,
I will be gŏod to thee.

Idem.

4. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gŏld!
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an ànge sìngs,
Still quiring to the young-eyed chèrubim.

Such harmony is in immòrtal sòuls:
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it ín, we cannot heàr it.

(*See, also*, § 100: 1, 2, 3; § 101: 1; § 102: 1; § 103: 3, 4, 5; § 105: 1, 2, 4; some selections in § 217; and many marked P in §§ 222–225.)

133. The **Aspirate,** *used with the* **pure tone,** intensifies the feeling in the above sentiments, causing them to express *ecstasy, admiration, sympathy, tenderness, devotion, commiseration.*

Very high, varied melody.

1. *Miranda.* O wònder!
How màny goodly crèatures are there hère!
Hów beàuteous mankind is! O brâve nèw wòrld,
That has sùch people ìn it!

Idem, high.

2. The red rose críes, "She is nèar, she is nèar";
And the white rose weéps, "She is lâte";
The larkspur listéns, "I hèar, I hèar";
And the lily whispers, "I wàit."

Idem, medium pitch.

3. *Leontes.* O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years togèther;
No settled senses of the world can mâtch
The pleasure of that mâdness.

Low.

4. Wòe, yet not lòng;—she lingered but to trace
Thìne image from the image in her brèast,
Once, once again to see that buried face
But smìle upon her, ere she went to rèst.
Too sàd a smile! its living light was ò'er,—
It answered hers no mòre.

☞ A very effective way of expressing the above sentiments is to *begin* the words with a soft, **pure** tone, to use a long initial stress on them, and let each die away into an aspiration or a **whisper.** Read 2 and 3 (above) in this way; also § 132: 4.

(*See* §§ 222–225, for examples of aspirated pure tones.)

134. **Orotund.** This quality, though it may be given with almost every variety of force and pitch, is better adapted than the pure tone for the *louder degrees of force,*

especially when these are produced upon *a low key*. It is a pure tone to which is imparted unusual body, force and resonance, which cause a difference in the *volume* of the tone.

a. This difference is produced because in it, as contrasted with the position of the organs in simple pure tones, the *abdomen* is *more tense*, the *larynx* (Adam's apple in throat) *lower down*, the *back of the tongue flatter*, the *soft palate higher*, all *the vocal passages wider*, and *the breath* seems to be *directed* toward the roof of the mouth instead of straight to the lips; in short, the organs of speech are in about the position of *wailing*. To acquire it, practice exercises §§ 8–12, with the organs arranged as in *wailing*, especially on a low key; also *b*, *d*, *g* and *j* on a low key.

b. When all the vowels come to have a quality similar to that of long *o* as ordinarily given with loud force, they will have the orotund quality.

c. On account of the richness of its full tones, suggesting often a slight degree of hoarseness, the orotund is the last and most artistic result of vocal culture, and is almost always acquired rather than natural.

135. The **Orotund** is the natural expression for deeply agitated moods, whether pleasurable or otherwise; i. e. of *delight*, *admiration*, *reverence*, *adoration*, *boldness*, *determination*, etc., in view of the *majesty* or *sublimity* of *truth*, *goodness*, *honor*, etc.

(*See Explosive* and *Expulsive Force*, §§ 108, 110, 111, all containing examples of the Orotund; also the O with all kinds of *Stress*, §§ 100–105; and of *Sentiment*, §§ 210–225.)

Very high.

1. Libèrty! Frèedom! Tyranny is deàd! —
   Rún hènce! proclàim, cry it about the strèets!

High.

2. Ye guards of liberty,
   I'm with you once agàin! I call to you
   With all my voìce! — I hold my hànds to you
   To show they still are frêe!

Medium pitch.

3. Thou glorious mirror! where the Almighty's form
   Glasses itself in tempests; in all time —

Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving — boundless, endless, and sublime.

Medium pitch.

4. Our brēthren are already in the fiêld! Why stand wê here îdle? What is it that gentlemen wìsh? What would they hàve? — Is life so déar, or peace so swéet, as to be purchased at the price of châins and slâvery? — Forbîd it, Almighty Gòd! I know not what course ōthers may take; but as for mê, give me libērty or give me deàth!

Low.

5. Pronounce, then, my lords, the sentence which the law directs, and I will be prepared to hèar it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execùtion. I hope to be able, with a pure heart and a perfect composure, to appear before a hìgher tribunal — a tribunal where a judge of infinite gòodness, as well as of jûstice, will presìde, and where, my lords, mâny, mâny of the judgments of thìs world will be revèrsed.

136. **The Aspirate,** *used with the* **Orotund,** intensifies the feeling in the above sentiments, causing them to express *rapture, enthusiasm, vehemence, indignation, rage,* and, with an excess of the aspirate, *terror.*

1. Hear, O ye nàtions! hèar it, O ye dèad!
He ròse, He ròse,— he bùrst the bars of deàth.
The théme, the jóy how then shall men sustàin?
Oh! the bùrst gàtes! crùshed stìng! demòlished thròne!

2. Fìght, gèntlemen of England! fìght, bold yeòmen!
Drâw, archers, draw your arrows to the hèad:
Spur your proud horses hàrd, and ride in blòod,
Amaze the wèlkin with your broken stàves.
A thòusand heàrts are great within my bòsom:
Advànce our stàndards, set upon our fòes!
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dràgons!
Upòn them! Vìctory sits on our hèlms.

3. Send out more hòrses.— skìrr the country ròund;
Hàng those that talk of fèar! — Give me mine àrmor.

4. Begône! run to your hôuses, fall upon your knèes,
Pray to the gôds to intermît the plâgues
That needs must light on this ingrâtitude!

5. Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

6. Bâck to thy pùnishment,
Fâlse fùgitive! and to thy speed add wîngs;
Lest with a whip of scôrpions I pursue
Thy lîngering.

7. To ârms! — they côme! — the Grèek, the Grèek!

137. **The Guttural,** *used with the* **Orotund,** adds hostility to the sentiments in § 135, causing them to express *detestation, defiance, vengeance.*

1. Have ye fair daúghters? Look
To see them lîve, tôrn from your ârms, distâined,
Dishônored; and if ye dare call for jústice,
Be answered by the lâsh!

2. Talk not to me
Of ôdds or mâtch! — When Comyn díed,
Thrèe dâggers clashed within his side!
Talk not to me of shèltering hâll! —
The Chùrch of Gôd saw Comyn fall!
On God's own âltar streamed his blood;
While o'er my prostrate kinsman stood
The ruthless mùrderer, even as nôw,
With armed hand and scornful brôw.

Pectoral, in opening lines.

3. Whence and what ârt thou, execrable shape!
That dar'st, though grím and terríble, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gâtes? Through them, I mean to pâss —
That be assûred — without leave asked of thèe!
Retîre, or taste thy fôlly; and learn by proof,
Hell-born! not to contend with spirits of hèaven!

4. But you, wretch! you could creep through the world unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow; — you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble-minded were betrayed,— while nameless and birthless villains trod on the neck of the brave and long-descended: — you could enjoy yourself, like a butcher's dog in the shambles, battening on garbage, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of: you shall die, base dog! — and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun!

For examples of alternating Orotund, Aspirate and Guttural, etc., *see* §§ 211–225: 7, 12, 14, 15, 24, 34, 88.

Sometimes **Orotund, Guttural** and **Aspirate** are all found together:

I will not go thròugh the disgusting recital; my lips have not yet learnt the sycophantic language of a degraded slâve!

Are we so lów, so báse, so déspicable, that we may not express our hórror, articulate our detestátion, of the most brutal and atrocious wár that ever stained éarth, or shocked high héaven, with the ferocious deeds of a brutal sóldiery, set on by the clergy and followers of a fanatical and inimical relígion, and ríoting in excess of blood and bútchery, at the mere detáils of which the heart síckens?

(*See* § 145: h.)

138. The **Nasal Quality** results when the nasal passages remain closed while one is speaking. Used in connection with any of the other qualities of the voice, it adds to what they otherwise express, a *sneer* of *contempt* or *derision*. When this tone is habitual, to overcome it one should practice exercises §§ 8–12.

139. The **Oral Quality** is the high, feeble, indifferent sound, that suggests that there is no longer any connection between the lungs and the mouth. Whoever has it needs to connect the two by learning to breathe, sound and articulate, as indicated, §§ 8–12; and also to use the lower notes of the voice. These alone can give strength, resonance and dignity to his utterances.

Examples Containing Different Kinds of Quality.

The fiery eloquence of the field and the forum springs upon the vulgar idiom as a soldier leaps upon his horse. "Trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry," said Crom-

well to his soldiers, on the eve of a battle. "Silence! you thirty voices!" roars Mirabeau to a knot of opposers around the tribune. "I'd sell the shirt off my back to support the war!" cries Lord Chatham; and again: "Conquer the Americans! I might as well think of driving them before me with this crutch!" "I know" says Kossuth, speaking of the march of intelligence, "that the light has spread, and that *even the bayonets think*." "You may shake me if you please," said a little Yankee constable to a stout, burly culprit whom he had come to arrest and who threatened violence, "but recollect, if you do it, you don't shake a chap of five-feet-six; you've *got to shake the whole State of Massachusetts!*" When a Hoosier was asked by a Yankee how much he weighed,—"Well," said he, "commonly I weigh about one hundred and eighty; but *when I'm mad I weigh a ton!*" "Were I to die at this moment," wrote Nelson, after the battle of the Nile, "*more frigates* would be found written on my heart." The "Don't give up the ship!" of our memorable sea-captain stirs the heart like the sound of a trumpet. Had he exhorted the men to fight to the last gasp in defense of their imperiled liberties, their altars, and the glory of America, the words might have been historic, but they never would have been quoted vernacularly.—*Mathews*, "*Words; their Use and Abuse.*"

> He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed
> His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
> Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
> Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm!
> Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
> REVENGE or DEATH!—the watchword and reply;
> Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
> And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

Elements of Emphasis in Combination.

140. As determined by the special import of individual words:

	For utterances conceived of as: Anticipative, indecisive, subordinate, insignificant, negative, questionable.	Both or either.	Final, decisive, self-important, self-interesting, affirmative, positive.		
				Pauses should be made *after*, *before* or (where it is possible), with prolonged **quantity,** *on* all words that *introduce* into the general sense *importance*, *information* or *peculiarity*. *Some* of the same words should be emphasized also by **slides**; *some* (with or without slides) by **stress,** and most of them by a change in **volume.** In acquiring the use of these elements, learn first to pause, then to inflect, then to use special force; last of all study stress and volume.	
Pauses.	Short.	Moderate.	Long.	**a.** He causes | a banner | to be erected, ‖ the charge | to be sounded. ‖ He seizes | a buckler ‖ from one | of his private | men,— ‖ puts | himself | at the head | of his broken | troops,— ‖ darts ‖ into the thick ‖ of the battle,— ‖ rescues ‖ his legions, ‖‖ and overthrows ‖‖ the enemy.	TIME, *ind.*
Slides.	Rising.	Susp. Wave.	Falling.	**b.** If he preténd to claím the charge is trúe, you sây? And yŏu, do yŏu pretend it is nŏt trŭe? Ahâ, and yôu,—so yôu pretend it is nôt true! Why should you so pretènd? The charge ìs true.	PITCH, *ind.*
Sl. Bal.	Most.		Least.	**c.** Why stand we here ìdle? What is it that gentlemen wìsh? what would they hâve? I know not what course ôthers may take, but, as for mē, give me liberty, or give me dèath!	
Sp. Force: Stress.	Soft, or else smooth.		Loud, or else abrupt.	**d.** MEDIAN. Oh that this lovely vale were mine! *Tremulous.* Pity the sorrows of a poor old man. *Thorough.* Gone to be married? Gone to swear a peace? *Compound.* Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory? TERMINAL. Oh horror! horror! horror! Tongue nor heart can name thee! INITIAL. You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate.	FORCE, *ind.*
Volume.	Thin.	Med.	Full.	**e.** Roll on your ball, baby, roll it on. Roll on your hoop, my boy, roll it on. Roll on the cask, the cart is ready for it. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll.	VOLUME, *i.*

Elements of Emphasis in Combination.

As determined by the general spirit of phrases and passages:

		For states of mind that are: Light, gay, lively and uncontrolled.	Intermediate, placid.	Serious, grave, dignified and self-determined.	
					Movement becomes *slower* in all phrases representing what *moves slowly*, or *introducing* into the general sense *importance*, *information* or *peculiarity*; and *faster* in those representing what *moves fast*, or expressing what is comparatively *valueless*, *known*, *acknowledged*, *forestalled* or *repetitious* in *statement* or *sequence*. *In some* of the same phrases are also changes in **melody** and **key**; and *in some* (with or without changes in melody and key) in **force** and also in **quality**.
meas. judgm't.	**Movement.**	Fast.	Moderate.	Slow.	a. On with the dance! let joy be unconfined. . . . To chase the glowing hours with flying feet; But hark! — that . . sound breaks in once more, And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! Arm! Arm! it is! — it is! — the cannon's opening roar !
the motive.	**Melody.**	Varied.		Unvaried.	b. Be we men, and suffer such dishónor? I have known dèeper wrongs; I that spèak to ye, I had a brôther once — a grâcious boy, Full of all gèntleness, of calmest hôpe, Of sweet and quiet jôy.
	Key.	High.	Middle.	Low.	c. Thou hast said in thine heârt, I will ascend into heâven. I will be like the Most Hìgh; yet thou shalt be brought down to hèll, and wôrms shall consume thy bôdy.
energy.	**General Force.**	Sustained.	Natural.	Suppressed.	d. Last eve, in Beauty's circle, proudly gay, The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife; The morn, the marshalling in arms; the day, Battle's magnificently stern array! The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent The earth is covered thick with . . . heaped and pent, Rider and horse,—friend,—foe,—in one red burial blent!
the feelings.	**Quality.**	Fine.	Mixed.	Full.	e. PURE. I see Queen Mab has been with you. *Aspirate.* " I see what " " *Guttural.* " that villain " " *Pectoral.* " that ghost " " OROTUND. " liberty " "

Recapitulation of Representative Combinations.

141. The following sentiments, when not blended with others that require a different expression, are usually represented thus:

LIGHT, ETC. SERIOUS, ETC.	TIME.	QUANTITY.	PITCH.	KEY.	MELODY.	TONE.	FORCE, KIND.	DEGREE.	UTTERANCE.	BR'THING.	STRESS.	QUALITY.
Fright (scream)	fast	mixed	v. high	unvar	semiton	concr't	abrupt	loud	sustained	explo	initial	pure.
Horror (gasp)	*slow*	*long*	*v. low*	"	"	"	*mixed*	*mixed*	*suppres'd*	*expul*	*thoro*	*asp. pect.*
Triumph (shout)	"	"	v. high.	"	diaton	"	abrupt	loud	sustained	explo	"	orotund.
Despair	"	"	*v. low*	"	"	"	*mixed*	*mod*	*suppres'd*	*expul*	"	*asp. pect.*
Defiance (yell)	m. fast.	mixed	high	"	"	"	abrupt	loud	sustained	explo	term	asp. orot.
Vengeance	"	"	*low*	"	"	"	"	"	*suppres'd*	"	*initial*	*asp. gut.*
Delight	fast	short	high	varied	"	"	"	mod	sustained	expul	mx.tr'm	asp. pure.
Awe	*slow*	*long*	*low*	*unvar*	"	"	*smooth*	"	*suppres'd*	"	*term*	*pect. orot.*
Weak Anger	fast	short	high	varied	"	"	abrupt	loud	sustained	explo	initial	asp. p.
Rage	*m. fast*	*m. short*	*m. high*	"	"	"	"	"	*suppres'd*	"	*thoro*	*asp. o. g.*
Scolding	fast	short	high	"	"	"	"	"	sustained	"	initial	a. p. oral.
Indignation	*m. slow*	*m. long*	*middle*	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	*a. g. o.*
Mischief	m. fast.	"	high	"	"	"	mixed	soft	"	effus	"	pure.
Malice	*slow*	*long*	*low*	*unvar*	"	"	"	*mod*	*suppres'd*	*expul*	*term*	*guttural.*
Humor	fast	short	high	varied	"	"	smooth	soft	sustained	effus	median	pure.
Solemnity	*slow*	*long*	*low*	*unvar*	"	"	"	"	*suppres'd*	*expul*	"	*orotund.*
Playful Irony	mod	"	high	v. var	"	"	"	"	sustained	effus	"	pure.
Scorn	"	"	*low*	*varied*	"	"	*abrupt*	*loud*	*suppres'd*	*explo*	*comp*	*asp. gut.*
Mirth	fast	short	high	v. var	"	discrete	"	soft	natural	"	initial	pure.
Melancholy	*slow*	*long*	*low*	*unvar*	"	*concrete*	*smooth*	"	"	*effus*	*median*	*orotund.*
Laughing Gayety	fast	short	high	v. var	"	discrete	abrupt	"	"	explo	initial	pure.
Derision	*m. slow*	*mixed*	*middle*	*varied*	"	*concrete*	"	*loud*	*sustained*	"	*comp*	*asp. gut.*

Transport	fast	mixed	high	varied	diaton	concr't	smooth	mod	sustained	expul	trem	asp. pure.
Vehemence	"	*short*	*middle*	"	"	"	*abrupt*	*loud*	"	*explo*	*initial*	*asp. orot.*
Surprise	mod	long	high	v. var	"	"	smooth	mod	"	expul	term	asp. p.
Amazement	*slow*	"	"	"	"	"	*abrupt*	*loud*	*suppres'd*	"	"	*asp. orot.*
Admiration	"	"	m. high	"	"	"	smooth	soft	subdued	effus	longinit	p. end'g a.
Adoration	"	"	*m. low*	*monot*	"	"	"	*loud*	*natural*	*expul*	*median*	*asp. orot.*
Beauty	mod	"	m. high	varied	"	"	"	soft	"	effus	"	pure.
Sublimity	*slow*	"	"	*monot*	"	"	"	*loud*	*sustained*	*expul*	"	*orotund.*
Content	"	mod	middle	unvar	"	"	"	soft	natural	effus	"	pure.
Aspiration	*m. fast.*	"	*m. high*	*varied*	"	"	"	*mod*	*sustained*	*expul*	"	*asp. orot.*
Tenderness	mod	"	middle	mod	"	"	"	soft	subdued	effus	longinit	p. end'g a.
Earnestness	*m. fast.*	*m. short*	"	"	"	"	"	*mod*	*sustained*	*expul*	*term*	*asp. orot.*
Weakness	slow	long	"	unvar	s'ton	"	"	soft	subdued	effus	trem	pure.
Determination	"	"	"	"	*diaton*	"	"	*loud*	*sustained*	*expul*	*term*	*orotund.*
Caution	"	"	m. high	varied	"	"	"	soft	suppres'd	effus	initial	aspirate.
Apprehension	*m. fast.*	*short*	"	"	"	"	*abrupt*	"	"	*expul*	"	"
Modesty	m. slow	long	middle	unvar	"	"	smooth	"	natural	effus	median	pure.
Shame	*slow*	"	*m. low*	*varied*	"	"	"	"	*subdued*	*expul*	"	"
Self-Assurance	mod	short	m. high	"	"	"	"	loud	sustained	"	initial	"
Doubt	*slow*	*long*	*m. low*	"	"	"	"	*soft*	*suppres'd*	*effus*	*comp*	"
Fault-Finding	m. fast.	mod	m. high	"	"	"	abrupt	mod	natural	explo	term	p. oral.
Commiseration	*slow*	*long*	*m. low*	"	*semiton*	"	*smooth*	*soft*	*subdued*	*effus*	*median*	*pure.*
Complaint	mod	mixed	high	"	"	"	abrupt	mixed	natural	expul	term	p. oral.
Contrition	*slow*	*long*	*low*	*monot*	"	"	*smooth*	*soft*	*subdued*	*effus*	*trem*	*orotund.*
Peevishness (whine)	m. fast.	mixed	high	varied	"	"	abrupt	"	natural	explo	term	p. oral.
Grief (moan)	*slow*	*long*	*low*	*monot*	"	"	*smooth*	mixed	suppres'd	*expul*	*trem*	*orotund.*

ELEMENTS OF EMPHASIS IN COMBINATION.

142. On consulting the diagram (§ 140) it will be noticed that, as a rule, in consecutive discourse, *fast* **time**, *varied and high* **pitch**, *sustained* **force** and *thin* (pure or aspirate) **volume** go with one another; also *slow* **time**, *unvaried and low* **pitch**, *suppressed* **force** *and full* (orotund, guttural or pectoral) **volume**. In other words,

143. In the degree in which the mental state to be expressed is *light*, *gay*, *lively* or *uncontrolled*, for any cause, the **time** is *fast*, the **pitch** *varied* and *high*, the **force** *sustained* and the **volume** *thin* (pure or aspirate).

Light, gay banter.

1. Oh! then I see Queen Mab has been with you.
. . . . . She comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream.

Gay, lively description.

2. One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,—
When they reached the hall door, where the charger stood near:
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,—
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won!—we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:—
There was racing, and chasing, o'er Cannobie Lee;

But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.—
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?"

Uncontrolled delight.

3. So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-Year:
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Uncontrolled astonishment.

4. This drudge laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what private marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm,—that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch; and I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

The extreme, uncontrolled terror, as in the scream of sudden fright.

Oh, murder, murder, murder!—who's there?

144. In the degree in which the mental state to be expressed is *serious*, *grave*, *dignified* or *self-determined*, for any cause, the **time** is *slow*, the **pitch** *unvaried and low*, the **force** *suppressed*, and the **volume** *full* (oratund, guttural or pectoral).

Serious, grave, dignified, self-determined appeal.

1. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I began, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment: independence, *now;* and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.

Grave, dignified description of the grand or sublime.

2. Then the earth shook and trembled: the foundations of heaven moved and shook, because he was wroth. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils; and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it. He bowed the heavens, also, and came down; and darkness was under his feet; and he rode upon a cherub, and did fly; and he was seen upon the wings of the wind; and he made darkness pavilions round about him, dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies. The Lord thundered from heaven, and the Most High uttered his voice; and he sent out arrows and scattered them; lightning, and discomfited them. And the channels of the sea appeared; the foundations of the world were discovered at the rebuking of the Lord, at the blast of the breath of his nostrils.

Grave horror, despair.

3. Some lay down
And hid their eyes, and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clinched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up,
With mad disquietude, on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses, cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth, and howl'd.

The extreme, suppressed terror.

In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still; but I could not discern the form thereof. An image was before mine eyes; there was silence; and I heard a voice saying, "Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?"

145. **Irregular** or **unusual combinations** of the elements of emphasis: The mind's *judgment*, *motives*, *energy* and *feelings* (§ 32) are not all of them invariably affected in analogous ways by the same phraseology. We cannot, therefore, always use the kinds of *time*, *pitch*, *force* and *volume* that as a rule accompany one another.

a. Here it is necessary to represent the *light* esteem in which the **judgment** holds the villains,— the objects of consideration: but it is also necessary to represent that they have a *serious* and *grave* effect upon its **motives, energy** and **feelings.** So we have *fast time* with *low pitch*, *suppressed force* and *full* (orotund, guttural and aspirate) *volume.*

Villains! you did not threat when your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar!
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. Oh, flatterers!

b. Here the mind **judges** that the fact mentioned is of *serious* and *grave* import, but this fact has an exhilarating, enlivening, i. e. a light, lively effect, on its **motives, energy** and **feelings.** So we have *slow time*, with *high pitch*, *sustained force* and *fine* (pure) *volume.*

Rejoice, ye men of Angiers! ring your bells.
King John, your king and England's, doth approach.
Open your gates, and give the victors way!

c. Here the **motive** is light, gay, lively, but **judgment, energy** and **feeling** are prompted to treat what is seen as something worthy of serious consideration. Hence we have *high pitch* with comparatively *slow time*, *unsustained* (natural) *force* and *full volume.*

Hurrah! hurrah! Come here! It's perfectly splendid! You can see one—two—three—four—five—you can see seven different cascades!

d. Here a *serious* and *grave* **motive** needs to be represented; but together with it a **judgment** that holds the object of consideration in *light* esteem, and **energy** and **feeling** that are well-nigh uncontrollable. So we have *low pitch* with *fast time*, partially *sustained force* and *thin* (aspirated) *volume.*

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety!

e. Here the mind is stimulated to activity and **energy,** befitting a gay, lively mood, but its **judgment, motives** and **feelings** are affected as by a *serious*, *dignified* consideration. So we have *sustained force*, with comparatively *slow time*, *low pitch* and *full* (orotund) *volume.*

Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet blare!
Flags flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames on the windy headland flare!

Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities in rivers of fire!
Rush to the roof, sudden rocket and higher
Melt into stars, for the land's desire!

f. Here no more **energy** is demanded than is appropriate for a *serious*, earnest description, but the facts described are such as to have a *light*, *gay*, *lively* effect in their appeal to the **judgment, motives** and **feelings.** So we have *unsustained* (natural) *force*, with *fast time*, *high pitch* and *thin* (pure) *volume*.

And gayety on restless tiptoe hovers,
Giggling with all the gallants who beset her;
And there are songs and quavers, roaring, humming,
Guitars, and every other sort of strumming.
And there are dresses, splendid, but fantastical,
Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews,
And harlequins and clowns, with feats gymnastical,
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles and Hindoos.

g. Here the thought considered has a *light*, *gay*, at least, pleasurable, effect on the **feelings**, but to the **judgment, motives** and **energy** it appeals as something worthy of *serious* attention. So we have *thin* (pure) *volume* with comparatively *slow time*, *low pitch* and *unsustained* (natural) *force*.

The cheerful man is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of the soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which Nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

h. Here the **feelings** are *seriously* and *gravely* affected, but the **judgment,** for the time, holds the objects of consideration in *light* esteem, and the **motives** and **energy** are both *uncontrolled*, rather than self-determined. So we have *full* (orotund, guttural and aspirate) *volume* with comparatively *fast time*, *high pitch* and *sustained force*.

You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat!—*Pluto and hell!*
All hurt behind; backs red and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: come on!

146. **In Oratory** the very fact that ideas are presented at all, implies that the mind judges them to be important, so far as concerns its measurement of them; but, in the degree in which one becomes eloquent, their effect on its motives and energy is that of something exciting, animating, transporting; accordingly,

a. The different parts of an Oration should be emphasized thus: The *movement* throughout (whether relatively fast or slow) should be somewhat *slower* than in ordinary conversation, while *pitch* and *force* should usually be somewhat *more high, varied, loud* and *sustained*. Usually, both in *opening* and *closing*, the *movement* should be quite slow, the *pitch* about the same as in conversation, and *force* just enough to make one's self heard.

TRANSITIONS AND MODULATION.

147. **Transitions** occur wherever there are decided changes in the sentiment (from light or gay, for example, to weighty or grave). §§ 142–144 require that these should be represented by corresponding changes in *time*, *pitch*, *force* and *volume*. The changes themselves are called Transitions; the method of producing them with proper elocutionary effect is **Modulation.**

The secret of making Transitions well, is to make them so that, while sufficiently marked to indicate the passage from one set of ideas to another, they *shall not* be made so abruptly as to *interfere with the effect of unity or continuity* in the delivery considered as a whole; in other words, so that while separating and emphasizing particular ideas, *they shall not interrupt the flow of the general thought*. This should pass from an impetuous to a quiet, or from a quiet to an impetuous passage, very much as water flows from a running stream into a still pond, or *vice versa*,—with more or less of a *gradual* abatement or increase of energy. The enthusiasm, for example, that causes a rush of words in one passage, like the momentum urging on the waters of a cataract, will be *carried over* somewhat into a succeeding passage, no matter how calm in itself may be the nature of the thought that this latter presents. Hence the following principles, which one speaking with great earnestness will apply instinctively, but which, for ordinary occasions, one must learn to apply.

148. **One should prepare** for a transition

a. In **time**, in the degree in which the change is great, by one or more decidedly long *pauses*.

b. In **pitch,** in addition to the pauses, by one or more *long slides, or a succession of syllables, decidedly ascending or descending* the scale to meet the pitch that is to follow. (Practice § 13.)

c. In **force** or **volume,** in addition to the pauses, *by a correspondingly gradual change* in each of these. (Practice § 13.)

149. In the following, the preparation for the more weighty and grave conclusion must be made by pausing and slowly descending the scale, with less and less force, in the passage "*now lies he there*":

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: *now* | *lies* | *he* | *there*,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

a. Make a similar change in the third and fourth lines of the following:

"Glory to God!" unnumbered voices sung;
"Glory to God!" the vales and mountains rung;
Voices that hailed creation's primal morn,
And to the shepherds sung a Savior born.
Slowly, bareheaded, through the surf we bore
The sacred cross, and, kneeling, kissed the shore.

b. In the following, gradually ascend scale and increase in rapidity and force, on "*the bright sun rises*," "*not such as*," and "*slaves to a horde*." Descend and decrease in rapidity, but not in force, on "*a race of slaves*," "*falls on a slave*," "*base, ignoble slaves*," etc.

We are slâves!
The bright ˈ *sun* | *rises* to his course, | and lights |
A RACE OF SLÂVES! He sèts, | and his last ˈ beam
FÂLLS ON A SLÀVE: *not such as*, | swept ˈ along ˈ
By the full ˈ tide of power, | the cŏnqueror | leads
To crimson ˈ glōry | and undying ˈ fāme, | —
But BÂSE, ˈ IGNÔBLE slaves!—*slaves* ˈ *to a horde*
Of PÊTTY TYRANTS, FÊUDAL ˈ DÈSPOTS; lórds, |
Rich | in some dòzen ˈ paltry ˈ vìllages; |
Strong | in some hùndred ˈ speàrmen; | only ˈ *grĕat*
In that | strange | *spēll* — a NÂME!

c. Gradually increase the emphasis in the fifth and sixth lines of the following. Study *particularly* § 97, and examples; also § 107: a.

He left my síde,
A summer blóom on his fair cheéks — a smile
Parting his innocent lìps. In one short hour,

The pretty, harmless boy was slâin! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vêngeance! Rôuse, ye Ròmans! Rôuse, ye slâves!
Have ye brave sóns? — Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them dîe! Have ye fair daughters? — Look
To see them lîve, tôrn from your ârms, distâined,
Dishônored; and, if ye dāre call for jústice,
Be answered by the lâsh!

d. Practice also the *modulation* in the following: (*sl.* slow; *qu.* quick; *mod.* moderate time; *h.* high; *l.* low; *med.* medium pitch; *f.* loud; *ff.* very loud; *p. pp.* soft; *nat.* natural force; *O.* orotund; *P.* pure; *A.* aspirate; *G.* guttural.)

ONLY IMPORTANT PAUSES INSERTED.

sl. h. f. O. Once *mòre* | unto the *brèach*, | dear friends, *once* | *mòre*, |

abate. Or close the wall *ùp* | with our English | dead!

mod. med. varied p. P. In peāce, | there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness | and humility;

increase, A. But when the blast of *wâr* | blows in our ears,

qu. h. ff. G. Thēn | imitate the action of the *tîger;*
Stìffen the *sìnews*, *summon up* the *blòod*,

abate. *Disgûise* | fair nature | with hard- | favored | *r�ge.*

mod. h. ff. O. Òn, ON, | you noblest | *Èngland*,
Whose *blood* is fetched from *fathers* of WARPRÒOF!
FATHERS, | that, like so many | ALEXÂNDERS,
Have, | in these parts, | from morn till *èven* | fôught,

abate. And *sheathed* their *swords* for lack of *ârgument.*

qu. rising A I see you stand | like grèyhounds in the slips, |

qu. h. f. O. Strâining upon the stârt. The game's AFÒOT;
Follow your spîrits, | and upon this | charge |

sl. h. ff. O. Cry—HÈAVEN | for HARRY! ENGLAND! and ST. GEÒRGE!

150. **In the transition of the paragraph,** i.e. when passing from one phase or division of a subject to another, *a gradual change* in *time*, *pitch*, *force* and *volume* should be made, according to the sentiment, either on the *last* words of a *closing paragraph*, or on the *first* words of an *opening* one.

Sometimes it is immaterial which of these courses is adopted; but generally, as in the following extract, the sentiment will determine this. Let the student read this extract over, intentionally *increasing* his *speed* and *power*, and raising his *pitch* toward the end of each paragraph, so as to learn how to make, smoothly and naturally, the transitions in *movement*, *pitch* and *force*, that his following this direction will necessitate.

1. One can never ' think ' of that French ' boy, | eighteen ' years of age, | just ' márried, | rolling ' in wéalth, | and basking ' in the sunshine ' of court ' fávor, | sending up ' from the Tuileries ' of Páris | his shout ' for us | and our ' cáuse, ‖ without the deepest | emòtion. Our admiration ' and affection | are not ' léssened | when we see him | *lavishing* ' his *wealth* | on our *naked*, ' *famishing* ' *sòldiers—winding himself*, | in child- ' like ' *love*, | round the *great* ' *heart* ' of our *Wàshington—charging* like a VETERAN | through the RANKS | of our FÒEMEN, ‖ and *carried* ||| pale | and bleeding | ‖ from our ' disastrous ‖ fièlds. |||

There is sómething ‖ exquisitely ‖ toûching | and beàutiful | in the enthusiasm ' of this ' youth | in our behàlf. *Fránce* | wished us ' success, | because it would revenge her | for the loss ' of her còlonies | in this country, | and weaken ' the power ' of her rìval | in the New ' Wòrld; but *thèse* motives | never entered into the heart ' of *La Fayètte*. He | saw only a weak ' but brave ' people | struggling to be *free*, | and, *overlooking* | all ' questions of *interest*, *breaking* AWAY ‖ from *all* ' *ties* ' of *home*, | *family*, | and *country*, | threw himself ' ALÒNE | into our àrms.‖ National ' *prejudice*, | the *jealousy* ' of our *officers*, | and the *coldness* ' of *Congress*, | could not *chèck* ‖ the warm ' current ' of his *sympathy*. For ús | he was determined ' to *contènd* | in óur ' cause, ' expend ' his *fòrtune* | and peril ' his *lìfe*. Not an *éxile* | nor an *advénturer*, | but a wealthy, ' flattered ' young ' nobleman, | he *càst* from him | the luxuries ' and gayeties ' of the *French* ' *court*, | turned AWÀY from all ' the HONORS | that *clustered* ' in his *path*, | and became ' the COMPANION ' of *our* ' PÒVERTY ' and TÒILS — ‖ the *jest* ‖ and *by*-word | of kìngs. |||

Few ‖ men ‖ have passed | through ‖ so ' many ‖ and so ' fearful ‖ chânges. From a young ' cõurtier | he passed into the self-denying, | toilsome ' life | of a general ' in the

ill- ' clothed, | ill- ' fed, | and ill- ' disciplined | American ' ârmy— ‖ thence | into the vortex ' of the French ' Revolûtion | and all *îts* ' horrors—thence into the gloomy ' prison ' of Ŏlmutz. After a few ' years ' of retirement, | he appeared ' on ŏur ' shores | to receive the *welcome* ‖ of a *grateful* ‖ *pèople*, ‖ to hear a NÀTION | SHOUT | his ' PRÀISE, ‖ and BEAR him | from *one* ' *limit* ' of the LAND ' to ANOTHER | in its *àrms*.

* A FEW ‖ YEARS ‖ *pass* ' *by*, | and, ‖ with his *gray* ' *hairs* | falling about his aged ' countenance, | he stands ' amid the students ' of Paris, | and sends ' his feeble ' shout ' of defiance | to the *throne* ' of the *Bòurbon*, | and *it* | *fàlls*. Rising | more ' by his vîrtue ' than his ĭntellect, | he holds ' a prominent ' place ' in the history ' of Frãnce, | and, linked ' with Washington, | goes down ' to a GRÈATER IMMORTALITY | than *awàits* | *àny* | EMPEROR | or *mere* WARRIOR | of the HUMAN ' RÀCE.

* His LOVE | for *this country* ‖ was *deèp* | and abìding. To the last | his heart turned ' hìther, | and well it mìght. His career ' of glory | began on *our* ' *shôres*—on *our* ' *cause* | he staked his reputation, | fortune, and lîfe, | and in *ŏur* | *succéss* | received the *benedîction* of the *gŏod* | throughout ' the *wòrld*.

151. The following is full of violent transitions, and for this reason affords excellent practice.

p I should be surprised, | indeed, | if, | while you are doing us wrõng, | you did nôt profess ' your solìcitude | to do us jùstice. From the day ' on which Stròngbow | set his foot ' upon the shore ' of Ireland, | Englishmen ' were never ' *wânting* | in protestations ' of their deep ' anx-
f iety | to do us ' jùstice; | even *Strâfford*, | the deserter '
f of the people's ' càuse, | the renegade *Wêntworth*, | who gave evidence ' in Ireland | of the spirit ' of instinctive tyranny | which predominated ' in his character,—even *Strâfford*, | while he trampled ' upon our rights, | and trod ' upon the heart ' of the country, protested *hîs* solicitude | to do jùstice ' to Ireland! What *màrvel* is it, then,

* Uttered forcibly, that the transition may not be too abrupt.

that gentlemen ˈ *òpposite* | should deal ˈ in such vehe-
f ment ˈ protestàtions? There is, ˈ however, | *one* ˈ man, |
p of great ˈ abílities,—not a member ˈ of this Hóuse, | but
qu whose tálents | and whose bóldness | have placed him ˈ on
the topmost ˈ place ˈ in his párty,—who, | disdáining all ˈ
impósture, | and thinking it ˈ the best ˈ cóurse | to ap-
péal ˈ diréctly | to the relígious | and nátional | antípa-
thies | of the people ˈ of this cóuntry | —abandoning ˈ
all ˈ resérve, | and flinging ˈ off | the slender ˈ véil | by
which his political ˈ associates | affect ˈ to cōver, | al-
sl though they cannot hîde | their mótives,—distinctly ˈ and
audaciously | tells ˈ the Irish ˈ people | that they are not
f *entìtled* | to the same ˈ prìvileges | as *Ènglishmen ;* | and
p pronounces them, | in any ˈ particular | which could en-
qu ter his minute ˈ enumeration ˈ of the circumstances | by
which fellow ˈ citizenship ˈ is créated, | in ráce, | idén-
sl tity | and relígion, | to be *àliens;* | to be *alíens* | in race, ‖
ff to be *alíens* | in *country*, ‖ to be *alíens* | in *relìgion!*
ÂLIENS! ‖ GÓOD ‖ GÒD! ‖ was ÁRTHUR | Duke ˈ of Wél-
lington, | in the House ˈ of Lords, | and did he not start
up ‖ and excláim: ‖ "*Hóld!* ‖ *I have seen* | *the alíens* | DO ‖
THEIR ‖ DŪTY!" ‖ The DUKE* | of WÉLLINGTON ‖ is not |
p a MAN ‖ of an *excìtable* ‖ tèmperament. ‖ His mind is of a
cast | too *màrtial* | to be *easily* | mòved; but, notwithstand-
qu ing ˈ his habitual ˈ inflexibílity, | I cannot | help | thìnk-
ing | that, when he heard ˈ his Roman ˈ Catholic ˈ cóun-
trymen (for we *are* his cóuntrymen) designated by a
phrase | as offensive | as the abundant ˈ vocabulary ˈ of
his eloquent ˈ confederate ˈ could súpply, ‖ —I cannot |
sl help | thinking | that he ought ˈ to have recollected | the
f many ˈ *fields* ˈ of *fìght* | in which ˈ we have been ˈ con-

* Uttered forcibly, that the transition may not be too abrupt.

tributors ˈ to his *renòwn.* "The bàttles, | sìeges, | fòr-
tunes | that he has passed," | ought | to have come ˈ
bàck ˈ upon him. He ought to have remembered | that, ˈ
qu from the *éarliest* achívement | in which he displayed ˈ
that military ˈ genius | which has placed him ˈ foremost |
in the annals ˈ of modern ˈ warfare, | down to that lāst ˈ
sl and surpāssing ˈ cómbat | which has made his name | *im-*
ff périshable, | —from ASSAYE | to WATERLÔO,—the Irish ˈ
f soldiers, | with whom ˈ your armies ˈ are *filled,* | were
the inseparable ˈ *auxìliaries* ˈ to the glóry | with which his
unparalleled ˈ successes | have been crówned. | *Whose* |
were the *àrms*—that drove ˈ your bayonets ˈ at Vimièra |
f through the phalanxes | that *never reeled* ˈ in the shock of
f war | *befòre?* ‖ Whàt ‖ dèsperate ‖ *vàlor* ‖ climbed | the
steeps ‖ and filled ‖ the moats ‖ at *Badajòs? Àll* ‖ his
qu victories | should have *rûshed* | and *crowded* ‖ *back* ‖ upon
his *mèmory,* | —*Vimièra,* | *Badajòs,* | *Salamànca,* | *Albu-*
sl èra, | *Toulòuse,* | and, LAST ˈ of ALL, | the GREATEST ||| —.
ff TÈLL ME ‖ —for *you* were there, ‖ —I appeal to the gal-
pq lant soldier before me | (Sir Henry Hardinge), from whose
opinions ˈ I differ, | but who béars, ˈ I knów, | a géner-
f ous ˈ héart | in an intrepid bréast, | —TÈLL me, | —for
you must needs remémber, | —on that day | when the
qu destinies ˈ of mankind ˈ were *trembling* ˈ in the *bálance,* |
while death ˈ fell in shówers, | when the artillery ˈ of
Fránce | was leveled ˈ with a precision ˈ of the most |
deadly ˈ scíence ‖ —when her légions, | incited by the
vóice | and inspired by the exámple | of their mighty |
leader, | rushed ágain | and ágain | to the onset ‖ —TÈLL
me ‖ if, | for an ìnstant, | when to hesitate ˈ for an instant ˈ
ff was to be lōst, | the "aliens" ||| BLÊNCHED ? And
sl when, ˈ at length, | the moment for the last ˈ and decided ˈ

f mòvement | had arrìved, | and the valor | which had so
qu long ˈ been wisely ˈ chécked | was, ˈ at last, | let loôse,—
when, | with wórds ˈ famíliar, ˈ but immórtal, | the great|
captain | commanded the *great* | *assàult*,— TÈLL ME | if
ff CATHOLIC | ÌRELAND with less | heroic | valor | than
sl the natives ˈ of this | your òwn ˈ glòrious ˈ coùntry | pre-
f cipitated herself | upon the fôe? The blood | of England, |
p Scotland | and of Ireland | flowed in the same ‖ strèam, |
pp and drenched ˈ the same ‖ fièld. | When the chill ˈ morn-
ing ˈ dawned, | their dead | lay cold ˈ and stark | *togèther;*
in the same | deep | pit | their bòdies ˈ were depòsited; |
the green ˈ corn ˈ of spríng | is now breaking ˈ from their
commìngled | dùst; the dew ˈ falls from heaven | upon
their unìon | in the grâve. Partákers ˈ in évery ˈ péril, |
f in the GLŎRY | shall we not be permitted ˈ to participate; |
and ˈ shall we be tóld, | as a reqúital, | that we are es-
trănged ˈ from the noble ˈ cóuntry | for whose ˈ salvation|
our life-blood | was poured ˈ óut?

(*See, also*, §§ 211–225: 7, 12, 14, 15, 25, 34, 35, 36, 46, 48, 52, 53.)

MASSING OR GROUPING.

152. We have learned (§ 21) that words, or series of words, associated with one another, either by being in apposition or by having similar grammatical relationships or general characteristics, are similarly emphasized. This principle, especially in long and involved sentences, leads to the **massing** or **grouping** together of words or clauses, important or unimportant, so that the ear shall readily detect the connection between them. To understand this principle, compare illustrations under § 21: a, § 22, § 38: a, §§ 40–42.

153. **The Emphatic Tye** is used to connect together important ideas that are separated by unimportant clauses.

a. It results when two words separated by intervening ones are *similarly emphasized;* i. e. are *uttered in similar* **time** (preceded and followed by pauses of the same length), and usually, too, **at a** *similar* **pitch,** with *similar* **inflections** and **force.**

b. **Unemphatic ideas** in clauses that separate important words, are *similarly slighted;* i. e. are uttered with a similar rapidity of general movement, and usually with a similar *abatement* in the height of *pitch* and degree of *force.*

c. In the following the words in italics are to be emphasized with the *emphatic tye.*

As men from men
Do, in the constitution of their souls,
Differ by mysteries not to be explained;
And as we fáll by various ways, and sink
Through manifold degrees to guilt and shame;
So manifold and various are the ways
Of restoration.

When Babel was confounded, and the great
Confederacy of projectors, wild and vain,
Was split into diversity of tongues;
Then, as a shepherd separates his flock,—
These to the upland, to the valley those,—
God drave asunder, and assigned their lot
To all the nations.

Consulting what I feel within,
In times when most Existence with herself
Is satisfied, I cannot but believe
That, far as kindly Nature hath free scope,
And Reason's sway predominates, even so far,
Country, *society*, and even *time* itself,
That saps the individual's bodily frame,
And lays the generations low in dust,
Do, by the Almighty Ruler's grace, *partake*
Of one maternal spirit.

All night the dreadless *angel*, unpursued,
Through heaven's wide champaign *held* his way till *morn*,
Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hánd,
Unbarred the gates of light.

(*See*, *also*, selections in §§ 211–226: 1, 7, 12, 25, 51, 53.)

DRIFT.

154. By **Drift** is meant a mode of delivery in which *pauses*, *inflections* (if upward, starting low; if downward,

starting high) and *stress* of a *similar kind* are *constantly recurring at regular intervals.* The following can be spoken with drift:

We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished, where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

(*See, also,* selections in §§ 214, 215, 218, 219; also § 76: a.)

a. The possibility of applying drift to delivery depends largely on the **rhetorical** construction of sentences. An oration should always be written with direct reference to the requirements of speaking.

CLIMAX.

This is fully explained in §§ 83–85, and illustrated in selections in § 215.

GESTURE.

155. By this is meant the art of representing thought through the movements of the body. There is a negative and a positive side to the subject. The first has to do with the different members of the body when one is *not* gesticulating; the second, when one *is* gesticulating.

Positions and Movements of the Body when Not Gesturing.

156. **a. The Head and Trunk.** Face what is before you, and yet hold the chin down; — down, i. e. in distinction from *up* or *out*, as if the chin were pointing forward. This is a simple rule which, if observed in standing or walking, usually causes an erect position and graceful bearing. If carried out, it will throw the shoulders and back into an erect position, with the least possible danger of causing it to seem to be a stiff one.

b. Avoid holding the head, trunk or shoulders too much

I. *Thrown back or up.* People do not like to have one seem to look above them. It suggests self-conceit or arrogance, § 200.

II. *Hung down.* For an opposite reason, this suggests humility, bashfulness, shame.

III. *Inclined to one side.* This suggests languor.

IV. *Too stiffly* in any position. This suggests an unyielding temperament or an uncultivated bearing.

157. **a. The Hands and Arms** may hang *at the sides*, with palms toward the body and fingers bent; or

b. They may *both* be placed low down *in front* with the elbows slightly bent, and the fingers together, clasped or unclasped; or

c. *One* hand may hang *at the side*, and the *other* be held on the *waist*, as if preparing to gesture. In this hand the thumb may rest in the watch chain, or the finger be pointing down, or all fingers be folded together.

d. Avoid having one or both hands

I. *Out of sight behind the back*, suggesting backwardness, awkwardness.

II. *Playing with each other, with the clothing* or *the watch chain*, suggesting nervousness or embarrassment.

158. In **Reading,** *hold the book in the left hand*, slightly to one side, so as not to hide the face; and gesture with the right hand.

159. **The Feet and Lower Limbs.** Arrange the feet, in standing, about four inches apart, and so that a straight line drawn through one foot from toe to heel will pass through the heel of the other. (*See* §§ 161, 162.)

a. This is the position assumed naturally by all strong men who are also graceful. In taking this position, **avoid** placing the feet

I. *Too far apart*, as if bracing one's self against opposition.

II. *Too near together*, as if unprepared to meet opposition. The position should not suggest opposition in any form.

160. **Stand firmly,** with *both knees unbent;* but resting the body

I. **On one foot**—not on both of them;

II. On the **ball** and **heel** of the foot—not on either exclusively.

a. This position will throw the body slightly forward of the feet, as if about to step toward the audience, and will throw the hips a little to one side, into such a position that a line drawn perpendicularly through the center of the head and trunk above will pass through the heel of the foot on which the body rests.

b. The body may lean on the front foot, and incline slightly forward in earnest appeal. In dispassionate address it usually rests on the foot behind.

Avoid

I. *Moving up and down on the toes*, and appearing unsteady.

II. *Changing often the position* of the feet, and appearing unsettled.

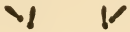
III. *Bending often*, or *holding*, in a visibly *bent* position, *one or both* of the *knees*. Always stand or walk with the knee on which the body rests made as straight as possible. Few who appear to be weak-kneed themselves can awaken the confidence of others.

IV. *Resting equally upon both feet*. This is ungraceful, suggesting a lack of repose—that a man apprehends disturbance—is anxious to walk away.

V. *Leaning too far to one side*. Above the hips, the trunk and head should be erect. One should not appear to need support. A man of firm understanding should stand firmly.

161. **In shifting the position** (not walking) in order to throw

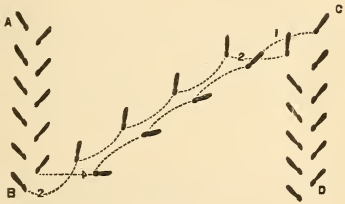
the weight of the body on the foot that has been resting, either take one step forward or backward, or lift the heels slightly and turn on the balls of the feet.



a. Shift the position *while speaking*, and just *before* or *after* a transition, and *time* the steps to the *accent* or *emphasis* on important syllables.

162. **In walking across the stage**, the orator, as distinguished from the actor, usually needs to face, in order to keep control of, his audience. If he gives them the side view that is afforded when they see his legs and feet cross each other, he runs a risk of losing this control. Some years ago the author made the following chart from the positions taken by the feet of Edward Everett during one of his orations. They seemed to be studied.

[AUDIENCE.]



Beginning at A, he kept gradually drawing one foot behind the other till, in the course of five or ten minutes, he had reached B. From B, during an animated passage, he walked rapidly across the stage to C, but moved forward diagonally, with the right foot foremost, so none saw his feet cross. Then he retired gradually to D, and from here walked across to A again, with the left foot foremost; and so on throughout the evening. This chart will also serve to show how the position mentioned in § 159 can always be maintained.

Positions and Movements of the Body when Gesturing.

163. Of these, there are two kinds, usually more or less combined, yet which, for the sake of explanation, may be

separated. They are the **objective** gestures, used mainly in Oratory; and the **subjective** ones, used mainly in dramatic reading or acting. Both represent and enforce what a man thinks with reference to a subject. But the *former* do this in order to show the relation of the subject to the *audience;* the *latter*, to show the relation of the subject to the *speaker*. In the *former*, the general direction of all the movements is *from the speaker* (his head, heart, and body generally,) *toward the audience;* in the *latter*, the direction of the movements is *from the audience toward the speaker.* We will consider, first, the

OBJECTIVE GESTURES.

The Head and Trunk.

164. **The movements of the head** in ordinary Oratory should be few, and, except in the case of the bow, usually accompanied by gestures of the hands. If these, the most instinctive vehicles of expression, are held still, while the head moves, there is an appearance of restraint, and the effect is stiff and ungraceful. For a similar reason, a very *slight bow* often accompanies an emphatic *hand-gesture*. For gestures with the *head* alone, *eyes*, *nose*, *mouth*, and *countenance* generally, *see* §§ 195–198. Here we will consider only the bow.

165. **Bow** slowly; start the movement in the middle of the spine; carry the shoulders slightly forward, slightly crushing in the chest, and incline the head from the neck; but keep the eyes on the audience, and the hands motionless, except so far as they fall forward naturally with the shoulders.

a. **Avoid,** therefore, making the bow

I. *Too rapidly*. The bow represents thought just starting or just ending; in neither case, therefore, under sufficient headway to justify excitement.

II. *From the neck alone*. It then appears presumptuous — too flippant and familiar.

III. *From the waist mainly*. It then appears repelling — too stiff and dignified.

IV. *With the eyes on the floor*, as if one had no oversight nor control of his audience.

V. *With hands swinging too loosely*, as if one had no control of himself.

THE HANDS AND ARMS.

166. The first principle with regard to these is not to **exaggerate** their importance.

No one can be an orator who cannot attract and interest an audience by merely the modulations of his voice. It is good practice sometimes to refrain from gestures, and to try to produce expression and effects without them.

167. A second principle is, never to gesticulate except to **emphasize ideas.** This principle leads one to

a. Avoid making gestures at or near the **beginning** of a speech;

Except, of course, when there is some exciting cause or reason for it, as at the opening of a prayer or benediction. Usually, it is only after thought is under headway that it appears natural to represent it as having sufficient momentum to move the body as well as the mind. This same principle leads us also to

b. Avoid making gestures, except so far as the **meaning** of them is **understood.**

Their object is to give additional expression, emphasis and representation to ideas. They can do this, so far only as they are used intelligently. Before proceeding, therefore, it is necessary, first of all, that we understand the following:

168. **The Significance of the Hand and Arm Gestures** may be ascertained or verified by noticing, in part, the natural movements of children and of grown people; and in part, the artistic movements and attitudes employed in the best elocutionary delivery, painting and sculpture.

a. The Movements of the Arms convey the hands from one position to another,—*down* or *up perpendicularly*, *round about the body horizontally; or*, as sometimes happens, *both perpendicularly and horizontally* at the same time. A little attention to the circumstances under which these movements take place will evince that they are all, to some extent, **representative.** A man makes them either because he is viewing or imagining external objects, and

describing them and his relation to them, or because he instinctively conceives of some analogy between the relation that he might sustain to such objects and the attitude which his mind actually does sustain to the subject which he wishes to emphasize. In both cases the direction taken by the arms indicates the general *direction* or *tendency* of the thoughts. In other words,

169. **The Arms move downward, upward,** or **round about** the body, to represent, respectively, what is (really or ideally) *under*, *above* or *on a level with* the actor; i.e. the actor's sight (point of view), grasp (mental comprehension), or control (will-power). He uses each movement respectively in the degree in which he conceives of himself as the *master*, *slave* or *associate* of the thing thought of.

a. It is sometimes said that the *downward*, *upward* and *roundabout* directions of the arms emphasize, respectively, conceptions that have to do with the **will, imagination** and **intellect**. But it is thought that the principle just stated is more simple, both to understand and to apply, as well as more comprehensive of all the circumstances under which it is natural to use these movements. (*See* § 175.)

170. **The arrangement of the Hands** in the gesture is evidently intended to give a peculiar *character* to the movement up and down or about the body ; i.e. to represent the character of the *thoughts*, the direction and tendency of which are indicated by the arms.

a. When, for instance, one's **sensibilities** *are uppermost:* when he is moved to *feel* and *touch*, for the purpose of *welcoming* or of *repelling*, of *fondling* or of *pushing off*, he uses *the hand* with the *fingers unclasped*. Therefore,

b. *The hand unclasped*, whether used in emphasis or description, represents the *sensibilities*, — *thought that is emotional in its character*, addressing itself to the emotions and sympathies of an audience. There are two forms in which the unclasped hand may be used, they are as follows :

171. The **Opening Gesture.** This term is used not only on account of the peculiar movement of the fingers opening the palm to the audience, which in-

variably accompanies this gesture when it is rightly made, but because the gesture itself signifies an *open mind*, represents the act of *receiving* or *giving;* receiving from the mind to convey outward, or from without to convey to the mind. It indicates, when used

a. Emphatically, the *opening* of a channel of expression or impression;

b. Descriptively, *anything* conceived of as *open to thought* or *activity*, therefore as *unlimited, uncircumscribed, free.*

c. For the application of this principle to the different forms of the opening gesture, as made *downward, upward,* or *about* the body, *see* § 175.

172. The **Closing Gesture.** This term is used not only because the hand, when making this gesture, especially if in a downward direction, seems about ready to drop, with fingers closed, to its normal position at the side, but because the gesture, whenever it is made, suggests the idea of *closing the mind* to outside influence, of *pushing down* or *away*, or of *warding off, repressing;* and, in the degree in which the wrist is bent up vigorously, of *repelling* any object of sight or thought from the mind's consideration. It indicates, when used

a. Emphatically, the *closing* of the channel of expression or impression;

b. Descriptively, *anything* conceived of as *closed out from* or *closed in;* so anything *limited* or *circumscribed,* and this, too, in the sense of being separated from something else by *outlines.* It is used, therefore, in *describing* most things that are accurately delineated.

c. For the application of this principle to the different

forms of the closing gesture, as made downward, upward, or about the body, *see* § 175.

173. When one's **intellect** *is uppermost*, when he is *analyzing*, *selecting* and *pointing out* what he sees and knows, rather than what he feels or wills, and always when he is not moved by sufficient depth of sentiment or determination to be anything but *playful*, he uses *his finger*.

a. The **Finger** gesture, therefore, represents that which is *analytical* in its character, addressing the *intellect*, and *directing attention*, whether by way of emphasis or description, *to individual persons, objects or arguments.*

b. When one's **will** is uppermost, when he has *determination* and *fight* in him, and is addressing neither the sympathies nor the intellect but rather forcing the wills of those about him, he doubles up his fist.

c. The **Fist** gesture, therefore, represents that which is *forcible* in its character, addressing itself to the *will* and the activities; when used descriptively, it represents that which can *grasp*, *confine* or *control.*

d. The Fist and Finger gestures are sometimes combined, the thumb folded upon the three clasped fingers. This represents one's determination with reference to some individual person or object.

174. **Double Gestures,** made with both hands, increase the *degree*, not the *kind*, of emphasis that would be given by the same gesture if made with one hand.

a. An Opening Gesture, made with *one hand at one side*, at the same time as a Closing Gesture *at the other side*, indicates that the *mind conceives of a subject both in its possibilities of free expansion* (the Opening Gesture) *and of limitation* (the Closing Gesture).

b. When from this position the two hands are brought in front, with the fingers of the palm that is down (Closing) striking the palm that is up (Opening), it simply gives additional emphasis to this idea: that *the mind is conceiving of a subject as completely under its*

grasp (§§ 171, 172,) from beginning to end, where activity begins and where it stops.

c. The two hands together, with the *fingers straight* and *palms touching*, indicate a conscious (otherwise the hands would remain at the sides) restraining of the tendency to enforce one's own views by appealing to others (the Opening position), and this either because the *time* has not come for enforcement, as when held below at the beginning of a speech, or because it would be of no *avail* as referring to something above one's control, as when held above, in *supplication.*

d. The two hands together, with the *fingers straight* and *clasped*, but the *palms down* (Closing position), add to the same indication a suggestion of independence. They show that the man does not *care* about enforcing his views; that he will hold them irrespective of the influence of others, which influence he is willing to *close* out.

e. The two hands with the *fingers folded* and *clasped*, *palms together*, indicate something rigidly (clasp) restraining the tendency to enforce one's own views when appealing (Opening position). The restraint may come from the man *himself*, from his own feelings (nerves), thoughts or will, as when the hands are held *below;* or from something *outside* or *above* himself, as when *held in front* or above the head in *violent supplication.*

☞ The general principles determining the significance of the different kinds of objective gestures described in these pages — not to the extent that might be possible, but sufficiently to answer all the requirements of ordinary oratory — have never been explained, as is believed, in the same way as in the present work; but it is simply a matter of justice to state that the **gesture movements** treated in the sections following page 136, which, in substance, have been taught for several years by the author and also by his pupils, were at first derived (how fully the author himself cannot now determine) from a portion of the very ingenious and successful methods, which it is hoped will at some time be published, originally taught in the University of Pennsylvania, by Professor S. M. Cleveland.

NOTE.—The **chart** on the next two pages (134–5), which unfolds further the foregoing principles, should be read across the pages as well as up and down them. In it, everything that is said of any one arrangement of the *hands* is placed in *the same column;* and everything that is said of any one direction or position of the *arms* is placed in paragraphs which in the different columns occupy *the same part of the pages.* The black letters (**l o** or **o** etc.) indicate the forms of the gestures which will be found represented in the cuts on pages **137, 139 and 141.**

175. Chart showing the **significance** of the Gestures.

Arm Positions.	Opening Gestures.	O. Finger.
a. Low Gesture, marked **l.,** would refer to a path under one's point of view; assert a belief conceived to be under (or within) one's comprehension; or enforce an obligation on those conceived to be under one's influence.	**l. O.** or **O.** Emotional, sympathetic form; submits anything as an *open question* to be finally decided by others to whose sympathy or judgment one *appeals*. It is *the ordinary persuasive, argumentative* gesture; e. g. **O.** They should be banished; i. e. I think so; do not you — will not you — agree with me?	**l. O. F.** or **l. F.** Intellectual, analytical form; *appeals* to others by opening up *specific divisions* or *aspects* of a subject; e. g. Is there one man?
b. High Gesture, marked **h.,** would refer to a mountain top above one's own position; would be used with an exclamation of wonder in thinking of something above one's comprehension or of fear of something above his control.	**h. O.** Opens the mind to *influences* from *above*, or refers to any conceived of as *grandly beneficial, liberalizing* or *inspiring;* i. e. to sunshine, freedom or God as a father. Employed in the benediction or a prayer, it solicits inspiring grace; expresses confidence in God and a desire to receive what he has to impart.	**h. O. F.** points or calls attention (sometimes with a wave movement, like beckoning) to specific *beneficial aspirations* or influences from above.
c. Wave Gesture, marked **w.,** so called because, in preparing for it, the hand necessarily makes a wave-like, horizontal movement; would refer to a real object before, beside or behind (i. e. remote from) the speaker (marked **f., s.** or **bk.**), or to an object of consideration, as a present, side or past issue. The *broader* the *scope* of the object considered, the *higher* and *wider* do the arms and the hands move.	**w. O. at breast level; l. w. O. at hip level; f. O., bk. O., s. O.,** ending like a simple O. gesture. It appeals to those surrounding one, especially in *questioning, inviting* and *welcoming;* with the hand moving forward it *expresses confidence*, refers to *friends;* moving inward, or held in front of breast (with knuckles out) it expresses *self-devotion, surrender, modesty*, etc. *Descriptively*, it refers to a smiling landscape, or *anything not too accurately delineated*, in connection with which there is a sense of *freedom* or *pleasure*. To shrug the shoulders and open the palms, represents that one has no *accurately defined* view of that to which he refers.	**w. O. F.** to **s., br.,** etc. Waved from the side or front toward some specific person or thing, and drawn back in the act of beckoning. Sometimes used to point to one's self. A combination of the side **O. F.** with the fist, *stigmatizes* that to which it points; or it may threaten.

O. Fist.

l. O. Ft., O. Ft. or **Ft.**

Willful, or forcible, form; *appeals* with a *will;* e. g.

Were they to do it, we ought to use force with them.

h. O. Ft.

threatens with force greater than one's own. Moving up or down, it *describes* forcible *pushing up* or *tearing down.* It is often used thus.

w. O. Ft. or **shaken.** Shaken at some person or thing in the act of threatening. Sometimes is used descriptively to represent what is clasped or held, either in enmity or friendship, in pain or in pleasure, in resolute determination or weakness.

Closing Gestures.

l. C. or **C.**

Emotional, sympathetic form; *closes out appeal* or debate with a *self-assertive, dictative disregard of opposition. Descriptively,* it represents the manner of closing or limiting; e. g.

C. They should be banished; i.e. I think, irrespective of your opinion, that they should be pushed off, as I push my hand from me.

h. C.

Closes the mind to *influences from above, to be guarded against;* or refers to any conceived of as, in themselves, *overwhelming* or *irresistible;* i. e. to storms, avalanches, fate, laws of universe, God as a force. *Descriptively,* it delineates outlines of objects above one. Used in the benediction, it imparts constraining grace.

w. C. at breast level; l. w. C. at hip level; f. C., bk. C., etc. Ending like a simple C. gesture, it *shuts off appeal, repressing* or *repelling* those about. With the hand moving outward, it expresses *opposition, aversion, rejection, disdain,* and refers to *foes;* moving inward, or held in front of breast, it wards or *protects self,* shows *self-consideration* or *self-assertion. Descriptively,* it is the most appropriate gesture by which *to delineate outlines of any kind,* but refers especially to anything impeded in itself, or appearing *threatening* or *lowering.*

C. Finger.

l. C. F. or **C. F.**

Intellectual, analytical form of the **C.** gesture; *closes out specific* divisions or aspects of a subject; e. g.

Just here is the limit.

h. C. F. or **h. F.**

The usual high **F.** gesture by which one *points* to *specific objects described;* or refers to influences that can control or may injure one. The *warning* gesture.

C. F. or **F.** at **s.,** on **br.,** etc. The *ordinary finger gesture,* by using which, in reference or *description,* a man points to surrounding objects or to himself. Held up and out in front, and shaken, *playfully warns.*

Pointing to the breast refers to obligation, heart, love, soul, etc.

C Fist.

l. C. Ft.

Willful, forcible; *shuts off* appeal with *a will,* and usually (with a wave movement) *descriptive.*

I could tear it to tatters.

h. C. Ft.

refers to, or *describes,* something above, *forcibly held;* or, if an obstacle, *torn down,* represented by the downward movement of the hands.

w. C. Ft. Mainly used in referring to, or *describing,* anything *forcibly* held or removed; e.g. in telling of the reins of a supposed span of horses when describing a ride; or the rending of a curtain which one is supposed to tear.

Forms of the Opening Gestures.

Preparatory Movements.

176. **Perpendicular,** i. e. straight up and down.

Starting with hand in normal position when dropped at side, do following things successively: *Bend fingers toward palm; turn palm* toward *audience; bend wrist* toward elbow; bend *elbow* toward shoulder; *lift arm* from shoulder and *return it to* where the elbow will be in *position for* the *end* of the *gesture; bend elbow* to bring forearm into position *for* the *stroke* of the *gesture; then* bend down *wrist*, at same time throwing out *thumb* and *fingers*. In this way the *backs of fingers*, which in opening gestures give the visible blow, seem to *strike from* the greatest possible *distance*.

Horizontal or Wave, i. e. a circular or straight movement across the body; often used for grace or variety with **l. O., h. O., front O., back O., s. O.,** and always with **w. O.**

Starting with hand in normal position when dropped at side, with palm toward body, *bend fingers toward palm;* bend *elbow, bringing forearm* and hand, with fingers curled, *across* the *body;* then, **if making a simple gesture,** *move to* the position for the *stroke* of the gesture, *first, elbow, then forearm*, and last, *wrist, thumb* and *fingers;* but **if making a wave gesture,** after bringing hand *as high* and *far one side of shoulder as* the *stroke* of gesture *is to carry* it *the other side, first,* while in front of body, *throw wrist, thumb* and *fingers into position, then move*

End of Gesture.

177. To answer requirements of **beauty,** the elbow, wrist and fingers, at end of gesture, should together form a *compound curve*, not a simple curve nor a straight line.

To answer requirements of **strength,** the muscles of elbow, wrist and fingers, forming this compound curve, should be tense, *not limp*, and *seem to have struck a strong blow* with backs of fingers.

Low Opening, l. O. Elbow very slightly bent, about four inches to one side, and also in front of hip; wrist well down, with palm visible to audience; thumb up and out from palm, but not held stiffly; fingers almost touching each other, the first pointing to the floor, the others very slightly curled.

Low O. Finger, l. O. F. or **l. F.,** usually **l. f. F.** Finger, elbow and wrist bent as in **l. O.;** the first finger pointing straight to floor, with its side to audience; the other fingers curled as much as possible, with the thumb bent in at all its joints and folded over the curled fingers.

Low O. Fist, l. O. Ft. Elbow bent as in **l. O.;** wrist bent toward elbow, thumb and fingers clasped and knuckles up. Do not make a *weak* fist.

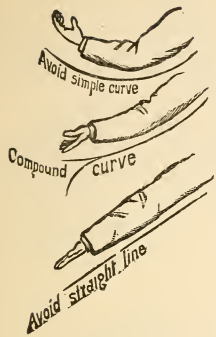
High Opening, h. O. Elbow bent and wrist well down, as in **l. O.;** the first finger pointing horizontally; the backs of the others on a line level with it, striking the air below them; but the thumb held up so the palm will be visible to audience.

High O. Finger, h. O. F. Elbow more bent, the forefinger pointing straight up, the others curled firmly against the palm, the knuckles to audience and the thumb out.

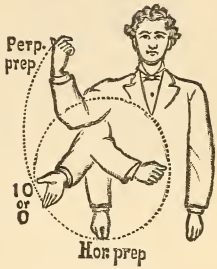
High O. Fist, h. O. Ft. Same as **h. O. F.,** with the first finger and thumb bent in at every joint.

(Continued on page 138.)

1


Avoid simple curve
Compound curve
Avoid straight line

2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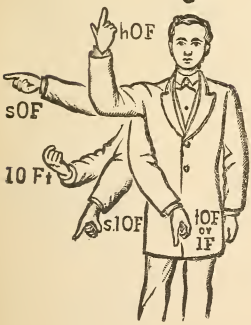

hOF
sOF
10 Ft
s.10F
tOF or 1F

4

hO
10
bkO

the *hand* back *across* the *body* to the side in a very *free, generous arch, on a line exactly parallel* to the floor, cutting the air with the side of the first finger, which *points* toward the floor, and *constantly changing* the *elbow* and *wrist angles* till the gesture ends at the side of body.

In preparing for **O.** gestures with **both hands, B. O.,** the little fingers of the two hands frequently touch, but it is not customary to have them cross each other.

Middle, m. O., F. or **Ft.** Gesture at breast level.

Wave, Side, Front, Back Opening, w. O., s. O., f. O., bk. O. Same as **high O.**, with the wrist bent down more and first finger pointing more directly to the floor. In **bk. O.** the fingers sometimes point outward, with all their fronts visible to audience.

Side O. Finger, s. F. Same as **s. O.**, with first finger pointing, its side uppermost, and thumb folded over other fingers. When forcibly made, the arm may be straight at elbow.

Side O. Fist, s. O. Ft. Elbow bent, wrist, palm and knuckles up.

Forms of the Closing Gestures.

Preparatory Movements.

178. **Perpendicular,** i. e. straight up and down.

Starting with hand in normal position when dropped at side, do following things successively: *Turn knuckles*, with fingers curled on palm, *toward audience; lift straight arm* toward audience till at angle of forty-five degrees from body; then *bend elbow up* and *wrist down*, hiding palm from audience, carrying forearm up high enough to begin to descend for the end of gesture; then, *as it descends, throw wrist up* and *fingers* and *thumb* into position for the end of gesture. Last of all, in **l. C.** or **s. C.**, *straighten* the *arm*, at the same time *turning* the *wrist* about *so* that the *fingers* shall *point away from* the *body;* in **h. C.**, *throw wrist, fingers* and *thumb* into position *with a forward movement of* the *forearm*, but leave the *elbow* still *slightly bent.*

Horizontal or Wave, i. e.

End of Gesture.

179. To be **graceful,** the elbow, wrist, thumb and fingers, at end of gesture, should form a *compound curve*, not a simple curve nor straight line. So in **l. C.** and **w. C.** the *elbow is straightened.*

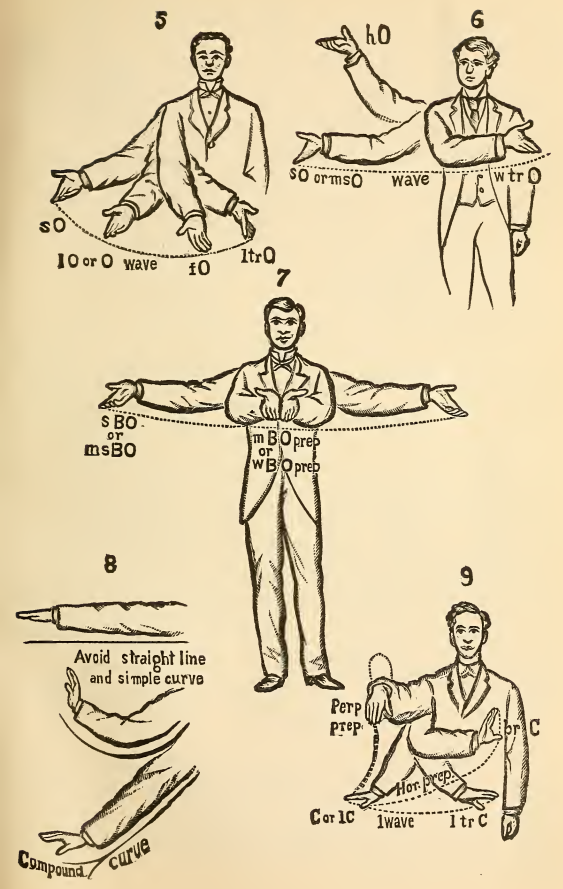
To seem **strong,** the muscles forming this compound curve should be tense, *not limp,* and *appear to have struck a vigorous blow;* in **l. C.** and **w. C.** partly *with* the outside *edge* of little finger, and *partly* with *tips* of all the fingers; in **h. C.** or **h. F.** with either the *fronts* or *backs* of the fingers.

Low Closing, l. C. or **C.** Arm straight. elbow unbent, wrist about eight inches to one side of the body, bent up; fingers parallel to floor and pointing outward, straight and touching each other; thumb down and visible to audience.

Low C. Finger, l. C. F. Usually in front, knuckles to audience, elbow and wrist bent, first finger pointing straight to floor, others curled in and thumb out from palm.

Low C. Fist, l. C. Ft. Same as

(Continued on page 140.)


5
sO
lO or O wave
fO
ltrO
6
hO
sO or msO
wave
wtrO
7
sBO
or
msBO
mBO prep
or
wBO prep
8
Avoid straight line
and simple curve
Compound curve
9
Perp
prep
or C
Hor prep
C or lC
lwave
ltrC

a circular or straight movement across the body; almost always used to some extent with **l. C.**, **f. C.**, **bk. C.**, **s. C.**, and always with **w. C.**

Starting with the hand in normal position when dropped at side, with palm toward body and fingers curled, *keeping wrist straight, bend elbow* and bring hand up *across the body* (*to opposite hip if preparing for a slight* **l. C.** or **l. w. C.**, *to opposite breast for a strong* **l. C.**, **s. C.** or **w. C.**); then *bending up wrist* and *straightening fingers* (point them parallel to floor if at hip; parallel to vest collar if at breast, i. e. in position of **C.** on **br.**) and dropping *thumb so* it can be *seen by audience; move* the *hand* back across the body(*diagonally downward for a* **l. C.**; *straight*, i. e. parallel to floor, *for a* **w. C.**), *cutting* the *air* with the *edge* of the *little finger, straightening* the arm at *elbow* as soon as possible; and, last of all, *with a* sudden *turn of* the *wrist, throwing* the *hand* into position, *with* the *fingers pointing away* from *body* (parallel to floor in **l. C.** and **prone C.**, slightly or decidedly upward in **w. C.** or **s. C.**).

In preparing for **C.** gestures with **both hands, B. C.**, whether at the waist or breast, the two hands frequently cross each other.

l. C., with fingers and **thumb all** folded in as much as possible.

High Closing, h. C. Elbow forward from body, on a level with shoulder, though to one side of it, and bent; wrist forward from elbow, and, as seen by audience, just above it; full hand to audience, with fingers pointing straight up and thumb out to one side of palm.

High C. Finger, h. C. F. or **h. F.** Same as **h. C.**, with all fingers but the first pressed firmly against palm.

High C. Fist, h. C. Ft. Same as **h. C.**, with fingers and thumb all folded in as much as possible.

Middle, m. C. Gesture at breast level.

Wave Closing, w. C. Including breast **C.**, **front C.**, **side C.**, **m. C.**, **bk. C.**

Breast Closing, br. C. Elbow bent, forearm parallel to floor; thumb pointing away from elbow and visible to audience: fingers straight, together and parallel to vest collar, and edge of little finger to audience.

Front, f. C. The same, with elbow slightly bent, and palm and all fingers and thumb visible to audience.

Side, s. C. Similar, but with arm straight and only side of first finger and thumb visible to audience, palm outward.

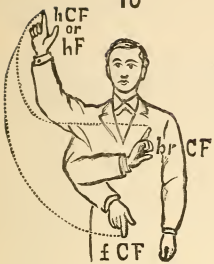
Breast, br. C. F. Same as **br. C.**, with all fingers but first folded on palm.

Middle, m. or **s. C. F.** Same as **br. C. F.**, with wrist unbent and **F.** pointing outward.

Wave, w. C. Ft. Same as **w. C.**, with fingers and thumb all folded together.

☞ The student who will learn to apply the above directions will be able to make, in the best way, all the gestures that he will be apt to need in ordinary **Oratory**. Besides this, as soon as he has mastered the system he will find that it admits of almost any amount of variety,—in fact, that all gestures, even the most **dramatic**, are merely modifications of these, made more angular or circular (§§ 184, 186) to suit the sentiment.

10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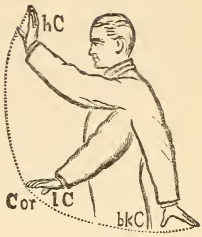
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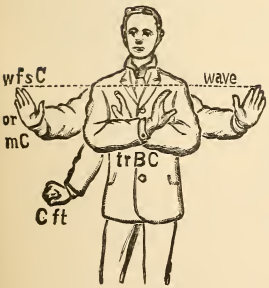
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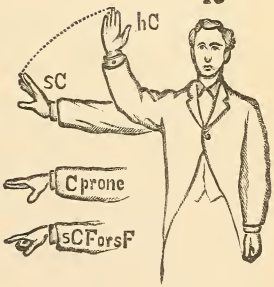
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180. **Preparation for the Gesture.** It is often more important to move the arms rightly when preparing for a gesture, and *in passing from one gesture to another*, than to have the arm and hand in a right position when the gesture closes.

181. Reasons. In gestures referring to surrounding objects or describing them, there is *more* **meaning** in the preparatory movements than in the close. Hence the necessity of having these movements slow, in order that their significance may be clearly perceived.

a. The **eyes** of the audience often *dwell longer* on the movements of preparation than on the close. Hence the necessity, especially in cases where, as instanced under the last head, these movements must be slow, of having the arms move freely through wide and large arches. Otherwise there will be little gracefulness in their appearance.

b. The **after-effects** of a gesture are *powerful* in the degree in which the end of the *stroke* is given with *rapidity* and *from a distance*. The first of these effects cannot be produced except by way of contrast with previous *slow movements*, nor the second except at the end of movements made through *long arches*. Hence both of these conditions, previously mentioned, are demanded by the requirements of *strength*.

182. **Significant, graceful and strong** effects in the movements preparatory for gestures result in the degree in which these are made *slowly* and *describe long arches*.

In preparing for a gesture, therefore, one should begin some seconds before the time for the stroke, fit the movement of the arm to the phrase that follows, and not exhaust this movement before reaching the word at which the gesture closes. Even in a merely emphatic gesture in which there is no attempt at description, and *no matter how rapidly the words may be flowing*, one should raise his arm slowly, as if taking aim like a skillful boxer, and thus give the stroke when the time comes in such a way as to make it effective. A gesture given in this manner is more apt than any other to have *meaning* and *grace*, and, above all, to convey that impression of *self-control* which is so important in the manner of an orator. A man may appear, and if eloquent will appear, to be full of emotion; but this will not influence others much unless it appears to be a rational, regulated emotion, held well in hand and directed wisely.

As a rule, *no man can control an audience who does not show that he can control himself.*

183. **Size of Gesture Movements.** These should differ according to the different degrees and kinds of emphasis that they are intended to represent.

a. It is necessary to notice only two general tendencies of thought to which this principle is applicable.

184. Because in the degree in which thought is conceived of as about or above one, the hands move about or above the body—

a. The **grander** and **loftier,** the more *comprehensive* and *elevating*, the nature of the thought to be emphasized, the *wider* and *higher* will be *the sweep of the arms* in preparing for a gesture, and this fact will also determine their *position* at its close; e. g.

In the degree in which an orator becomes interested in a subject or audience, considering it or them as of greater scope or size, importance or dignity, the Opening Gesture, which at first is made only with a straight upward and downward movement of preparation, and ends low down at the side, is made with a circular movement of preparation across the waist, and ends higher up and farther out from the body.

185. We must be careful not to emphasize *small ideas* with *grand gestures.* If we do, the appearance of incongruity between the thing and the thing signified may produce **laughter;** or, to state the principle differently,

a. **Exaggerated Preparatory Movements** are used to give a ludicrous or sarcastic effect to the emphasis of a gesture. (*See* § 209: 4.)

186. Because, in the degree in which an *interest* in outward objects, such as causes one to dwell upon them descriptively, is slight, the *roundabout* movements, or the wave in connection with the upward and downward movements, is slight—

a. The **sharper,** the **more passionate,** the nature of the thought to be emphasized, *the more straight and angular* will be *the movement of the arms* in preparing for a gesture, and *their position* at its close; e. g.

The closing gesture made with a *circular* movement, and ending with the wrist only *slightly bent upward, represses;* e. g.

No, no, darling; don't do that.

But *pushed straight*, with the wrist *bent sharply upward*, as is necessary in order to complete the idea of pushing, it *repels;* e. g.

Away, base fiend!

187. **The Return of the Gesture.** The hand should be kept in position a moment after the stroke of the gesture, then ordinarily allowed to fall easily and naturally to the side; *but* the *stronger*, the *more sustained* and *persistent*, the nature of the thought to be emphasized, *the more tendency* there will be *to make a combination* or series of gestures.

a. Single gestures can represent emotion that is *spasmodic* only. It is by *repeated* and *accumulated* emphasis that the *most powerful effects* are produced, both in elocution and gesticulation.

188. The following **combined gestures** need to be mentioned:

a. The Opening Shake Gesture. In this, after the stroke, the elbow is moved rapidly backward and forward, and the wrist, at the same time, is bent and unbent, describing with the hand an arc smaller and smaller, till the shake closes with the arm and hand in the same position as that in which it began. It is used where it seems necessary to emphasize vigorously *a whole phrase*, rather than a single word; e. g.

Who distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen?

Avoid the faults of *moving the elbow* and not *the wrist*, and *moving the wrist* and not *the elbow*.

189. After the stroke of the *opening gesture*, the hand, instead of remaining in position, sometimes has a tendency to rebound. When the emphasis is strong, it is well to indulge this tendency, and give form to it in the

Opening Snatch Gesture. In this the hand, immediately after the stroke, is snatched away, and across the body, to form *a fist* resting *on the opposite waist* or chest; or else, if a gesture of inspiration, snatched straight up, to form an *opening high finger gesture.*

Avoid the fault of *not making an unmistakable opening gesture before* snatching up the hand.

190. **Closing Shake Gesture.** In this the hand, after the stroke, continues to move up and down from the wrist, either with increasing or lessening rapidity. Like the Opening Shake, it is used where it seems necessary to emphasize vigorously *a whole phrase*, rather than a single word.

191. **Closing Shuffle Gesture,** in which the hand, after the stroke, continues to move *from side to side* at the wrist. It has a meaning similar to that of the Shake Gesture; but, because it is much more distinctly visible to an audience, it is much more frequently used.

In the following passage, a slow shuffle, with the downward gesture, would be appropriate:

. . . Not of subjection and slavery; not of agony and distress; but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

In the following, a rapid, high shuffle, with the upward gesture:

They offer us protection; yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs,—covering and devouring them.

a. Opening Shuffle and Closing Snatch Gestures are also used.

In general, the principle under consideration leads to the following:

192. *Make a Series of Gestures,* if it be necessary to gesture at all. Do not stop with a single one.

Hence the necessity of learning how to make a series of gestures that shall all be appropriate, and yet have variety; and how to pass from one to another with movements of preparation that shall be at once *significant*, *graceful* and *strong*. The *following exercises* (or *better*, perhaps — because it will save the student extra work — the order of the gestures, in § 201) will suggest the manner of passing from one gesture to another. The stroke of the gesture in each case precedes the (. .). After the stroke has been made, hold the hand still for a moment, then pass to the next gesture.

1. Practice the first of the following with the *Right*, then with the *Left*, then with *Both* hands:

FIRST.

Low O . . wave low O to front low O, then to low side O . . wave to breast O, then to breast level or middle side O . . to high O . . to low O, and snatch to C Ft on opposite

waist . . wave to low O . . to front low O . . to low O . . to low side O . . turn to C, at the same time bringing the hand forward, with arm straight, and wave to back C . . shuffle C . . high C . . wave high C to front and side . . to high C and shuffle . . drop till below the level of the face, then wave to breast C . . wave to side front, and lift to high C . . drop to C front middle and prone . . wave to breast C . . wave downward to low C . . lift to breast C . . wave to low back C Ft . . to low back C.

SECOND.

Front O F pointing down . . repeat the same gesture . . wave to low O . . to side O . . to C F pointing up on the breast . . to C F pointing at side . . to C F pointing up on the breast . . change to C and wave to front C . . to side C . . lift to high C . . change to h C F . . wave to side C F . . wave to low front O F pointing down . . wave to low O . . stroke l O and snatch to high O F (knuckles out) . . change to high O . . low O . . wave low O . . stroke low O and snatch to C Ft on opposite waist . . wave to O Ft low . . O Ft high . . low O . . stroke low C and snatch to C Ft on opposite waist . . change to C and wave to low side C . . lift C at side to high C . . change to high C F, and shuffle or shake it . . change to C, and, keeping wrist bent up and arm straight, drop high C at side slowly to low side C.

In the selections (§§ 211–219) will be found a large number of declamations, in which appropriate (not the only admissible) gestures are marked. By studying them, the student will learn how these gestures and their preparatory movements may be fitted to the sense.

THE COUNTENANCE.

193. **In ordinary Oratory** the expression of this should not change greatly, but in connection with the dramatic gestures mentioned below it may change to any extent.

It does not fall within the province of this work to treat this subject exhaustively. It is sufficient merely to notice that, in general, the same principles apply here as to the gestures with the hands and arms; e. g.

An *upward* movement of the **eyes** or **muscles of the face** (as in the elevated forehead and brows) refers to what is conceived of as *above* one, in the sense explained in § 170; a *downward* movement of the same (as in the *frown* or the *protruding chin*) refers to what is conceived of as *under* or *below* one; and a movement to the *side*, or sides (as in the *smile* and *cry*), to what is *beside* one or relative. To be more specific:

194. The **eye** represents *that which one has in view*; i. e. the *tendency or direction of thought*, which, as has been said, may be *upward*, as in adoration; *downward*, as in sullenness; or *sideward*, as in attention. In **Oratory,** the audience is the chief object of consideration, and likes to be so treated; therefore, in public address,—especially before juries,—one should never forget that the eye can do more than anything else, perhaps, to hold the attention of those upon whom it gazes. It should not often be turned away from them,—not to the *floor*, e. g., in the *bow*, nor to the *hand* in the *gesture*. In the degree, however, in which Oratory becomes acting, one's glance may be directed toward any object of thought perceived, or conceived of, as *above*, *about* or *under* one.

Besides this, it may be added that the eyes *burn* in *anger*, *weep* in *sorrow*, and have a *vacant look* in *deep thought*, *introspection*, indifference to outward sights, etc. (For additional suggestions, *see* Chart of Dramatic Gestures, § 200.)

195. The **forehead, eyebrows, eyelids,** and **muscles of the cheeks** surrounding the eye, indicate the *character*, *kind* or *quality* of the impressions that the mind has with reference to the objects toward which the eye is directed. They act in connection with the eye somewhat as the fingers in different gestures do in connection with the movements of the hands and arms. When all the muscles surrounding the eye seem relaxed, and the eyelids droop, they indicate,—as in the case of the hands falling at the sides,—*indifference* or *languor*. When they all seem to be drawn away from the eye, as if aiding to open it, they emphasize, like the opening gesture, *a desire to receive or impart;* they *exaggerate* the act of *attention*, and indicate, in various degrees, *interest*, *surprise*, *admiration*, *hope*, *joy*. When, in connection with such movements, the muscles of the forehead seem to be influenced only by an upward movement they refer to *something conceived of as above one*. When, while the forehead in general is elevated, the brows are slightly drawn down and knit together, they indicate, like the downward gesture with the opening fist, **force** and **authority,** with the conception of *an ability to master* exercised upon that to which attention is directed. When, in connection with the expanding of the muscles about the eye and the upward tendency of the forehead, the latter is, nevertheless, folded together vertically, as if to close out, rather than receive, the influences of that to which attention is directed, the effect is like that of the upward closing gesture, indicating a *desire to*

shut out or *repress* what is *unpleasant* or causes *anxiety*, *grief* or *despondency*. When, in addition to the folding of the forehead, the eyebrows are drawn down and knit together, they indicate, like the downward gesture with the closing, repellant hand (*see* §§ 175, 186) or the closing fist, a *desire to oppose the hostile influence*, as well as the feeling, also, that one has the ability to do so; i. e. *indignation* or *anger*.

196. The movement of the **muscles of the nose,** when "drawn up," as is said, seems to derive its significance chiefly from its relations to the *eye*, that, in connection with it, is always directed toward the object concerning which is conceived a simple feeling of *repulsion* or a decided feeling of *disgust* and *contempt*. It may be said, therefore, to correspond to the relative (i. e. to the front or side closing) gesture.

a. As for the **nostrils,** it will be noticed that they open, as do the muscles about the eye, to express *interest*, *surprise*, *admiration*, *hope*, *joy*,—very forcibly so to express *pride*, *exaltation*, or a sense of mastery; and that they close to express *anxiety*, *grief*, *despondency;* and at times rigidly so to express *indignation* and *anger*.

197. The **lips** and **mouth,** in *indifference*, *weakness* and *irresolution*, are relaxed, a state corresponding to that of the hands when dropped at the side. Corresponding to various positions of the opening and closing gestures, we find that in *eager listening* the mouth is almost always open, and in *resolute determination*, closed. In *surprise*, as though in view of something above one, the lips are slightly opened,—the upper and under teeth are apart,—the middle of the upper lip is lifted a little, but without any rigidity of the muscles; while, to give effect to this position, the lower lip, with the jaw and chin, are drawn backward and inward (upward opening gesture). Notice this position, as intensified in the exclamation "Whew!" In *energy* and *decision*, combined with a feeling of mastery, the upper and under teeth are partly or wholly brought together, the upper lip is pressed firmly down upon the under, which, with the under jaw, is thrust forward (the downward fist gesture). In *laughter*, which is always *relative*, the lips are lifted at the side corners, and the mouth opened horizontally (opening side). On the other hand, in *apprehension*, *fear*, *grief*, resulting, of course, when one is under the influence of something that he cannot master, the middle of the lips are lifted, while, giving effect to this, the sides are drawn down rigidly (as though repressing or repelling, as in the upward closing gesture), and the lower lip and chin held back and in. In *agony*, the lips are compressed, indicating more effort of the will in resistance; and in *anger* and *malice*, the upper lip is pressed upon the lower, which, with the chin, is thrust forward (downward closing or fist closing gesture). In *disgust* and *contempt*, the chin is also thrust forward, with the lips curled downward in the former (repressing closing, § 186) and curled upward in the latter (repellant closing, § 186). In *crying*, which, like laughter, is *relative*, the mouth is opened horizontally, with the lips drawn rigidly to either side (side closing wave). In *pouting*, they are thrust up and out in front (front closing).

198. In the countenance, as elsewhere, **comic effects** are produced by a combination of extravagance and incongruity; the latter, e. g., from having one portion of the face represent one set of emotions and another portion another set, or from having the whole countenance represent emotions diametrically the opposite of those that the circumstances warrant.

SUBJECTIVE GESTURES.

199. **Subjective Gestures,** as explained (§ 163), differ from Objective gestures, to which, mainly, the movements in ordinary Oratory are confined, in that, instead of being intended to represent the relation of a subject to the hearers, they represent its relation to the speaker. For instance, a man lifts his hands above his head, throwing them out in the direction of the audience, because he conceives that the subject of which he is speaking is a grand one, and should appeal to others as a grand one. He lifts himself — his head, trunk, etc.— either in connection with his hands or not, because he feels the effect of its grandeur on himself, or feels himself equal to the demand that there is for discussing it.

In making these gestures, all the parts of the body are usually more or less enlisted, and the direction of the movements (of the hands, e. g.) is usually from the audience toward the speaker.

200. As the main object in all speaking, even when endeavoring to show the relation of a subject to the speaker, is to impress others, these Subjective gestures are almost always combined, necessarily, with Objective ones.

The following chart will indicate sufficiently for the purpose of this book the different attitudes and movements appropriate for the ideas that one is most frequently called upon to represent through the use of these gestures. The principles underlying the chart, aside from those already explained, are that the *head* represents mental; the *breast*, moral or emotional; the *lower trunk*, physical; and the *legs*, like the *arms* (§§ 183, 186), determinative or volitive conceptions.

Chart of Dramatic Gestures, Mainly Subjective.

	HEAD.	EYES, BROWS.	LIPS, COUNTENANCE.	TRUNK.	ARMS AND HANDS.	LOWER LIMBS.	MOVEMENTS.
Pride	erect		satisfied	erect		straight	slow.
Joy	*idem*	open wide	smiling	*idem*	waved or shaken.	*idem*, advanc'g.	quick, graceful.
Courage	*idem*	*idem*	bold	*idem*		*idem*	slow.
Determination	*idem*	knit brows	compressed firm	*idem*	fist gestures	*idem*	*idem*, angular.
Authority	*idem*	*idem*	*idem*	*idem*	C extend'd in fr'nt	stamping	quick, angular.
Indignation	*idem*	burning eye, contrac'd brow	nostrils dist'ded	*idem*, shaking	fist shaken	*idem*	*idem*.
Reproach	*idem*	*idem*	scornful	erect	C lifted in front		angular.
Arrogance	thrown back		sneering slightly	thrown back	arms folded; or akimbo, elbows forward	straight and straddling	*idem*.
Self-Sufficiency	*idem*		*idem*	*idem*	*idem*	*idem*	*idem*.
Self-Importance	*idem*		*idem*	*idem*	*idem*	*idem*	*idem*.
Disdain	*id*, away fr. obj.		*idem*	*idem*	C waving obj. off		quick, angular.
Dissent	tossed back		*idem*				*idem*.
Slight Doubt				shoulders shrugged	B O waved out, elbows ag't hips		quick.
Anxiety		restless	restless	turning about		restless	*idem*, angular.
Deprecation	tossed back	earnest	earnest	inclined forw'd.	hands clasped	almost kneel'g, or on one or both knees	advancing and stopping.
Supplication	held back	*idem*	*idem*	*idem*	*idem*	*idem*	still or restless.
" intense.	*idem*	*idem*	*idem*	*idem*	*idem*, or wrung	*idem*	*idem*.
Resignation	moved back	slowly lifted	placid	*idem*	hands across br'st	on one knee	slow.
" great.	held back	fixedly lifted	*idem*	erect	hands folded	erect	*idem*.
Surprise	thrown back	open'd on object	mouth open	*idem*	B C thrown up	retiring	quick, angular.
Adoration	*idem*	looking up	lips together but teeth apart	bent forward	hands clasped	kneeling	slow, graceful.
Admiration	chin forward	opened on object	smiling	bent toward object	B C waved out from breast	advancing	*idem*.
Expectation	*idem*	*idem*	earnest	*idem*		*idem*	*idem*.
Courtesy	*idem*	*idem*	smiling	inclined forw'd	O or B O waved forward	*idem*	*idem*.
Sympathy	*idem*	*idem*	genial	*idem*	*idem*	*idem*	*idem*.
Attention	*idem*	*idem*	eager	*idem*	finger on lips	erect	

If source of sound known.	with ear toward object	or eye strained toward object	*idem*, mouth open	inclined toward object	*idem*, or forming side C; other C behind ear	apart	
If source of sound unknown.	moving from side to side	restless	restless	restless	B C arms straight if pleased; bent if alarmed	moving from side to side	slow if pleased; quick if alarmed.
Appeal to conscience.	thrown forward	looking forward	earnest	erect.....	one hand on breast	erect.....	slow.
Appeal to heaven.	*idem*, then up	*idem*, then up	*idem*	*idem*	*idem*, and the other pointing up	*idem*	*idem.*
Terror	*idem*, then drawn back	staring at object	affrighted, contorted	if object distant, bent for'd; if near, drawn b'k	B C drawn back, elbows bent	retiring	quick, then slower.
Horror	*idem*	*idem*	*idem*	inwardly shrinking	*idem*, or B C extended	knees bent	transfixed.
Apprehension followed by Aversion.	chin forward, then face turned away	*idem*, then turned away	*idem*, then scornful	inclined forward, then tossed back	B O high, held near face, then B C repellingly	advancing, then retiring	quick, then slower.
Reflection	bent down	cast down.....	serious	inclined forw'd	finger on lips, its elbow on opp'te hand; or backs of hands on waist, arms akimbo	erect.....	slow.
Humility	*idem*	*idem*	*idem*	prostrate when great	....	kneeling, or prostrate when great	*idem.*
Assent	nodding.....	....	.....	.....	.....	.....	quick.
Veneration.....	bowed down ..	cast down.....	serious	.....	hands crossed on breast	.....	slow.
Bashfulness	hung down to one side	looking forward	blushing	erect or wriggling	finger or fist in mouth	bent, relaxed ..	awkward.
Melancholy	hung down to left side	.....	sad	.....	loosely hanging or together	bent, relaxed ..	languid.
Sudden Grief ...	cast down	wide, wild	open, wild	thrown back ..	hand on forehead	retiring	one long step.
Grief	*idem*	weeping	drawn down ...	bowed forward	wringing hands ..	*idem*	slow.
Confusion	*idem*	.....	.....	tossed back...	hand on eyes	.....	quick and slow.
Shame	*idem*	cast down.....	contorted	bowed forward	hand on forehead	bent or kneeling	rigid.
Self-Abhorrent Malevolence.	*idem*	look'g stealthily forward	frowning and sneering	shrinking and crouching	shoulders up, B C drawn in, arms bent	cringing and crawling	angular.

SELECTIONS FOR DECLAMATION.

201. Before attempting to declaim, students should understand the following principles, and be able to apply them.

Elementary Principles of Time, Pitch and Force. In the degree in which ideas expressed are serious, grave, dignified and self-determined, **time** is slow, **pitch** low, and **force** full (§§ 140–145). In the degree in which ideas are light, gay, lively and uncontrolled, **time** is fast, **pitch** high, and **force** slight.

In ordinary Oratory, **time** is much slower, **pitch** about the same, and **force** much greater, than in conversation (§ 146).

Time is slower in all passages (§ 40), and the voice **pauses** in uttering all words (§ 35), that introduce into the general sense special importance, information or peculiarity.

Time is faster in all passages, and the voice slights all words, expressing what is insignificant, known, acknowledged or repetitious in statement or sequence.

☞ Marks of punctuation do not always accompany nor indicate places for elocutionary pauses (§ 35).

Pitch. **Falling** Inflections (for decisive or positive ideas) are used with those words before pauses which positively affirm a fact, principle or belief, or emphatically point out an object or idea (in the speaker's opinion) important in itself, irrespective of further consideration. The Falling Inflection closes the sense (directing attention toward what has been said), as the period closes the sentence (§§ 43, 50, etc.).

Rising Inflections (for indecisive, negative, doubtful ideas) are used with words that express ideas in open contrast with positive ideas (and, in this sense, negative), or ideas whose importance, interest or certainty depends on something expressed in another part of the sentence or passage; hence, any ideas repeated, trite, acknowledged or insignificant, and most negative, conditional and interrogative clauses. But "not" and "if" are sometimes used to express positive ideas or facts, e. g. Thou shalt not stèal — If ye knòw these things (as you do), etc. And a question may contain a statement equally positive, e. g. Isn't she beàutiful? (§§ 43, 49–51).

Double or **Circumflex** Inflections (moving in two directions) emphasize ideas of double reference or meaning; hence all important words used in comparison or contrast with something else (i. e. in illustration or antithesis), or in doubtful, insincere, sarcastic, ironical expressions. The circumflex ends, according as the main sense demands, downward ∧ or upward ∨ (§§ 69–74).

When several words together all express the same general idea, only the last word receives the appropriate falling or rising inflection; e. g. Subjection and slàvery (§§ 65, 66). Falling Inflections **start higher** than the general pitch, and rising inflections **lower,** except at the end of a paragraph, or for variety (§§ 75–77).

Force. As a rule, more force is always used with words emphasized by pauses and inflections, and upon the last word of each sentence (§ 98).

202. **Meaning** of the **Marks of Emphasis** (§§ 29, 30):
Pauses: short / long // /// Time: *fast, mod.* [erate], *slow.*
Quantity is sufficiently indicated usually by the pauses.
Inflections: upward ′ downward ‵ upward circumflex ∼ ⌣ downward circumflex ˆ, downward started high ˋ.

Pitch: very high (*hh*), high (*h*), medium (*m*), low (*l*), very low (*ll*).

Stress: initial >, terminal <, median <>, compound ><, thorough ≈, tremulous ~~.

Force (in *italics*) or very loud (*ff*), loud (*f*), soft (*p*), very soft (*pp*).

Quality: pure *P*, orotund *O*, aspirate *A*, guttural *G*, pectoral *Pec.*

Gestures (§§ 176–179), always marked on a line above the words on which they are used.

	Movement preceding the		*stroke of the gesture:*
***w**	*wave*, parallel to floor.	***O**	opening.
tr	from the side across (*trans.*) body.	**C**	closing.
		C	**prone**, when fingers form a straight line with arm.
br	movement to the *breast.*		
s	" " *side.*	**F**	finger.
f	" " *front.*	**Ft**	fist.
bk	" " *back.*	**B**	both hands.
h	" *high* above head.	**R**	right hand.
m	" *middle*, i. e. at level of breast.	**L**	left hand.
			Where neither R nor L is used, gesture with *either* hand.
l	" *low*, below waist.		

For **snatch, shuffle, shake,** *see* §§ 188–191.

Unless otherwise marked, *waves* are on a level with the breast, and all other gestures are *low*.

203. **Directions.** Students should first learn the **Preliminary Exercise,** § 209.

a. Next, until they know how to apply for themselves the principles underlying the marks in this exercise, they should select for declamation some (and read over all) of the **marked Declamations** in §§ 211–226.

☞ For beginners, and those who do not speak with sufficient spirit, the first among these selections are the best.

204. After this, with special reference to emphasis, students should **read** by themselves, or, better, before an instructor, one or more of the **unmarked declamations** that in this work immediately follow the marked ones that they have read or recited.

205. As for the **marks,** let students remember that these indicate one, not the only appropriate way of delivering any given passage; because the same phraseology may

* For the manner of *forming* these gestures, see pp. 136–140; for their *meaning*, p. 134.

be made to convey or make prominent different ideas, according to the conception or wish of the speaker. (§§ 32, 53, 63, etc.) Let students find out why the particular emphasis or gesture that is marked is appropriate, and not forget that unless they can gain such control of themselves as to deliver at will these passages as the author of this book conceives of their meaning, they cannot at will deliver them as they themselves conceive of their meaning.

206. As a rule, in these selections,

a. Pauses are not marked except in places where otherwise they might be overlooked.

b. Upward inflections it has not been thought necessary, in all cases, to mark.

c. Downward inflections are all marked; but the majority of these are to be given with merely a downward bend of the voice, starting higher than the general pitch. (*See* §§ 75–77.)

207. A **greater number** of **gestures** are marked than, in an ordinary oration, it would be appropriate to make. The object of marking so many of them is to afford the pupil as much practice of gesticulation as possible in a given space, and also an opportunity of selecting from a large number of gestures those that he can use most readily in public.

208. Advanced pupils, by consulting the references given in previous sections of this work, and the captions and marks used in connection with the following selections, will find among the latter illustrations of all the different elements of emphasis considered in this book.

Preliminary Exercise in Declamation.

209. In order to understand pauses, inflections, force and gestures, let the student *explain* the marks in the following.

In order to overcome bad habits of delivery and to begin to cultivate good ones, let him practice it, till he can declaim it perfectly as marked.

1 R O* 1 R O
1. The war | must go *ȯn.* We must fight it | *thrȯugh.*
bk R C
And, if the war | must go ón, | why put off *lȯnger* |
m R O 1
the declaration | of *indepȅndence?* That measure | will
R O snatch to C Ft on op. waist l f R O l s R O
strȅngthen us: it will give us *chȧracter* ‖ *abrȯad.* If we

* For the manner of *forming* these gestures, see pp. 136–140; for their *meaning*, p. 134.

w to l s L C
fâil, | it can be no *wórse* | for us. But we shall *nŏt* fail.
l L O l s L
The cause | will raise up | *ârmies;* the cause | will create |
O l R O
nâvies. The *pēople*, | the *pēople*, | if we are *trúe* to them, |
R C F up on br w m R C to s f R C h R C
will carry *ús*, | and will carry *themselves*, | gloriously |
push R C f and down
thrŏugh | this strûggle. Sír, | the declaration | will inspire |
the people | with increased ‖ *cŏurage.* Instead of a *long* |
w tr to R C F on br pointing up
and *bloody* | *wár* | for *restoration* | of *prívileges*, | for *re-*
front l R O w to l R O
dress | of *griévances*, | for *chartered* | *immúnities*, | held |
h R O
under a *British* | *king*, ‖ set before them | the *glorious* |
h R O F turn to h R C and push
object | of *entire* | *indepēndence*, | and it will breathe into them
to f and lower R C
anew | the breath | of *life.*

slowly lift R C to shoulder level R C to
Through the *thick* | *gloom* | of the présent ‖ I see the
h R C to h R C F R C F drop
brightness | of the *future*, | as the *sûn* | in *heâven.* We
m B O w l tr B C
shall make this a *glŏrious*, | an *immŏrtal* | day. When *wé* |
to l s B C turn to l B O wide m B O l
are in our *gráves* | our *children* | will *hŏnor* it. They will
B O
celebrate it | with *thanksgiving*, | with *festivity*, | with *bŏn-*
fires | and *illuminations.* On its annual | retúrn | they will
w to l bk B C
shed | *teârs*— | *cŏpious*, | *gûshing* tears,—not of *subjéction* |
shuffle B C shuffle B C shuffle B C high
and *slávery*,— | not of *ágony* | and *distréss*,— | but of
B O mid B O low B O
exultation, | of *grâtitude* | and of *jŏy.*

w l tr R O to R O hold
2. Tell me, | man of military | *science*, | in how many
turn and w to l bk R C
mónths | were the Pilgrims | all | swept *off* ‖ by the thirty |

savage | tríbes | enumerated | within the early | limits |
w l tr L O to L O l L O
of New Èngland? Tell me, | *politìcian*, | how *lòng* ‖ did
this | shadow | of a cólọny, | on which your convéntions |
w to l bk L C
and tréaties | had not smíled, | *lànguish* | on the distant |
w l tr B O to B O l B O w l tr B C to l B C
còast? Student | of *hìstory*, | *compàre* for me | the baffled |
shuffle bk B C shuffle bk B C
pròjects, | the abandoned | advèntures | of *òther* times, |
turn to l B O
and find a *pàrallel* ‖ of *thìs*.

3. Now, sír, | what was the cónduct | of your *ôwn* |
R C F at side pointing l front R C F pointing down
allies | to Pòland? | Is there a *single* | *atròcity* | of the
repeat F down repeat F repeat F repeat F w to
Frènch | in Itály, | in Swítzerland,— | in *Ègypt*, | if you
l R O l R O l R O snatch to fist on op waist
pléase,— | more | *unpríncipled* | and *inhùman* | than that of
front R C F down repeat F repeat F w to R O
Rússia, | Aústria | and Prússia | in *Pòland?*

l R O exaggerated s R O f R O turn
4. *Yês; thèy* will give *enlîghtened* freedom to *õur* minds,
to R C F up on br w m R C to f s m R C prone stroke stroke
who are *themsêlves* the *slâves* of pássion, ávarice and prìde!
w R C tr to br R C w m R C to s
They offer us their *protèction: yês, sûch* protection as *vûl-*
f R C h R C shuffle l R C
tures give to *lâmbs*,— covering and *devoùring* them!

w to l bk B C
Tell your inváders | we seek | nô | change,— | and |
l B O wide l B O
least of ãll, | *sûch* | change | as *thêy* | would brìng us.

Students who cannot give the downward inflection may, at first, attempt to accent each word necessitating a downward inflection as if the sentence ended on it. After they have acquired facility in doing this they can learn to start the downward inflection, if necessary, on a higher key (§§ 75–77.) Beginners should use only the closing part of the circumflex, which, unless very emphatic, is not well given except when it is slightly given, and usually requires some cultivation of the voice.

VEHEMENT, VIGOROUS AND APPELLATORY SELECTIONS.

For obvious reasons, the extracts published in this work are none of them of a partisan, sectional or sectarian character; and have all been selected, on the principle of the *survival of the fittest*, from those that, in the author's own experience, have been found to be best adapted for the purposes for which they are used.

210. In all these the predominating

Time is *slower*, **Pitch** slightly *higher*, and **Tone** much *louder* than in ordinary conversation.

Force is *natural*, tending toward *sustained* (§§ 113, 114); *explosive* on very vehement passages, otherwise *expulsive*; and

Quality, *orotund*, often made *aspirate* to express intensity, and *guttural* to express hostility (§§ 135-137).

211. **Assertive, Positive Style; mainly Downward Inflections.** Predominating *Terminal* stress (§ 101); but on vehement passages, *Initial* (§ 100), and sometimes, on very emphatic syllables, not followed by others in the same word, *Compound* (*see* § 45: b, c; § 103: a).

1. REPLY TO MR. FLOOD, 1783.—*Henry Grattan.*

It is not the slander of an evil tòngue that can defâme me. No
man, who has not a *bâd* | character, | can ever say that I *decèived.*
No country can call me a *chèat.* But I will *suppòse* such a public
châracter. I will suppose such a man | to have | exìstence. I will
begin with his character in his political | crâdle, and I will follow
him to the last stage of political | dissolùtion. I will suppóse him,
l f R O
in the first stage of his life, to have been *intèmperate;* in the second,
l R O s R O
to have been *corrùpt;* and in the last, *sedìtious;*—that, after an
w to br m R C
envenomed attâck on the persons and measures of a succession of
w m R C to s R C
víceroys, and after much | declamation against théir illegalities and
w tr R C to waist and w to l f R O
their profúsion, hè | took office, and became a supporter | of Gov-
l R O
ernment, when the profusion of ministers had greatly *increàsed*, and
l s R O
their crimes *mûltiplied* beyond exâmple.

With regard to the liberties | of América, which were insépar-
w br L C to
able | from óurs, I will suppose this gentleman to have been an

m s L C w tr L C to s L C
ênemy decíded and unresèrved; that he voted agàinst | her lìberty,
w m tr L C F to m s L C F
and voted, moreover, for an address to send *four* | *thousand* | *Irish* |
tròops | to cut the *thròats* | of the Americans; that he called these
l L O
butchers "*armed* | *negòtiators*," and stood with a *mètaphor* in his
m L C
móuth and a *brìbe* in his pócket, a chãmpion *agàinst* the *rights* of
l B O m B O
America,—of *Amèrica*, the *ònly hòpe* of *Irêland*, and the *only* |
l B O
refuge of the *liberties* | of *mankìnd*. Thus defective in every | relationship, whether to constitútion, cómmerce, or tolerátion, I will
l f R O F w to
suppose this man to have added much *prìvate* | impròbity to pub-
l R O l f R O w
lic | crìmes; that his *probity* was like his *pàtriotism*, and his *honor*
l f R C to s R C
on a level with his *òath*. He loves to deliver panégyrics on himsélf. I will interrùpt him, and sáy:

Sir, you are much *mistàken* if you think that your tãlents have been as *great* as your lîfe has been *reprehènsible*. You began your parliamentary career with an àcrimony and personàlity which could
l L O
have been justified only by a supposition of *vìrtue*; after a rank and
w L C to m s L C
clamorous opposition, you became, on a sudden, | *sìlent;* you were
m s L C m s L C
silent for *seven* | *yèars;* you were silent on the *greatest quèstions*,
l L O
and you were silent | for | *mòney!* You supported the unparalleled
l R O
profusion and jobbing of Lord Hàrcourt's | scandalous | mìnistry.
w tr l R O to waist ~ C
Yóu, sír, who manufacture stage | thunder against Mr. Ẽden for
Ft l R O
his | anti-American prínciples,—yóu, sír, whom it pleases to chant
m R O l R O
a hymn to the immortal Hãmpden;—you, sir, *appròved* of the tyranny exercised against *Amèrica*,—and you, sir, voted *four* |
shake l B O f B Ft
thousand | *Irish tròops* to cut the *thròats* of the Americans fighting
wide B O f B O
for their *frèedom*, fighting for *yóur* freedom, fighting for the great |
wide m B O
principle, || *lìberty!* But you found, at last, that the Court had
m s L C w tr L C
bõught, but would not *trûst* you. Mortified at the discovery, you try

to waist L C w L O to
the sorry game of a *trìmmer* in your progress to the acts of an
L O
incèndiary; and observing, with regard to Prince and People, the
R O snatch to C Ft on
most impartial | *treachery* and *desertion*, you *jùstify* the *suspìcion* of
waist w m R C to f s R C w s R C
your Sovereign by *betràying* the *Gôvernment*, as you had sòld the
Pêople. *Sùch* has been your cònduct, and at such conduct every
l R O f
order of your fellow-subjects have a right to *exclàim!* The mér-
l R O l R O
chant may sáy to you, the constitútionalist may sáy to you, the
s R O f R O F w to f h s R C
Américan may sáy to you,—and *Î*, *Î* now say, and say to your *bèard*,
w s R C
sir,—you are *nòt* an *honest* | *màn!*

2. REPLY TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.—*Lord Thurlow.*

I am amazed at the attack which the noble Duke has made on me. Yes, my Lords, I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble Duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble Peer who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these, as to being the accident *of* an accident? To all these noble Lords the language of the noble Duke is as applicable, and as insulting, as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone.

No one venerates the Peerage more than I do; but, my Lords, I must say that the Peerage solicited *me*,—not I the Peerage. Nay, more,—I can say, and *will* say, that, as a Peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this right honorable House, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England,—nay, even in that character alone in which the noble Duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me, as a MAN,—I am at this moment as respectable,—I beg leave to add, I am as much respected, as the proudest Peer I now look down upon!

3. PARLIAMENTARY REFORM, 1831.—*Lord Brougham.*

My Lords, I do not disguise | the *intense* | *solìcitude* which I feel
for the event of this debàte, because I know full well that the *pèace*
of the country is involved in the ìssue. I cannot look without *dis-*
mày at the *rejèction* of this measure of Parliamentary Refòrm. But,
grievous as may be the consequences of a tẽmporary defeat, témpo-
l R O
rary it can *ònly* be; for its *ùltimate*, and even *spèedy* success, is *cèr-*
w m s R C w l
tain. Nothing can now *stòp* it. Do not suffer yourselves to be
B O m br B C w to f B C and to m
persuaded that, even if the prêsent Ministers were driven from the
s BC w tr BC to
hêlm, any one could steer you through the troubles which surround
l s BC
you, *withòut* | *refòrm.* But our successors would take up the task in
l L O
circumstances far less *auspìcious.* Under them, you would be fain
to grant a bill, compared with which, the one we now proffer you is
l R O l R O l f R O w to
mòderate | indèed. Hear the parable of the Sìbyl, for it conveys a
l R O
wise and wholesome mòral. She now appears at your gate, and
offers you mildly the vólumes—the precious vólumes—of wìsdom
and pèace. The price she asks is *rèasonable;* to restore the *fràn-*
w
chise, which, *withòut* any bargain, you ought *voluntàrily* | to gìve.
m R C to s R C m s R C m s
You refùse her terms—her moderate terms;—she darkens the porch
R C prone w
no lònger. But sóon—for you cannot do *withóut* | her wares—you
l s R O l R O down
call her *bàck. Agàin* she comes, but with *diminished* | *trèasures;*
l R O snatch to R C Ft to br
the leaves of the book are in part torn away by lawless hands, in
w l R C to s R C
part defaced with characters of blòod. But the prophetic maid has
l f BO
rìsen in her demands;—it is Parliaments by the *Yèar*—it is Vote
l BO wide BO m tr and
by the *Bàllot*—it is suffrage by the *mìllion!* From this you turn
m s R C w m s R C h R C F
away indìgnant; shake l f R O F f R O w to l
of her *thìrd* coming! for the trẽasure you *must* | have; and what
R O l R O l
prîce she may *next* demand, who | shall tèll? It may even be the

s R O
mace which rests upon that *wòolsack!* What may *fóllow* | your
course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I cannot take upon me to pre-
l f L O l O
díct, nor do I wish to conjècture. But *this* I know full wèll; that,
as sure as man is mòrtal, and to err is húman, *justice* | defèrred |
enhances the *prìce* | at which you must purchase *safety* and *pèace*; —
l f R O
nor can you expect to gather in *anòther* | crop | than they did who
s R O
went *befòre* you, if you persevere in their utterly *abòminable* | *hus-*
w l R C to s R C snatch tr and l R O
bandry, of *sowing* | *injustice* and *reaping* | *rebèllion*.

But, among the awful considerations that now bow down my
mind, there is *òne* that stands preèminent above the rèst. You are
l R O l f R O l f
the *highest* | *judicature* in the rèalm; you sit here as *jùdges*, and
R O F w l s R C
decide all causes, civil and criminal, *without appèal*. It is a judge's |
first | duty never to pronounce a sentence, in the most trifling case,
f B O l B O
without hèaring. Will you make *this* the *excéption?* Are you really
l B O w m s B C
prepared to *determine*, but not to *hear*, the mighty cause, upon which
l B O h R C
a nation's hopes and fears | háng? You *áre?* Then *bewàre* of your
l R O Ft
decìsion! *Rouse* | *nòt*, I beseech you, a peace-loving but a *rèsolute*
w m B
pèople! *Alienate* not from your body the affections of a *whole* | *Ém-*
C l f R O l
pire! As *yòur* friend, as the friend of my *òrder*, as the friend of my
R O m s R O
còuntry, as the faithful | servant of my *sòvereign*, I counsel you to
l L O
assìst, with your uttermost èfforts, in *preserving* the *peace*, and *uphold-*
m L O m
ing and *perpetuating* the *Constitùtion*. Therefore, I pray and exhort
s R C l f R O
you *not* to *rejèct* | this *mèasure*. By *all* you *hold* most *dèar*, by *all*
l R O
the *ties* that bind every one of us to our common | *òrder* and our
s R O f R O h R C h R C
common | *còuntry*, I solemnly *adjùre* you, I *wàrn* you, I *implòre*
tr R C to br w m s R C
you,—yea, on my bended *knées* I *supplicate* you,—*reject* | *nòt* | this
bìll!

4. ON THE IRISH DISTURBANCE BILL. — *Daniel O'Connell.*

I do not rise to fawn or cringe to this House; — I do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful toward the nation to which I belong, — toward a nation which, though subject to England, yet is distinct from it. It is a distinct nation: it has been treated as such by this country, as may be proved by history, and by seven hundred years of tyranny. I call upon this House, as you value the liberty of England, not to allow the present nefarious bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberty of the Press, and of every other institution dear to Englishmen. Against the bill I protest, in the name of the Irish People, and in the face of Heaven. I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertion that grievances are not to be complained of, — that our redress is not to be agitated; for, in such cases, remonstrances cannot be too strong, agitation cannot be too violent, to show to the world with what injustice our fair claims are met, and under what tyranny the people suffer.

The clause which does away with trial by jury, — what, in the name of Heaven, is it, if it is not the establishment of a revolutionary tribunal? It drives the judge from his bench; it does away with that which is more sacred than the Throne itself, — that for which your king reigns, your lords deliberate, your commons assemble. If ever I doubted, before, of the success of our agitation for repeal, this bill, — this infamous bill, — the way in which it has been received by the House; the manner in which its opponents have been treated; the personalities to which they have been subjected; the yells with which one of them has this night been greeted, — all these things dissipate my doubts, and tell me of its complete and early triumph. Do you think those yells will be forgotten? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her

lofty hills? Oh, they will be heard there! — yes, and they will not be forgotten. The youth of Ireland will bound with indignation, — they will say, "We are eight millions, and you treat us thus, as though we were no more to your country than the isle of Guernsey or of Jersey!"

I have done my duty. I stand acquitted to my conscience and my country. I have opposed this measure throughout, and I now protest against it, as harsh, oppressive, uncalled for, unjust; — as establishing an infamous precedent, by retaliating crime against crime; — as tyrannous, — cruelly and vindictively tyrannous!

5. EMPLOYMENT OF INDIANS IN THE AMERICAN WAR.

Earl of Chatham.

My Lords,—Who is the mán that, in addítion to the disgráces and míschiefs of the wár, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tómahawk and scálping-knife of the *sàvage?*— to call into civilized allíance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the *wòods?*— to delegate to the merciless *Ĩndian* the defense of disputed rìghts, and to wage the horrors of *hìs barbarous wàr* against our *brèthren?*
l L O l L O
My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for *redrèss* and *pùnishment.*
w m tr R C to f s R C
But, my Lords, this barbarous measure has been defẽnded, not only
l bk R C bk R C l R O
on the principles of policy and necéssity, but also on those of *mo-*
l BO
ràlity; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use *àll*
wide BO
the means which God and nature have put into our hànds." I am
l B C l B C
astònished, I am *shòcked,* to hear such principles confèssed; to hear them avowed in this Hóuse, or in this coùntry!

My Lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attèntion; but I cannot repress my *indignàtion;*—I feel myself *impèlled*
l R O
to *spèak.* My Lords, we are called upon as members of this *Hòuse,*
f R O s R O m s R C l R C
as *mèn,* as *Chrìstians,* to *protèst against* such *horrible barbàrity!*—
lift R C to h R C hold h R
That *God* | and *nature* | *have put into our hànds!* What ideas of
C down C
God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I

w tr L C to br
know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to re-
L C w to m s L C
ligion and humanity. Whát! to attribute the *sacred sanction of*
l R O Ft
Gŏd and năture to the massacres of the Indian | *scálping-knife!*
l R O s R O w tr C F to waist w C to s C w tr C
to the *cannibal sávage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking*
to waist C
the blood of his mangled víctims! Such notions shock every *precept*
m R O w tr C F to br C F w to l R O
of *morâlity*, every *feeling* of *humânity*, every *sentiment* of *hònor!*
l O w br C to f m C
These abominable principles, and this more abominable avówal of
lift C and turn to l O Ft
them, demand the most decisive *indignàtion!*
w l L O to f O w to s m O m
I call upon that right réverend, and this most learned bénch, to
O h L o l L O l
vìndicate the *religion* of their *Gŏd*, to *support* the *jùstice* of their
O w l R O to l O w tr R C to br C to
còuntry. I call upon the bìshops to interpose the unsullied sanctity
m C w tr C to br C to m
of their lawn,—upon the jùdges, to interpose the purity of their
R C to m s C l R O
ermine, to *săve* us from this *pollùtion*. I call upon the honor of
bk R O
your lordships, to *rèverence* | the *dignity* | of your *àncestors*, and to
m R O
maintain your *ŏwn*. I call upon the *spirit* and *humanity* of my coun-
l B O wide l B O
try, to *vìndicate* the *national chàracter*. I call upon your lórdships,
B C tr w to m f B C prone
and upon every order of men in the stâte, to stamp upon this *in-*
w tr B C to l f B C
famous | *procedure* | the *indelible* | *stigma* of the *public* | *abhòrrence*.

6. CONSEQUENCES OF THE AMERICAN WAR.—*Earl of Chatham.*

This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is no time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot save us, in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne, in the language of Truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can minis-

ters still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to be thus deluded into the loss of the one, and the violation of the other,—as to give an unlimited support to measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us; measures which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt? But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world: now, none so poor as to do her reverence! France, my Lords, has insulted you. She has encouraged and sustained America; and, whether America be wrong or right, the dignity of this country ought to spurn at the officious insult of French interference. Can even *our* ministers sustain a more humiliating disgrace? Do they dare to resent it? Do they presume even to hint a vindication of their honor, and the dignity of the state, by requiring the dismissal of the plenipotentiaries of America? The people, whom they affected to call contemptible rebels, but whose growing power has at last obtained the name of enemies,—the people with whom they have engaged this country in war, and against whom they now command our implicit support in every measure of desperate hostility,—this people, despised as rebels, or acknowledged as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy,—and our ministers dare not interpose with dignity or effect!

My Lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it. You cannot, I venture to say it, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, and strain every effort, still more

extravagantly; accumulate every assistance you can beg or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince, that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign country: your efforts are forever vain and impotent,—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the sordid sons of rapine and of plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms! —never! never! never!

7. THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.—*T. F. Meagher.*

(*O*) The war of centuries is at a *clòse*. The patronage and proscriptions of *Ebrington* have *fâiled*. The procrastination and economy of *Rùssell* | have *trìumphed*. Let a *thanksgìving* | be proclaimed from the pulpit of St. Pâul's.

l f R O
(*A O*) Let the Lords and Commons of England vote their *gràtitude*
l s R O f h
to the vicious and victorious ecònomist! Let the guns of London
R C s h R C back h R C
Tòwer | proclàim the *trìumph* which has cost, in the past, coffers of
s R C prone
gōld and torrents of blōod, and, in *this* year, masses of *putrefâc-*
l B O
tion, | to achieve. England! your great | difficulty is at an *ènd:* your
w l s B C B C back
gallant and impetuous enemy is *dèad*. *Ĭreland*, or rather the remāins
l B O
of Ireland, are *yōurs* at last. (*G O*) Your red ensign floats, not from
h R C F h s R C F
the Cūstom House, where you played the *rōbber;* not from Limerick
s R
wāll, where you played the *cût-throat;* but it flies from a thousand |
C prone w to R C Ft on waist l R O
grâveyards, where the *tìtled* | *nîggards* of your cābinet | have *wōn*
m R O m s R C
the battle which your | *sôldiers* | could not *tèrminate*.
m s R C and down
(*A O*) *Gō;* send your *scourge* | *steamer* to the western | coast to

s R O
convey some *memòrial* of your cònquest; and in the halls where the flags and cannon you have captured from a world of foes are grouped
s R O snatch Ft to waist w
together, there let a *shròud*, stripped from some privileged *côrpse*,
to s R O w s R C w s h R C
be for its proper price | displâyed. Stop not *thère;* change your *wàr*
h R C F h C pr and falling
crest; Amẽrica has her ẽagle; let Êngland have her *vûlture*. What
l R O Ft
emblem | more *fìt* | for the (*G*) rapacious power whose statesmanship |
w R C to m s C w R C Ft tr to br Ft to l R O
depõpulates, and whose commerce | is gorged with famine | prìces?
l R O
(*O*) That is her *prôper* | *sìgnal*. But whatever the monarch | journal-
l B C
ists of Europe may say, (*A O*) Irẽland, thank God, is not *dôwn* | yèt.
l B C l B O Ft
(*A G*) She is on her knẽe; but her hand | is *clinched* | *agàinst* | the
l B O Ft l B O
giant, and she has yet power | to *strîke*.

(*O*) Last year, from the Carpathian heights, we heard the cry of the Polish insurréctionists: "There is hòpe for Poland, while in Poland
l R O f
there is a life to lòse." (*A O*) There is hope for *Irêland*, while in
R O w l s R C w s R C
Irêland there is a life to lòse. True it ís, thousands upon thousands
w s R C m
of our comrades have fállen; but thousands upon thousands still
B O l B C l
survîve; and the *fate* of the dẽad shall quicken the *purposes* of the
B O h R C drop and lift h C
lîving. The stakes are *too* | *hîgh* | for us to throw up the hand until
f h C prone h C w to br C and
the *last* | *card* | has been *plàyed; too hîgh* for us to throw ourselves
f C prone l C
in *despâir* upon the coffins of our *starved* and *swindled pàrtners*.

(*O*) A peasant population, generous and heróic, a mechanic | population, honest and industrious, is at *stàke*.

m B O l B O
They *cànnot*, | *mùst* not, | be | *lòst*.

8. AGAINST CURTAILING THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.—*Victor Hugo.*

Gentlemen: I address the men who govern us, and say to them,—Go on, cut off three millions of voters; cut off eight out of nine, and the result will be the same to you, if

it be not more decisive. What you do not cut off is your own faults; the absurdities of your policy of compression, your fatal incapacity, your ignorance of the present epoch, the antipathy you feel for it, and that it feels for you; what you will not cut off is the times which are advancing, the hour now striking, the ascending movement of ideas, the gulf opening broader and deeper between yourself and the age, between the young generation and you, between the spirit of liberty and you, between the spirit of philosophy and you.

What you will not cut off is this immense fact, that the nation goes to one side, while you go to the other; that what for you is the sunrise is for it the sun's setting; that you turn your backs to the future, while this great people of France, its front all radiant with light from the rising dawn of a new humanity, turns its back to the past.

Gentlemen, this law is invalid; it is null; it is dead even before it exists. And do you know what has killed it? It is that, when it meanly approaches to steal the vote from the pocket of the poor and feeble, it meets the keen, terrible eye of the national probity, a devouring light, in which the work of darkness disappears.

Yes, men who govern us, at the bottom of every citizen's conscience, the most obscure as well as the greatest, at the very depths of the soul, (I use your own expression,) of the last beggar, the last vagabond, there is a sentiment, sublime, sacred, insurmountable, indestructible, eternal, — the sentiment of right! This sentiment, which is the very essence of the human conscience, which the Scriptures call the corner-stone of justice, is the rock on which iniquities, hypocrisies, bad laws, evil designs, bad governments, fall, and are shipwrecked. This is the hidden, irresistible obstacle, veiled in the recesses of every mind, but ever present, ever active, on which you will always exhaust yourselves; and which,

whatever you do, you will never destroy. I warn you, your labor is lost; you will not extinguish it, you will not confuse it. Far easier to drag the rock from the bottom of the sea, than the sentiment of right from the heart of the people!

9. RESISTANCE TO BRITISH AGGRESSION.—*Patrick Henry.*

Mr. President: It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth,—to know the worst, and to provide for it!

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet! Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss! Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love?

Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which

kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them?—Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not already been exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the Throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the Throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. If we wish to be free,—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending,—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained,—we must fight; I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

10. THE WAR INEVITABLE, March, 1775.—*Patrick Henry.*

They tell us, sir, that we are wèak, — unàble to còpe with so formidable an àdversary. But when shall we be *strònger?* Will it be the next wéek, or the next yéar? Will it be when we are totally disármed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every hóuse? Shall we gather strength by irresolútion and ináction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual | resístance by lying supínely on our
l O w tr C Ft to br C Ft and w to l B O
bácks, and hugging the delusive phantom of hópe, until our enemies
l B O Ft l B O w l B C
shall have bound us | hand | and foót? Sír, we are *nòt* weak, if we make a proper | use | of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our pòwer.

l R O m R O
Three millions of Péople, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and
m s R O m f R O l R O
in such a country as that which wē posséss, are *invíncible* by *ány* force which our enemy can send agàinst us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight
h L O
our battles *alòne.* There is a just | *Gòd* who presides over the desti-
l L O l L O
nies of nations, and who will raise up friènds to fight our battles fòr
f R O
us. The battle, sir, is not to the stròng alone; it is to the *vìgilant,*
l R O l R O Ft w m s R C
the *àctive,* the *bràve.* Besides, sir, we have no elèction. If we were
w tr R C to br C w m s R C w m s C
base enough to desíre it, it is now too | lâte to retìre from the còntest. There is no retreat but in submìssion and slâvery! Our chains are
l L O s L O
fòrged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Bòston! The
f L O l B O l B O
war is *inèvitable;* and *let it còme!* I repeat it, sir, *let it còme!*

It is in vain, sir, to exténuate the matter. Gentlemen may crý,
m L O m L O m s L C C l L O
péace, péace! — but there ìs | no peace. The wàr is actually begùn! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the
m s L C
clash of resounding àrms! Our brēthren are alrêady in the fièld!
l R O l O l L O
Why stand *wé* here *ìdle?* What is it that gentlemen *wìsh?* What
l L O
would they *hàve?* Is life | so | déar | or peace | so | swéet | as to
l B O Ft B C h B C
be purchased at the price of *cháins* | and *slâvery? Forbìd* it,

h B C drop back l B C l
Almighty | Gòd! I know not what course ŏthers may take; but as for
B O m B O drop B C
mé, give me lĭberty, or give me dèath!

11. THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—*Supposed Speech of John Adams, in the Continental Congress, July, 1776.—Daniel Webster.*

Sĭnk or swim, live or diè, survíve or pèrish, I give my hănd and
my hêart to this vòte! It is true, indeed, that, in the beginning,
we aimed nòt at indepèndence. But there is a Divĭnity which
shapes our ènds. The injustice of England has driven us to àrms;
and, blinded to her òwn interest for ŏur good, she has obstinately
l R Ft
persisted, till indepéndence is now within our gràsp. We have but
m R O l R O w l s R C
to reach *fòrth* to it, and it is *oùrs*. Why, thén, should we *defêr* the
l R O snatch to waist C Ft
declarâtion? That measure will *strèngthen* us. It will give us
l R O s R O
chàracter abròad. The *cause* | will raise up àrmies;—the *cause* |
l R O l R O tr R C F to
will create nâvies. The pèople,—the pèople,—if we are true to
br w R C to m C w C tr to br C w to f C
them, will carry ŭs, and will carry *themsèlves*, gloriously | *throùgh* |
this struggle. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with
increased | *còurage*. Instead of a long | and bloody | wár for restora-
tion | of prívileges, | for redress | of griévances, | for chartered |
immunities, | held under a British | kíng, | set before them the *glori-*
h B O h B
ous | *object* | of *entire* | *indepéndence*, and it will breathe into them
C falling B C pr m R
anèw | the breath | of lĭfe. Read this declaration at the head of the
O tr C Ft to waist w R C
ármy;—every swòrd will be drawn from its scàbbard, and the sol-
to h C h C falling C pr
emn | vow | uttered, to *maintain* it, or to perish on the bed of hònor.
m L O h L O l L O w
Publish it from the *púlpit;*—*relìgion* will approve it, and the love
tr L C and to s L C m s L C s L
of religious liberty will cling | round it, resolved to *stand* | with it,
C pr m s R C
or *fàll* with it. Send it to the public háll; proclaim it *thére;* let
w m tr R C to m s R C
them | hear it who heard the first | roar of the enemy's | cannon,—let
w tr R C
them | see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field

to m s C m s R C m s R C
of Bunker Híll, and in the streets of Léxington and Cóncord,—and
h s R C down
the very *wàlls* will cry out in its suppòrt!

Sir, I know the uncèrtainty of human affàirs; but I see | clearly | through thìs day's bùsiness. *You* and *I*, indeed, may *rûe* it. We may not live to see the time when this declaration shall be
l L O f L O w l L C w
made *gòod*. We may *dìe*,—die *còlonists;* die *slàves;* die, it may be,
l L C w m s L C w l L C w l L C
ignomìniously, and on the *scâffold!* *Bè* it so! *bè* it so! If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be rèady at the appointed hour of sàcri-
f B O wide
fice, come when that hour *mày*. But while I *dò* live, let me have a
B O h BO wide l B O
côuntry,—or, at least, the *hôpe* of a country, and that a *frèe* country.

But, whatever may be ōur fate, be assured that this *declarâtion* will *stànd*. It may cost *trêasure*, and it may cost *blòod;* but it will
f R O l R O slowly lift
stànd, and it will richly *compènsate* for bòth. Through the thick |
R C to h C h R
gloom of the present I see the *brìghtness* of the *fùture*, as the *sùn*
CF hCF
in *hèaven*. We shall make this a *glòrious*, an *immòrtal* day.
w l B C l B O m BO l
When we | are in our graves, our *chìldren* will *hònor* it. They will
B O
cèlebrate it with *thanksgìving*, with *festìvity*, with *bònfires*, and *illuminàtions*. On its annual return, they will shed *tèars*,—*còpious*,
w l B C w l BC w l BC
gùshing tears,—not of *subjéction* and *slávery*, not of *ágony* and
BC h BO m BO l BO
dístress,—but of *exultàtion*, of *gràtitude*, and of *jòy*. Sír, before God, I believe the hour is *còme!* My jūdgment *appróves* this meas-
l R O f R O
ure, and my whole *hèart* is *ìn* it. All that I *háve*, and all that I *ám*,
h R O f R C pr
and all that I *hòpe*, in this life, I am now ready here to *stàke* upon
drop bk R C
it; and I leave óff, as I begàn, that, *live* or *dìe*, *survive* or *pèrish*, *I*
m BO l BO
am for the *declarâtion!* It is my *living* | sentiment, | and, by the
m BO
blessing of God, it shall be my *dỳing* | sentiment,—INDEPEND-
l B O
ENCE | nōw, | and INDEPENDENCE | FORÊVER!

12. NORTHERN LABORERS.—*C. Naylor.*

(*O*) The gentleman has misconcèived the spirit and tendency
of northern | institùtions. He is ignorant of northern | chàracter.
He has forgòtten the history | of his còuntry. Preach | *insurrèction*
l R O
to the *northern* | *lâborers!* Who *àre* | the northern laborers? The
l f R O l s R O l s R O
history of *yóur* country is *thèir* history. The renown of *yóur* coun-
l f R O w m tr L C and
try is *thèir* renown. The brightness | of their doings | is *emblázoned*
to m s L C s L C
on its *every* | *páge*. *Blot* | from your annals | the *deeds* | and the
w m B C tr
doings | of *northern* | *lâborers*, and the history of your country pre-
and to m f s BC
sents but a *universal* | *blánk*.

h R
(*AO*) Who was he that disarmed | the *thùnderer;* wrested from
O Ft change to h f C prone change to
his grasp the bolts | of *Jòve;* calmed the troubled | *òcean;* became
h C F change to f C
the *central* | *sùn* | of the *philosophical system* | of his age, shedding
prone w R
his brightness and effulgence on the *whole* | *civilized* | *wòrld;* parti-
C to br C Ft m R O w
cipated in the achievement of your *indepèndence;* prominently
R C across body and to
assisted in moulding your *free institùtions*, and the beneficial effects
s f C prone
of whose wisdom will be felt to the *last* | *moment* | of "*recorded*
and down l R O l R O
time?" *Whò*, I ask, was *hè?* (*O*) A northern | *lâborer*, a Yankee |
l f R O l s R O
tallow-chàndler's son, a *prìnter's* runaway | bòy!

And whó, let me ask the honorable gentleman, who was hé that,
in the days of our Revolution, led forth a northern | ármy,—yẽs, an
m B
army of *northern* | *lâborers*, | (*A O*)—and aided the chivalry of *South*
O w h B C tr and to h f B C w B C tr
Carolìna in their defense against British aggrèssion, *drove* the spoil-
and to m s B C change to l B O
ers from their *firesides*, and *redèemed* her fair fields from *foreign* |
l B O
invàders? Who was *hẽ?* (*O*) A northern | *lâborer*, a Rhode Island
l O w l C back
blâcksmith,—the gallant General *Grèene*,—(*AO*) who left his hãmmer
down
and his *fôrge*, | and went forth conquering and to conquer in the

m O down
battle for our indepèndence! (*O*) And will you preach insurrection to
l O
men like *thêse?*
l O
Our country is *fùll* of the achievements of northern laborers!
Where are Còncord, and Lèxington, and Prìnceton, and Trènton,
l R O w m
and Saratòga, and Bunker Hìll, but in the *nòrth?* And what has
tr R C and to m s C
shed an imperishable renôwn | on the never-dying names of those
hallowed spôts but the (*AO*) *blóod* and the *strúggles*, the *high* | *dâring*
l B O
and *pâtriotism*, and *sublime* | *cóurage* of *northern* | *lâborers?* (*O*)
m BO h BO
The *whole* | *nòrth* is an *everlasting* | *mònument* of the freedom, vir-
l BO
tue, intelligence, and indomitable independence of northern lâborers!
w m BC l BO
Gò, preach insurrèction to men like *thêse!*

The fortitude of the men of the north, under intense suffering
h L O m L O l L O
for liberty's sake, has been almost *gôdlike! Hìstory* has so *recôrded*
w l bk B C w bk
it. Who *comprîsed* that gallant *army*, that, without food, without
B C w bk B C w bk B C w bk B C w m s B C down
pay, shelterless, shoeless, penniless, and almost naked, in that
w l
dreadful wìnter,—the midnight of our Revolution,—(*AO*) whose wan-
R C tr and
derings could be traced by their blood-tracks in the snów, whom no
to s R C w m tr C and to m s C m s C
arts could sedúce, no appeal lead astráy, no sufferings disáffect, but
w tr C F to br C F
who, true to their country, and its holy cause, continued to fight the
l R O Ft l R O w m R O
good fight of liberty, until it finally *trîumphed?* Who *wêre* these
l R O
men? (*O*) Why, *northern lâborers!*

13. THE AMERICAN SAILOR.—*R. F. Stockton.*

Look to your history,—that part of it which the world knows by heart,—and you will find on its brightest page the glorious achievements of the American sailor. Whatever his country has done to disgrace him, and break his spirit, he has never disgraced *her;* he has always been ready

to serve her; he always *has* served her faithfully and effectually. He has often been weighed in the balance, and never found wanting. The only fault ever found with him is, that he sometimes fights ahead of his orders. The world has no match for him, man for man; and he asks no odds, and he cares for no odds, when the cause of humanity, or the glory of his country, calls him to fight. Who, in the darkest days of our Revolution, carried your flag into the very chops of the British Channel, bearded the lion in his den, and woke the echoes of old Albion's hills by the thunders of his cannon and the shouts of his triumph? It was the American sailor. And the names of John Paul Jones, and the Bon Homme Richard, will go down the annals of time forever. Who struck the first blow that humbled the Barbary flag,—which for a hundred years had been the terror of Christendom,—drove it from the Mediterranean, and put an end to the infamous tribute it had been accustomed to extort? It was the American sailor. And the name of Decatur and his gallant companions will be as lasting as monumental brass. In your war of 1812, when your arms on shore were covered by disaster,—when Winchester had been defeated, when the army of the Northwest had surrendered, and when the gloom of despondency hung like a cloud over the land,—who first relit the fires of national glory, and made the welkin ring with the shouts of victory? It was the American sailor. And the names of Hull and the Constitution will be remembered, as long as we have left anything worth remembering. That was no small event. The wand of Mexican prowess was broken on the Rio Grande. The wand of British invincibility was broken when the flag of the Guerrière came down. That one event was worth more to the Republic than all the money which has ever been expended for the navy. Since that day, the navy has had no stain upon its escutcheon, but has been cherished as your pride and glory. And the

American sailor has established a reputation throughout the world,—in peace and in war, in storm and in battle,—for heroism and prowess unsurpassed. He shrinks from no danger, he dreads no foe, and yields to no superior. No shoals are too dangerous, no seas too boisterous, no climate too rigorous for him. The burning sun of the tropics cannot make him effeminate, nor can the eternal winter of the polar seas paralyze his energies. Foster, cherish, develop these characteristics, by a generous and paternal government. Excite his emulation, and stimulate his ambition, by rewards. And, when the final struggle comes, as soon it will come, for the empire of the seas, you may rest with entire confidence in the persuasion that victory will be yours.

14. AMBITION OF A STATESMAN.—*Henry Clay.*

(*O*) I have been accused of ambition in presenting this measure — ambition, inordinate ambition. If I had thought of myself only, I should have never brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself; the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospects of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those we have long tried and loved; and the honest misconception both of friends and foes. Ambition? If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers; if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating and prudential policy, I would have stood still and unmoved. I might even have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of state to conduct it as they could. I have been heretofore, often unjustly, accused of ambition. (*G*) Low, groveling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism — beings who, forever keeping their own selfish ends in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence on

their aggrandizement — judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves. I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives. (*O*) I have no desire for office, not even the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incarcerated incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these states, united or separated; I never wish, never expect to be. Pass this bill, tranquillize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service forever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, midst my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment, and fidelity, and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life. (*A O*) Yes, I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people; once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land — the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous, and fraternal people.

15. RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.—*Mary Russell Mitford.*

(*See* § 148: b, c.)

(*O*) Friends! I come not here to *talk*. You know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are *slaves!*
The bright sun rises to his course and lights
A race of *slaves!* He sets, and his last beams
(*A O*) Fall on a *slave;* not *such* as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame:
(*G O*) But *base, ignoble* slaves; slaves to a horde
Of *petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords*
Rich in some *dozen paltry villages;*

Strong in some *hundred spearmen; only great*
(*A O*) In that *strange spell* — a *name.*

Each hour, dark fraud
(*O*) Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But *this very day*
An honest man, my neighbor — there he stands —
(*G*) Was *struck* — *struck* like a *dog*, by one who wore
(*O*) The badge of Ursini, because, forsooth!
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
(*G*) At sight of that great *ruffian!* Be we *men*,
(*G O*) And suffer *such dishonor?* — *men*, and wash not
The stain away in *blood?* Such shames are common.
(*O*) *I* have known *deeper* wrongs; *I*, that speak to ye,
I had a *brother* once — a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
(*A P*) Of sweet and quiet joy; — there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple.

How I *loved*
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
(*P*) Brother at once, and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheek; a smile
(*A G*) Parting his innocent lips. In *one short hour*
The *pretty*, *harmless boy* was *slain!* I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
(*G O*) For *vengeance!* ROUSE ye, ROMANS! ROUSE ye, SLAVES!
Have ye *brave sons?* Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them *die*. Have ye *fair daughters?* Look
To see them live, *torn from your arms, distained*,
DISHONORED: and if ye *dare call for* JUSTICE,
Be answered by the LASH.

(*O*) Yet, this is *Rome*,
That sat upon her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet, we are Romans.
(*A O*) Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a *king!* And, once again —
Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! — once again, I swear,
The Eternal City shall be FREE!

16. THE SEMINOLE'S DEFIANCE.—*G. W. Patten.*

Blaze, with your serried columns! I will not bend the knee;
The shackle ne'er again shall bind the arm which now is free!
I've mailed it with the thunder, when the tempest muttered low,
And where it falls, ye well may dread the lightning of its blow.
I've scared you in the city; I've scalped you on the plain;
Go, count your chosen where they fell beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty; the pale-face I defy;
Revenge is stamped upon my spear, and "blood" my battle-cry!

Some strike for hope of booty; some to defend their all;—
I battle for the joy I have to see the white man fall.
I love, among the wounded, to hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side, the music of his groan.
Ye've trailed me through the forest; ye've tracked me o'er the stream,
And struggling through the everglade your bristling bayonets gleam;
But I stand as should the warrior, with his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red, and warns you,—come not here!

Think ye to find my homestead?—I gave it to the fire.
My tawny household do ye seek?—I am a childless sire.
But, should ye crave life's nourishment, enough I have, and good;
I live on hate,—'tis all my bread; yet light is not my food.
I loathe you with my bosom! I scorn you with mine eye!
And I'll taunt you with my latest breath, and fight you till I die!
I ne'er will ask for quarter, and I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter till I sink beneath the wave!

The **following**, in this style, are less vehement, and, for this reason, not so well suited as the foregoing for those students whose delivery is naturally lacking in force or spirit:

17. CIVIL WAR THE GREATEST NATIONAL EVIL, 1829.
Lord Palmerston.

Then come we to the last remedy,—civil war. Some gentlemen say that, sooner or later, we must fight for it, and the sword must decide. They tell us that, if blood were but shed in Ireland, Catholic emancipation might be avoided. Sir, when honorable members shall be a little deeper read in the history of Ireland, they will find that in Ireland blood *has* been shed,—that in Ireland leaders have been seized,

trials have been had, and punishments have been inflicted. They will find, indeed, almost every page of the history of Ireland darkened by bloodshed, by seizures, by trials, and by punishments. But what has been the effect of these measures? They have, indeed, been successful in quelling the disturbances of the moment; but they never have gone to their cause, and have only fixed deeper the poisoned barb that rankles in the heart of Ireland. Can one believe one's ears, when one hears respectable men talk so lightly — nay, almost so wishfully — of civil war? Do they reflect what a countless multitude of ills those three short syllables contain? It is well, indeed, for the gentlemen of England, who live secure under the protecting shadow of the law, whose slumbers have never been broken by the clashing of angry swords, whose harvests have never been trodden down by the conflict of hostile feet, — it is well for them to talk of civil war, as if it were some holiday pastime, or some sport of children:

"They jest at scars who never felt a wound."

But, that gentlemen from unfortunate and ill-starred Ireland, who have seen with their own eyes, and heard with their own ears, the miseries which civil war produces, — who have known, by their own experience, the barbarism, ay, the barbarity, which it engenders, — that such persons should look upon civil war as anything short of the last and greatest of national calamities, — is to me a matter of the deepest and most unmixed astonishment. I will grant, if you will, that the success of such a war with Ireland would be as signal and complete as would be its injustice; I will grant, if you will, that resistance would soon be extinguished with the lives of those who resisted; I will grant, if you will, that the crimsoned banner of England would soon wave, in undisputed supremacy, over the smoking ashes of their towns, and the blood-stained solitude of their fields. But I tell you that

England herself never would permit the achievement of such a conquest; England would reject, with disgust, laurels that were dyed in fraternal blood; England would recoil, with loathing and abhorrence, from the bare contemplation of so devilish a triumph!

18. UNION WITH GREAT BRITAIN, 1800.—*Henry Grattan.*

The minister misrepresents the sentiments of the people, as he has before traduced their reputation. He asserts, that after a calm and mature consideration, they have pronounced their judgment in favor of an Union. Of this assertion not one syllable has any warrant in fact, nor in the appearance of fact. I appeal to the petitions of twenty-one counties in evidence. To affirm that the judgment of a nation *against* is *for;* to assert that she has said *ay* when she has pronounced *nay;* to make the falsification of her sentiments the foundation of her ruin, and the ground of the Union; to affirm that her Parliament, Constitution, liberty, honor, property, are taken away by her own authority, — there is, in such artifice, an effrontery, a hardihood, an insensibility, that can best be answered by sensations of astonishment and disgust.

The Constitution may be *for a time* so lost. The character of the country cannot be so lost. The ministers of the Crown will, or may, perhaps, at length find that it is not so easy, by abilities however great, and by power and corruption however irresistible, to put down forever an ancient and respectable Nation. Liberty may repair her golden beams, and with redoubled heat animate the country. The cry of loyalty will not long continue against the principles of liberty. Loyalty is a noble, a judicious, and a capacious principle; but in these countries loyalty, distinct from liberty, is corruption, not loyalty.

The cry of disaffection will not, in the end, avail against the principle of liberty. I do not give up the country. I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead. Though in her

tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty:

> "Thou art not conquered; Beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
> And Death's pale flag is not advanced there."

While a plank of the vessel sticks together, I will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light bark of his faith with every new breath of wind; I will remain anchored here, with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall!

19. REPLY TO LORD NORTH, 1774.—*Col. Barré.*

Sir, this proposition is so glaring; so unprecedented in any former proceedings of Parliament; so unwarranted by any delay, denial or provocation of justice, in America; so big with misery and oppression to that country, and with danger to this, — that the first blush of it is sufficient to alarm and rouse me to opposition. It is proposed to stigmatize a whole people as persecutors of innocence, and men incapable of doing justice; yet you have not a single fact on which to ground that imputation! I expected the noble lord would have supported this motion by producing instances in which officers of Government in America had been prosecuted with unremitting vengeance, and brought to cruel and dishonorable deaths, by the violence and injustice of American juries. But he has not produced one such instance; and I will tell you more, sir, — he cannot produce one! The instances which have happened are directly in the teeth of his proposition. Col. Preston and the soldiers who shed the blood of the people were fairly tried, and fully acquitted. It was an American jury, a New England jury, a Boston jury, which tried and acquitted them. Col. Preston has, under his hand, publicly declared that the inhabitants of the very town in which their fellow-citizens had been sac-

rificed were his advocates and defenders. Is this the return you make them? Is this the encouragement you give them to persevere in so laudable a spirit of justice and moderation? But the noble Lord says, "We must now show the Americans that we will no longer sit quiet under their insults." Sir, I am sorry to say that this is declamation unbecoming the character and place of him who utters it. In what moment have you been quiet? Has not your Government, for many years past, been a series of irritating and offensive measures, without policy, principle or moderation? Have not your troops and your ships made a vain and insulting parade in their streets and in their harbors? Have you not stimulated discontent into disaffection, and are you not now goading disaffection into rebellion? Can you expect to be well informed when you listen only to partisans? Can you expect to do justice when you will not hear the accused?

Let the banners be once spread in America, and you are an undone people. You are urging this desperate, this destructive issue. In assenting to your late Bill, I resisted the violence of America at the hazard of my popularity there. I now resist your frenzy at the same risk here. I know the vast superiority of your disciplined troops over the Provincials; but beware how you supply the want of discipline by desperation! What madness is it that prompts you to attempt obtaining that by force which you may more certainly procure by requisition? The Americans may be flattered into anything; but they are too much like yourselves to be driven. Have some indulgence for your own likeness; respect their sturdy English virtue; retract your odious exertions of authority, and remember that the first step towards making them contribute to your wants is to reconcile them to your Government.

20. ENMITY TOWARD GREAT BRITAIN.—*R. Choate.*

Mr. President, we must distinguish a little. That there exists in this country an intense sentiment of nationality; a cherished energetic feeling and consciousness of our independent and separate national existence; a feeling that we have a transcendent destiny to fulfill, which we mean to fulfill; a great work to do, which we know how to do, and are able to do; a career to run, up which we hope to ascend, till we stand on the steadfast and glittering summits of the world; a feeling that we are surrounded and attended by a noble historical group of competitors and rivals, the other nations of the earth, all of whom we hope to overtake, and even to distance;—such a sentiment as this exists, perhaps, in the character of this people. And this I do not discourage, I do not condemn. But, sir, that among these useful and beautiful sentiments, predominant among them, there exists a temper of hostility toward this one particular nation, to such a degree as to amount to a habit, a trait, a national passion—to amount to a state of feeling which "is to be regretted," and which really threatens another war—this I earnestly and confidently deny.

No, sir! no, sir! We are above all this. Let the Highland clansman, half naked, half civilized, half blinded by the peat-smoke of his cavern, have his hereditary enemy and his hereditary enmity, and keep the keen, deep and precious hatred, set on fire of hell, alive if he can; let the North American Indian have his, and hand it down from father to son, by Heaven knows what symbols of alligators, and rattlesnakes, and war-clubs, smeared with vermilion and entwined with scarlet; let such a country as Poland,—cloven to the earth, the armed heel on the radiant forehead. her body dead, her soul not able to die,—let her remember the "wrongs of days long past"; let the lost and wandering tribes of Israel remember theirs—the manliness and the

sympathy of the world may allow or pardon this to them;—but shall America, young, free, prosperous, just setting out on the highway of heaven, "decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just begins to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and joy," shall she be supposed to be polluting and corroding her noble and happy heart, by moping over old stories of stamp act, and tea tax, and the firing of the Leopard upon the Chesapeake in a time of peace? No, sir! no, sir! a thousand times no! Why, I protest I thought all that had been settled. I thought two wars had settled it all. What else was so much good blood shed for, on so many more than classical fields of revolutionary glory? For what was so much good blood more lately shed, at Lundy's Lane, at Fort Erie, before and behind the lines at New Orleans, on the deck of the Constitution, on the deck of the Java, on the lakes, on the sea, but to settle exactly these "wrongs of past days"? And have we come back sulky and sullen from the very field of honor? For my country, I deny it.

Mr. President, let me say that, in my judgment, this notion of a national enmity of feeling toward Great Britain belongs to a past age of our history. My younger countrymen are unconscious of it. They disavow it. That generation in whose opinions and feelings the actions and the destiny of the next are unfolded, as the tree in the germ, do not at all comprehend your meaning, nor your fears, nor your regrets. We are born to happier feelings. We look to England as we look to France. We look to them, from our new world,—not unrenowned, yet a new world still,—and the blood mounts to our cheeks; our eyes swim; our voices are stifled with emulousness of so much glory; their trophies will not let us sleep; but there is no hatred at all: no hatred,—no barbarian memory of wrongs, for which brave men have made the last expiation to the brave.

21. THE SOUTH DURING THE REVOLUTION.—*Robert Y. Hayne, 1830.*

If there be one State in the Union, Mr. President (and I say it not in a boastful spirit), that may challenge comparisons with any other, for an uniform, zealous, ardent and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made,— no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity, but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs,—though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded with difficulties,— the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But, great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalship, they might have found in their situation a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on all considerations either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom. Never was there exhibited, in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering and heroic endurance, than by the whigs

of Carolina during the Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes, into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived; and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions, proved, by her conduct, that, though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

22. SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS, 1830.—*Daniel Webster.*

The eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions,—Americans, all,—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

Sir, I thank God that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse,

for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven,—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South,—and if moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth! Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution; hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, — alienation and distrust, — are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts, for she needs none. There she is,— behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history, — the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill,— and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia, — and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, — if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, — if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraints,

shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, — it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather around it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin!

23. MILITARY SUPREMACY DANGEROUS TO LIBERTY.—*Henry Clay.*

Recall to your recollection the free nations which have gone before us. Where are they now?

> "Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were,
> A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

And how have they lost their liberties? If we could transport ourselves to the ages when Greece and Rome flourished in their greatest prosperity, and, mingling in the throng, should ask a Grecian if he did not fear that some daring military chieftain covered with glory — some Philip or Alexander — would one day overthrow the liberties of his country, the confident and indignant Grecian would exclaim, "No! no! we have nothing to fear from our heroes; our liberties will be eternal." If a Roman citizen had been asked if he did not fear that the conqueror of Gaul might establish a throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet Greece fell; Cæsar passed the Rubicon, and the patriotic arm even of Brutus could not preserve the liberties of his devoted country.

We are fighting a great moral battle, for the benefit, not only of our country, but of all mankind. The eyes of the whole world are in fixed attention upon us. One, and the largest portion of it, is gazing with contempt, with jealousy, and with envy; the other portion, with hope, with confidence, and with affection. Everywhere the black cloud of Legiti-

macy is suspended over the world, save only one bright spot, which breaks out from the political hemisphere of the West, to enlighten, and animate, and gladden the human heart. Observe that, by the downfall of liberty here, all mankind are enshrouded in a pall of universal darkness. To you belongs the high privilege of transmitting, unimpaired, to posterity, the fair character and liberty of our country. Do you expect to execute this high trust by trampling or suffering to be trampled down, law, justice, the Constitution, and the rights of the people? by exhibiting examples of inhumanity, and cruelty, and ambition? Beware how you give a fatal sanction, in this infant period of our Republic, scarcely yet two-score years old, to military insubordination. Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte, and that, if we would escape the rock on which they split, we must avoid their errors.

212. **Controversial, Interrogative Style: Frequent Upward Inflections** (Prodominating *Terminal* Stress (§ 101), becoming, on very emphatic words of one syllable, *Compound* (§ 103: a; § 45: b, c).

24. THE EXPUNGING RESOLUTION, 1837.—*Henry Clay.*

What patriotic purpose is to be accòmplished by this expunging
resolùtion? Can you make that nót to be which hás been? Can you
R C
eradicate from mémory and from hístory the fáct that, in March, 1834,
a majórity | of the Senate of the United States pássed the resolution
which excites your énmity? Is it your váin and wícked object to
arrogate to yourselves that power of anníhilating the past which has
R C
been denied to Omnípotence | itsélf? Do you intend to thrust your
Ft to br w out R C Ft w C F to br
hands into our hearts, and to pluck out | the deeply-rooted convíctions
R C F w m R C to m s R C
which are thére? Or, is it your design merely to stīgmatize us?
w m s R C
(*O A*) You cànnot stigmatize | ùs!

"Ne'er yèt | did base dishònor blùr our nàme."

R C F to br C F w R C to s h C
Standing securely upon our conscious réctitude, and bearing aloft the
h R C
shield of the Constitution of our cóuntry, your puny efforts are ìmpo-
prone s h R C
tent, and we defŷ | all ˈ your pòwer!

(*O*) But why should I detàin the Senate, or needlessly waste my
breath in fruitless | exèrtions? The decree has gone fórth. It is one
l L O bk L O
of ùrgency, too. The deed is to be dône, — that foul | deed which,
w l L C tr and
like the stain on the hands of the guilty Macbèth, all | òcean's |
to l s L C
wâters will never wash òut. Procèed, then, to the noble work which
w l tr R O to l R O
lies befòre you; and, like ôther skillful execútioners, do it quìckly.
l f R O l s R O l
And, when you have pérpetrated it, go home to the pèople, and tell
R O m R O l R
them what glòrious | hònors | you have achieved for our common |
O f h R C prone
còuntry. Tell them that you have extinguished one of the brightest
f h R C
and purest lights that ever burnt at the altar of civil lìberty. (*A O*)
f s R C w
Tell them that you have silenced one of the noblest batteries that ever
to R C Ft on waist w to
thundered in defense of the Constitùtion, and that you have bravely
s h R C
spìked | the cânnon. Tell them that, henceforward, no matter what
daring or outrageous act any President may perfórm, you have for-
f B C h f B C h
ever hermetically sèaled | the mouth | of the Sènate. Tell them that
R or L l O snatch C Ft to waist
he may fearlessly assume what power he plèases, (*G O*) snatch from its
w m C to
lawful custody the public pùrse, command a military detachment to
m s C s C pr l C l
enter the halls of the Càpitol, overawe Còngress, trample down the
C w m C tr and to m s C w m C
Constitútion, and raze every bulwark of freèdom, (*A O*) but that the
to br C w C to
Senate must stand | mùte, in silent submìssion, and not dare to lift
f h C
an opposing vòice; that it must wait until a House of Represènta-
l C l C
tives, humbled and subdued like itsélf, and a majority of it composed
l B O
of the partisans of the Président, shall prefer articles of impèachment.

w
Tell them, finally, that you have restored the glorious doctrine of pas-
out m B C w out m s B C
sive obèdience and non-resìstance; and, when you have told them
w out and down B C
this, if (*G O*) the people do not swèep you from your places with their indignātion, (*O*) I have yet to learn the chàracter | of American | frèemen!

25. ON THE JUDICIARY ACT, 1802.—*Gouverneur Morris.*

What will be the situation of these States, organized as they now are, if, by the dissolution of our national compact, they are left to themselves? What is the probable result? We shall either be the victims of foreign intrigue, and, split into factions, fall under the domination of a foreign power, or else, after the misery and torment of a civil war, become the subjects of an usurping military despot. What but this compact, what but this specific part of it, can save us from ruin? The judicial power, that fortress of the Constitution, is now to be overturned. With honest Ajax, I would not only throw a shield before it,—I would build around it a wall of brass. But I am too weak to defend the rampart against the host of assailants. I must call to my assistance their good sense, their patriotism and their virtue. Do not, gentlemen, suffer the rage of passion to drive Reason from her seat! If this law be indeed bad, let us join to remedy the defects. Has it been passed in a manner which wounded your pride, or roused your resentment? Have, I conjure you, the magnanimity to pardon that offense! I entreat, I implore you, to sacrifice these angry passions to the interests of the country. Pour out this pride of opinion on the altar of patriotism. Let it be an expiating libation for the weal of America. Do not, for God's sake, do not suffer that pride to plunge us all into the abyss of ruin!

Indeed, indeed, it will be but of little, very little, avail, whether one opinion or the other be right or wrong; it will

heal no wounds, it will pay no debts, it will rebuild no ravaged towns. Do not rely on that popular will which has brought us frail beings into political existence. That opinion is but a changeable thing. It will soon change. This very measure will change it. You will be deceived. Do not, I beseech you, in a reliance on a foundation so frail, commit the dignity, the harmony, the existence of our nation, to the wild wind! Trust not your treasure to the waves. Throw not your compass and your charts into the ocean. Do not believe that its billows will waft you into port. Indeed, indeed, you will be deceived! Cast not away this only anchor of our safety. I have seen its progress. I know the difficulties through which it was obtained: I stand in the presence of Almighty God, and of the world, and I declare to you that, if you lose this charter, never, — no, never will you get another! We are now, perhaps, arrived at the parting point. Here, even here, we stand on the brink of fate. Pause — pause! — for heaven's sake, pause!

26. AGAINST THE EMBARGO, 1808.—*Josiah Quincy.*

I ask, in what page of the Constitution you find the power of laying an embargo. Directly given, it is nowhere. Never before did society witness a total prohibition of all intercourse like this, in a commercial nation. But it has been asked in debate, "Will not Massachusetts, the cradle of liberty, submit to such privations?" An embargo liberty was never cradled in Massachusetts. Our liberty was not so much a mountain nymph as a sea nymph. She was free as air. She could swim, or she could run. The ocean was her cradle. Our fathers met her as she came, like the goddess of beauty, from the waves. They caught her as she was sporting on the beach. They courted her while she was spreading her nets upon the rocks. But an embargo liberty, a handcuffed liberty, liberty in fetters, a liberty traversing between

the four sides of a prison and beating her head against the walls, is none of our offspring. We abjure the monster! Its parentage is all inland.

Is embargo independence? Deceive not yourselves! It is palpable submission! Gentlemen exclaim, "Great Britain smites us on one cheek!" And what does Administration? "It turns the other, also." Gentlemen say, "Great Britain is a robber; she takes our cloak." And what says Administration? "Let her take our coat, also." France and Great Britain require you to relinquish a part of your commerce, and you yield it entirely! At every corner of this great city we meet some gentlemen of the majority wringing their hands and exclaiming, "What shall we do? Nothing but an embargo will save us. Remove it and what shall we do?" Sir, it is not for me, an humble and uninfluential individual, at an awful distance from the predominant influences, to suggest plans of government. But, to my eye, the path of our duty is as distinct as the Milky Way,—all studded with living sapphires, glowing with cumulating light. It is the path of active preparation, of dignified energy. It is the path of 1776! It consists not in abandoning our rights, but in supporting them, as they exist, and where they exist,—on the ocean as well as on the land. But I shall be told, "This may lead to war." I ask, "Are we now at peace?" Certainly not, unless retiring from insult be peace; unless shrinking under the lash be peace! The surest way to prevent war is not to fear it. The idea that nothing on earth is so dreadful as war is inculcated too studiously among us. Disgrace is worse! Abandonment of essential rights is worse!

27. CICERO AGAINST VERRES.—*Marcus Tullius Cicero.*

I ask now, Verres, what you have to advance against this charge. Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that anything false, that even anything aggravated,

is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape?

The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen: I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus and will attest my innocence."

The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defense, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; while the only words he uttered amid his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that, while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution,— for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! — once sacred!

now trampled upon! But what then! — Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman cítizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman Commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty and sets mankind at defíance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority and the introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

28. BRITISH INFLUENCE, 1811.—*John Randolph.*

Imputations of Brìtish | ìnfluence have been uttered against the opponents of this wàr. Against whòm are these charges bròught? Against men whó, in the war of the Revolútion, were in the Còun-
w l RO
cils of the nàtion, or fighting the bàttles of your còuntry! And by
l RO w to l s
whom are these charges màde? By rùnaways, chiefly from the
R O
British domìnions, since the breaking out of the French tròubles.
w to l LO
The great autocrat of all the Rússias receives the homage of our
l LO w to l RO l RO
high considerátion. The Dey of Algíers and his divan of pírates are
l RO l RO down
very cívil, góod sort of péople, with whom we find no difficulty in
l f LO f LO l
maintaining the relations of péace and ámity. "Turks, Jews and
f LO w to l s LO l s LO l
Infidels," or the barbãrians and sãvages of every clime and color, are
f LO l f s LO l f BO wider B O wider B O down
welcome to our árms. With chiefs of bandítti, negro or mulãtto, we

l BO w R C
can tréat, and can tráde. Name, however, but England, and all our
to br and to m s R C w tr turn to R O w
antipathies are up in ârms against her. Against whòm? Against
tr to br R C F br R C F
those whose blòod runs in our | vèins; in common with whom we
f R O l R O l s R O l R O
claim Shàkspeare, and Nèwton, and Chàtham, for our coùntrymen;
w l L O L C Ft on waist and
whose government | is the freest on èarth, our own ònly | excèpted;
hold
fróm | whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has
l L O
been bòrrowed — representátion, trial by júry, voting the supplíes,
l BO m B O w
writ of *habeas córpus* — our whole civil and criminal jurisprùdence;
br B C to f B C
— against our fellow-Pròtestants, idēntified in blóod, in lánguage, in
l BO
relígion, with oursèlves.

In what schòol did the worthies of our land — the Wáshingtons,
l f R O
Hénrys, Háncocks, Fránklins, Rútledges, of America — lèarn those
w to l s R
principles of civil liberty which were so nobly asserted by their wis-
O
dom and vàlor? American resistance to British usurpation has not
been more warmly | cherished by thēse great men and their com-
l f LO l f LO l f LO l
pátriots, — not more by Washington, Hancock and Henry, — than by
s LO l s LO
Châtham and his illustrious associates in the British Pârliament. It
R C F on br l
ought to be remémbered, too, that the hèart of the English pèople
R O
was with us. It was a selfish and corrupt mìnistry, and their servile
l f RO s R O
tools, to whom wē were not more opposed than thêy were. I trust
l f BO l s
that none such may ever exist among ùs; for tools will nèver be
B C
wànting to subserve the purposes, however ruinous or wicked, of
kings and ministers of stàte. I acknôwledge the influence of a
Shàkspeare and a Mìlton upon my imàgination; of a Lòcke upon
l f RO l f s
my understànding; of a Sìdney upon my polìtical prìnciples; of a
R O h R O l R
Chàtham upon qualities which | would to God | I possessed in cōm-

O l f R O l f s RO l s R
mon with that illustrious man! of a Tìllotson, a Shèrlock and a Pòr-
O w to br R C F w to R O l B C
teus upon my relìgion. Thìs is a British influence which I can nèver |
shake | òff.

29. IRISH AGITATORS, 1834.—*Richard L. Sheil.*

The population of Ireland has doubled since the Union. What is the condition of the mass of the people? Has her capital increased in the same proportion? Behold the famine, the wretchedness and pestilence of the Irish hovel, and if you have the heart to do so, mock at the calamities of the country, and proceed in your demonstrations of the prosperity of Ireland. The mass of the people are in a condition more wretched than that of any nation in Europe; they are worse housed, worse covered, worse fed, than the basest boors in the provinces of Russia; they dwell in habitations to which your swine would not be committed; they are covered with rags which your beggars would disdain to wear, and not only do they never taste the flesh of the animals which crowd into your markets, but while the sweat drops from their brows, they never touch the bread into which their harvests are converted. For you they toil, for you they delve; they reclaim the bog, and drive the plow to the mountain's top, for you. And where does all this misery exist? In a country teeming with fertility, and stamped with the beneficent intents of God! When the famine of Ireland prevailed,—when her cries crossed the Channel, and pierced your ears and reached your hearts,—the granaries of Ireland were bursting with their contents; and while a people knelt down and stretched out their hands for food, the business of deportation, the absentee tribute, was going on! Talk of the prosperity of Ireland! Talk of the external magnificence of a poor-house, gorged with misery within!

But the Secretary for the Treasury exclaims: "If the agitators would but let us alone, and allow Ireland to be

tranquil!" The agitators, forsooth! Does he venture — has he the intrepidity — to speak thus? Agitators! Against deep potations let the drunkard rail; — at Crockford's let there be homilies against the dice-box; — let every libertine lament the progress of licentiousness, when his Majesty's ministers deplore the influence of demagogues, and whigs complain of agitation! How did you carry the Reform? Was it not by impelling the people almost to the verge of revolution? Was there a stimulant for their passions, was there a provocative for their excitement, to which you did not resort? If you have forgotten, do you think that we shall fail to remember, your meetings at Edinburgh, at Paisley, at Manchester, at Birmingham? Did not three hundred thousand men assemble? Did they not pass resolutions against taxes? Did they not threaten to march on London? Did not two of the cabinet ministers indite to them epistles of gratitude and of admiration? and do they now dare — have they the audacity — to speak of agitation? Have we not as good a title to demand the restitution of our Parliament, as the ministers to insist on the reform of this House?

30. MILITARY QUALIFICATIONS DISTINCT FROM CIVIL, 1828.

It has been maintained that the genius which constitutes a great military man is a very high quality, and may be equally useful in the cabinet and in the field,— that it has a sort of universality equally applicable to all affairs. That the greatest civil qualifications may be found united with the highest military talents is what no one will deny who thinks of Washington. But that such a combination is rare and extraordinary, the fame of Washington sufficiently attests. If it were common, why was *he* so illustrious?

I would ask, what did Cromwell, with all his military genius, do for England? He overthrew the monarchy and

he established dictatorial power in his own person. And what happened next? Another soldier overthrew the dictatorship and restored the monarchy. The sword effected both. Cromwell made one revolution, and Monk another. And what did the people of England gain by it? Nothing. Absolutely nothing! The rights and liberties of Englishmen, as they now exist, were settled and established at the Revolution in 1688. Now, mark the difference! By whom was that revolution begun and conducted? Was it by soldiers? by military genius? by the sword? No! It was the work of statesmen and of eminent lawyers,— men never distinguished for military exploits. The faculty — the dormant faculty— may have existed. That is what no one can affirm or deny. But it would have been thought an absurd and extravagant thing to propose, in reliance upon this possible dormant faculty, that one of those eminent statesmen and lawyers should be sent, instead of the Duke of Marlborough, to command the English forces on the continent!

Who achieved the freedom and the independence of this our own country? Washington effected much in the field; but where were the Franklins, the Adamses, the Hancocks, the Jeffersons, and the Lees,— the band of sages and patriots whose memory we revere? They were assembled in council. The *heart* of the Revolution beat in the halls of Congress. *There* was the power which, beginning with appeals to the king and to the British nation, at length made an irresistible appeal to the world, and consummated the Revolution by the declaration of independence, which Washington established with their authority, and bearing their commission, supported by arms. And what has this band of patriots, of sages and of statesmen given to us? Not what Cæsar gave to Rome; not what Cromwell gave to England, or Napoleon to France: they established for us the great principles of civil, political and religious liberty, upon the strong foundations on which they have hitherto stood. There

may have been military capacity in Congress; but can any one deny that it is to the wisdom of sages,—Washington being one,—we are indebted for the signal blessings we enjoy?

213. **Antithetical and Ironical: Circumflex Inflections.** Predominating *Compound Stress* (§ 103) on emphatic syllables.

31. THE RIGHT TO TAX AMERICA.—*Edmund Burke.*

1. "But, Mr. Speaker, we have a rîght to tax Amèrica." Oh, inêstimable right! Oh, wônderful, transcêndent right! the assertion of which has cost this country thirteen | provinces, six | islands, one
l
hundred | thousand | lives, and seventy | millions | of mòney! Oh,
R O w R C tr to br
invâluable right! for the sake of which we have sacrificed our rank |
R C w R C to m s R C w tr to f
among nations, | our importance | abróad, | and our happiness | at
R O l R O
hòme! Oh, right, more dear to us than our exîstence, | which has
l
already cost us so | much, | and which seems | likely | to cost us our
BO l f
âll! Infatuated | mân! miserable | and undone | coùntry! not to
R O F l f O F w l s R C
knôw that the clãim of rîght, without the power | of enfôrcing it, |
s R C s R C w R C F t to waist
is nùgatory | and ìdle. We have a rìght to tax America, the noble
l R O
lord tells us, therefore we ought to tax America. This is the pro-
l B O l B O
found | logic | which comprises the whole | châin | of his rèasoning.

2. Not inferior to this | was the wisdom of him | who resolved
w l R O R O
to shear | the wôlf. Whăt, shĕar a wŏlf! Have you considered the
w l s L C
resîstance, | the difficulty, | the dănger, | of the attémpt? Nò, says
w tr to L C F t on waist
the madman, I have considered nothing but the rîght. Man has a
l L O l L O
right of dôminion over the beasts of the forest; and, thèrefore, I will
l B O w h B C tr and to h B C
shear the wolf. How wònderful that a nation could be thus delùded! But the noble lord dèals in cheats and delùsions. They are the daily | traffic of his invèntion; and he will continue to play off his cheats

l R O
on this house, so long as he thinks them necessary to his pùrpose,
l R O snatch to waist
and so long as he has money enough at command to bribe | gentle-
l R O f R O slowly
men to pretend | that they beliève him. But a black | and bitter
lift h C shake h C
day of rèckoning | will surely còme; and whenêver that day comes,
I trust I shall be able, by a parliamentary impêachment, to bring
h C pr m C
upon the hêads of the âuthors of our calámities the punishment they
desèrve.

32. THE PARTITION OF POLAND, 1800.—*Charles J. Fox.*

Now, sir, what was the conduct of your ôwn allies to Pôland?
l w R O l R O
Is there a single | atrocity | of the Frẽnch in Itály, in Swítzerland,
in Ègypt, if you pléase, more unpríncipled and inhúman than that
l f R O F l f R O F w l R C w l
of Rússia, Aústria, and Prússia, in Póland? What has there been
in the conduct of the Frènch to fòreign pòwers; what in the viola-
s R C l f R O F l
tion of solemn | trèaties; what in the plùnder, devastàtion, and dis-
R O F w R C to
mèmberment of unoffending coùntries; what in the horrors and
m s C s C and down
murders perpetrated upon the subdued victims of their rage in ány
district which they have overrùn,—wôrse than the conduct of those
l B O
thrẽe | grẽat | põwers in the mìserable, devoted, and trampled-on
Kingdom of Pòland, and who have been, or are, our | allìes in this
w L C back w L C back
war for relìgion, social | ôrder, and the rìghts of nâtions? Ô, but
you "regrêtted the partition of Poland!" Yês, regrêtted!—you
l L O w back L C l f B O
regretted the vìolence, and that is àll you did. You unìted your-
l s B O l B O
selves with the âctors; you, in fact, by your acquiescence, confìrmed
l B O exaggerated B O wide
the atròcity. But they are your allìes; and though they overran and
R O w m tr R C to s R C m s R C
divided Poland, there was nôthing, perhaps, in the mânner of doing
m s prone R C and down
it which stamped it with pecûliar infamy and disgrâce. The hero
of Poland, perhaps, was mêrciful and mild! He was "as much
l L O w tr and to s m
superior to Bõnaparte in brãvery, and in the dìscipline which he

L C w tr and to m s L C down
maintained, as he was superior in vîrtue and humânity! He was
w to br R C
animated by the pŭrest prĭnciples of Christiânity, and was restrâined
l R O exaggerated R O
in his career by the benêvolent precepts which it incûlcates!" Wâs
he?

m s L C F w tr and
Let unfortunate Wârsaw, and the miserable inhabitants of the
to s L F down
suburb of Prȧ̀ga in particular, | tèll! What do we understand to
have been the cônduct of this magnănimous hèro, with whom, it
l f R O l s R O
seems, Bōnaparte is not to be compâred? *(fast)* He entered the
m s C w m
suburb of Prága, the most populous suburb of Wársaw, and there
tr C and to m s C s C s C
he let his soldiery lòose on the miserable, unarmed and unresisting
h s C h s C h s C w tr to br C
pèople! Men, women and chìldren,—nay, ìnfants at the brèast,—
w to m s C
were doomed to one | indiscriminate | màssacre! Thòusands of them
B O Ft w l B O
were inhumanly, wantonly bùtchered! And (*slow*) for whât? Be-
cause they had dared | to join in a wish | to mèliorate their own con-
dition as a Peòple, and to impròve their Constitùtion, which had
m L O m L O l L O
been confessed, by their own | sòvereign, to be in wànt of amènd-
l L O w tr to br B C and
ment. And sûch is the hero upon whom the cause of "religion and
to m B C prone l B O
social ôrder" is to repōse! And sûch is the man whom we praise
for his dîscipline and his vîrtue, and whom we hold out as our bôast
l R O w R C
and our depêndence; while the conduct of Bōnaparte unfits him to
be even treated with as an ènemy!

33. CATILINE TO THE GALLIC CONSPIRATORS.—*Rev. George Croly.*

Men of Gȧ́ul!
What would you give for Frêedom?—
w m tr R C to f m R C
For Frêedom, | if it stood before your èyes;
w m R C to waist C Ft
For Frêedom, | if it rushed to your embràce;
w R C Ft to s C Ft
For Frêedom, | if its sword were ready drȧ́wn

w turn to l R O
To hew your chàins off?
Ye would give dēath | or lífe! Then marvel not
l f L O l s f L O
That Í am here — that Câtiline would join you! —
w l s L O bk R O
The great Patrícian? — Yês — an hour agō —
w to R C Ft on waist w to m f R C
But nōw | the rèbel; Rōme's eternal fòe,
l L O l L O
And yôur | sworn | friènd! My desperate wròng's my plèdge
There's not in Róme, — nó — not upon the êarth,
B O w l B C tr to l B C
A man sò wronged. The very ground I trèad
l B C Ft crossed w l B O
Is grùdged me. — Chiéftains! ere the moon be down,
R O
My land will be the Senate's | spòil; my life,
w tr to R C Ft on waist
The mark of the first villain that will stab
w to h C F and shake h R C
For lùcre. — But there's a time at hánd! — Gaze òn!
If I had thought you cōwards, I might have come
s L O f
And told you lîes. But you have now the thing
L O l L O Ft l O Ft
I âm; — Rome's ènemy, — and fixed | as fâte |
l L O s L O
To you | and yours | forèver!
The State | is weak as dùst.
lift
Rome's | bròken, | hèlpless, | heàrt-sick. Vèngeance sits
h R C
Above her, like a vùlture | o'er a corpse,
down to l R C w l tr R C
Soon to be tàsted. Tíme, and dull decáy,
to l s R C
Have let the wàters round her pillar's fòot;
l R C h s R C
And it mùst | fâll. Her boasted strénngth's | a ghòst,
l s R C w to C Ft on waist
Fearful to dastārds; — yet, to trenchant swôrds,
w to h f R C
Thin as the passing aîr! A single | blòw,
In this diseased and crumbling state of Róme,
w tr B C to l bk B C
Would break your chains like stùbble.
But "ye've | no | swôrds"!

f R O f s R O
Have you no ploúghshares, | scýthes?
w tr R C Ft to waist l f R O l s R O
When men are brāve, the sickle is a spèar!
sl w m R C tr slowly
Must Freedom | pine || till the slow || armorer ||
toward br w slowly to
Gilds (her caparison, | and sends her out ||
m s R C lift to h C
To glitter || and play | antics | in the sún?
w to br R C F w to m f R C prone
Let heârts be what they óught,— the naked earth
w to s R C prone s R C up
Will be their magazìne; — the rôcks— the trêes —
l bk C down
Nay, there 's no | ìdle and unnoted thìng,
f R O thrust f R C
But, in the hand of Vâlor, | will out-thrûst |
w m R C m C prone
The spèar, and make the māil | a mòckery!

34. CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.—*Rev. George Croly.*

(*p P*) Conscript Fathers,
I do not rise to waste the night in wôrds;
w l s R O l R O O
Let that plebêian talk; 'tis not mỹ || trâde;
l R O w s R O
(*f O*) But here I stand for rìght — let him show prôofs —
l R O
(*A*) For Rôman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
l B O m f B O
To take their share wìth me. Ay, clùster there!
m f B C
(*G*) Cling to your mâster! || Jūdges, | Rōmans, | slāves —
f m R C m R O
(*ff*) His charge is fâlse; I dàre him to his prôofs.
l bk B O
(*f O*) You have my answer. Let my àctions | speak!

(*p*) But this I will avów, that I have scórned,
br R C F
And stíll do scorn, to hide my sense of wròng!
Who brands me on the fórehead, breaks my swórd,
Or lays the bloody scoúrge upon my báck,
w m s R C w tr C to m s C
Wrongs me not hàlf so much as he who shuts
w m tr C
(*f A*) The gates of hònor on me — turning out

to m s C
The Rōman from his bìrthright; and, | for | whàt?
l L O
(*ff G*) To fling your offices to every slâve! —
L O lift s L C to h s L C
Vìpers | that creep where mên | disdâin | to clìmb,
hold
And, having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge, | mouldering | monument | of Róme,
shake h L C drop L C
(*A G*) Hang | hìssing at the nôbler man | belōw!

w bk R C
(*f A O*) Bânished from Rôme! What's bânished but set free
m f R C
(*ff G*) From daily contact with the things I lôathe?
l R O R O
(*f A O*) "Tried and convicted | trâitor!" Whò | sàys | thìs?
l R O snatch to Ft on waist and hold
(*ff G*) Who'll prôve it, | at his pèril, | on my head?

w l R O w l s R C
(*f A O*) Bânished! I thànk you for't. It breaks my châin!
(*p*) I held some slack allêgiance till thĭs hour;
l R O l R O w f m R C
(*f*) But nów | my sword's | my òwn. Smile òn, my lords!
w tr R C to br C F br C F
(*ff*) I scòrn to count what fèelings, withered | hòpes,
br C F br C F
(*A G*) Strong | provocàtions, | bìtter, | bùrning | wrònges,
br C F
(*p A*) I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
w br C to m f s R C
(*f*) To leave you in your lazy | dìgnities.
w m R C tr to m f C w m R C tr
(*ff A G*) But here I stand and scôff you! here, I fling
to m f R C and drop
Hâtred and full defìance in your fâce!
w l B O
(*p sl A O*) Your cōnsul's | mêrciful — for this | all | thânks:
l R O Ft l R O
(*f*) He dâres not | touch | a hâir | of Càtiline!

l f B O wide B O
(*A G*) "Trâitor!" I gò; but || l || retùrn. Thĭs || trĭal?
l B O
(*ff*) Here I devòte your sènate! I've had wrongs
br R C F
(*G*) To stir a fèver in the blood of âge,

l R O l R O Ft l R O Ft
Or make the ìnfant's | sinews | strong | as stèel.
l R O down
(*f*) Thìs day's | the birth of sòrrow! This hour's work
l B O s R C F
(*A*) Will breed proscrìptions! Look to your hèarths, my lords!
s R C F
(*ff A O*) For there, henceforth, shall sit, | for household gods, |
change to s R C h s C h s C h
Shapes | hot from Tàrtarus!—all shàmes | and crìmes!
s C h w tr to R C Ft on waist and l R O
Wan Trèachery, | with his thirsty | dàgger | dràwn; |
l R O change to l f R C pr
Suspìcion, | poisoning his bròther's cùp; |
slowly lift R C
Naked Rebèllion, | with the torch and axe, |
h R C f
Making his wìld | spòrt | of your blàzing | thrònes;
h B C f drop to m B C pr
Till ânarchy | come down on you | like nìght, |
h B C f drop to l B C
And mâssacre || seal | Rome's || eternal || grâve!

35. REPLY TO MR. CORRY.—*Henry Grattan.*

Has the gentleman *done?* Has he *completely* done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House. But I did not call him to order,—why? because the limited talents of *some* men render it impossible for them to be severe *without* being unparliamentary. But before I sit down I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time.

The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask why not "traitor," unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him: it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counselor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to

be chancellor of the exchequer. But I say, he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and the freedom of debate, by uttering language which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a *blow*. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy counselor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow.

He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally and meanly false. Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being true.

I have returned,—not as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm,—I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that Constitution of which I was the parent and founder from the assassination of such men as the right honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt, they are seditious, and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand, ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy their whole phalanx; let them come forth. I tell the ministers I will neither give quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House in defense of the liberties of my country.

Simple Antithesis (§ 72).

36. OUR RELATIONS TO ENGLAND, 1824. — *Edward Everett.*

Who does not feel, what reflecting American does not acknowledge, the incalculable advantages derived by this land out of the deep fountains of civil, intellectual and moral truth, from which we have drawn in England? What American does not feel proud that his fathers were the countrymen of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke? Who does not know that, while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British empire beat warm and full in the bosom of our ancestors, the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity, with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here, constantly found encouragement and countenance from the friends of liberty there? Who does not remember that, when the Pilgrims went over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them, while their aching eyes were strained till the star of hope should go up in the western skies? And who will ever forget that, in that eventful struggle which severed these youthful republics from the British crown, there was not heard, throughout our continent in arms, a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America than that of Burke, or of Chatham, within the walls of the British Parliament, and at the foot of the British throne?

I am not — I need not say I am not — the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The sceptre, the mitre, and the coronet, — stars, garters, and blue ribbons, — seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies, mustered for the battles of Europe; her navies, overshadowing the ocean; nor her empire, grasping the farthest East. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are too often maintained, which are

the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections. But it is the cradle and the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles through which it has passed; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims; — it is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American, it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow, without emotion, the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakspeare and Milton. I should think him cold in his love for his native land who felt no melting in his heart for that other native country which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

37. ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIANS.—*R. B. Sheridan.*

My brave assóciates, — partners of my tóil, my féelings, and my
fáme! — can Rŏlla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which
l sRO l f RO wsRC
inspire your héarts? Nô! Yŏu have judged, as I have, the foùl-
w sRC
ness of the crafty pléa by which these bold invaders would delùde
you. Yŏur generous spirit has compared, as mîne has, the mòtives
l s L O l f L O lsLO
which in a war like this, can animate thēir minds and ôurs. Thĕy,
m s L O l L OFt wl LCto
by a strange frenzy drîven, fight for pòwer, for plùnder, and extended
side l RO l s R O l RO
rûle: wê, for our coùntry, our àltars, and our hòmes. Thĕy follow
w m s L C m s L C
an advēnturer whom they fĕar, and obey a power which they hâte:
l R O hRO
wê serve a monarch whom we lòve — a God whom we adôre. When-
w sL C to waist w s L C tr L
e'er they move in ánger, desolâtion tracks their prògress! Whene'er
C to br LC w to m s C
they pause in ámity, affliction mourns their frìendship. They boast
f B O wide BO w BC
they come but to imprôve our state, enlârge our thoughts, and frêe us

to s B C exaggerated m B O
from the yoke of èrror! Yês; thêy will give enlightened freedom to
m B O l B C br R C
ôur minds, who are themsêlves the slâves of pâssion, âvarice, and
F w R C to m C pr lift to h C
prìde! They offer us their protèction: yês, such protection as vûltures
h R C shake h R C l R C
give to lâmbs — cóvering and devoùring them! They call on us
w l B C back
to barter all of good we have enhanced and proved, for the desperate
l B O l B O
chance of something bètter which they | pròmise. Be our plain
f R O l s R O
answer thìs: — The throne we honor is the pèople's | chòice; the
s R O s and back R O w
laws we reverence are our brave | fâthers' lègacy; the faith we follow
to l f R O s R O
teaches us to lìve | in bonds of chârity with all | mankind, and dìe |
h R C F l R O
with hope of bliss | beyond the grâve. Tell your invaders thìs; and
w m B C l B C l
tell them, too, we seek nô chânge, — and, least of âll, sûch change as
B O
thêy would brìng us!

38. CÆSAR PASSING THE RUBICON.—*J. S. Knowles.*

A gentlemen, speaking of Cæsar's benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance with which he entered into the civil war, observes, "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon?" How came he to the brink of that river? How dared he cross it? Shall a private man respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river? — Oh! but he paused upon the brink. He should have perished on the brink, ere he had crossed it! Why did he pause? — Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part? Because of conscience! 'T was that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon! — Compassion! What compassion? The compassion of an assassin, that feels a

momentary shudder, as his weapon begins to cut! — Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon! What was the Rubicon? The boundary of Cæsar's province. From what did it separate his province? From his country. Was that country a desert? No; it was cultivated and fertile, rich and populous! Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity! Its daughters were lovely, susceptible, and chaste! Friendship was its inhabitant! Love was its inhabitant! Domestic affection was its inhabitant! Liberty was its inhabitant! All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon! What was Cæsar, that stood upon the brink of that stream? A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country! No wonder that he paused, — no wonder if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water, and heard groans instead of murmurs! No wonder if some gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But, no! he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged! he crossed! and Rome was free no more!

214. **Graphic, Delineative Style: Anecdotes and their Applications.** As a rule, on objects referred to, use a *downward* bend or inflection (§ 50), and sometimes the *circumflex* (§§ 69, 70). These objects should be articulated distinctly, which will tend to make the predominating *terminal* stress (§ 101) short and sharp, or change it to *initial* stress (§ 100). When, again, there is much *drift* (§ 154) the terminal will become *median* stress (§ 102).

Orotund Quality. Toward the end of each selection this orotund may be *aspirated* (§§ 135, 136).

39. THE LAST CHARGE OF NEY.—*J. T. Headley.*

The whole | continental | struggle | exhibited no sublīmer | spéctacle than the last | great | effort | of Napôleon | to save | his sinking | èmpire. Eùrope | had been put | upon the plains | of Waterloo | to be bàttled for. The greatest | military | energy | and skill | the world | possèssed | had been tasked to the ùtmost | during the day.

w
Thrònes | were tottering | on the ensanguined | field, | and the shad-
tr m f R C w R C to m s R C
ows | of fugitive | kìngs | flitted | through the smoke | of bàttle.

h R C F h R C
Bonaparte's | star | trembled | in the zènith, | now | blázing óut, | in
m f R C prone and down
its ancient | spléndor, | now | suddenly | pâling | before his anxious |
èye.

(At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single charge. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of the column, the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle concealed it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rang out on every side, "La garde recule, La garde recule," make us, for the moment, forget all the carnage, in sympathy with his distress.)

Ney felt the pressure | of the immense | responsibility | on his
tr to
brave | heart, | and resolved | not to prove unwòrthy | of the great |
br R C F to m s R C
trust | committed to his càre. Nothing | could be more | impòs-
turn body to the right back B O l f B O
ing | than the movement | of the grand | column | to the assàult.
That guard | had never | yet | recòiled | before a human fòe; and
turn to the left m f B C slowly drop
the allied | forces | beheld | with âwe | its firm | and terrible | ad-
B C
vance | to the final | chârge.

For a moment | the batteries | stopped | playing, and the firing
cèased along the British lines, | as | without the beating | of a drum, |
w m s L C to m f L C
or the blast | of a bugle, | they moved | in dead | silence | over
w m f L O
the plâin. The next | moment | the artillery | opened, | and the
f L C prone slowly
head | of the gallant | column | seemed to sink | dòwn; yet they
drop L C lift f B C
neither stópped | nor fâltered. Dissolving | squadrons | and whole |
f B C drop B C slowly
battàlions | disappearing, | one after another, | in the destructive |
l f B O Ft
fire, | affected not | their steady | coùrage. The ranks | closed up |
turn to the right w l B C push
as befòre, | and each, | treading over | his fallen | comrade, |
B C forward
pressed | firmly | òn. The hòrse which Ney ròde | fèll | under him, |
l R O
and he had scarcely | mounted | anóther, | before ìt also | sank | to

f R O l R O f h R C
the èarth. Again and agàin | did that | unflinching | man | feel |
w m s R C m s R C
his steed | sink dòwn, | till fìve | had been shot | under him.
h
Then, | with his uniform | riddled | with bullets, | and his face |
R C near face m f R C prone
singed | and blackened | with powder, | he marched on fòot, with
m f R C prone
drawn | sabre, | at the head | of his mèn.

In vàin | did the artillery | hurl its storm | of fire | and lead |
turn to left — to right push f m B C forward
into that living | màss; up to the very mùzzles they pressed, | and
push f m B C forward push f m B C
driving the artillery-men | from their places, | pushed on | through
forward w m R C F to m s R C F and
the English | lìnes. But at that moment | a file of soldiers, who
change to m s C pr m s C
had lain | flat | on the ground | behind a low | ridge | of earth, '
s h R C w R C tr to R C Ft on waist *turn to left*
suddenly rose | and poured a volley | into their very fàces. Another
slowly w m L C to s L C
and another | fòllowed, till one | broad | sheet of flàme | rolled on
L C
their bòsoms, and in such a fierce | and unexpected | flow, | that
l bk L C m L C s L C h
human | courage | could not withstànd it. They rèeled, ‖ shòok, ‖
s L C w tr L C to br and to back L C
staggered bàck, ‖ then turned ‖ and flèd.

(The fate of Napoleon was writ. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world went down in blood; and the Bravest of the Brave had fought his last battle.)

40. REGULUS TO THE CARTHAGINIANS.—*E. Kellogg.*

The beams of the rising sun had gilded the lofty domes of Carthage, and given, with its rich and mellow light, a tinge of beauty even to the frowning ramparts of the outer harbor. Sheltered by the verdant shores, an hundred triremes were riding proudly at their anchors, their brazen beaks glittering in the sun, their streamers dancing in the morning breeze, while many a shattered plank and timber gave evidence of desperate conflicts with the fleets of Rome.

No murmur of business or of revelry arose from the city. The artisan had forsaken his shop, the judge his tribunal,

the priest the sanctuary, and even the stern stoic had come forth from his retirement to mingle with the crowd that, anxious and agitated, were rushing toward the senate-house, startled by the report that Regulus had returned to Carthage.

Onward, still onward, trampling each other under foot, they rushed, furious with anger and eager for revenge. Fathers were there, whose sons were groaning in fetters; maidens, whose lovers, weak and wounded, were dying in the dungeons of Rome, and gray-haired men and matrons, whom the Roman sword had left childless.

But when the stern features of Regulus were seen, and his colossal form towering above the ambassadors who had returned with him from Rome; when the news passed from lip to lip that the dreaded warrior, so far from advising the Roman senate to consent to an exchange of prisoners, had urged them to pursue, with exterminating vengeance, Carthage and the Carthaginians,— the multitude swayed to and fro like a forest beneath a tempest, and the rage and hate of that tumultuous throng vented itself in groans, and curses, and yells of vengeance. But calm, cold and immovable as the marble walls around him stood the Roman; and he stretched out his hand over that frenzied crowd, with gesture as proudly commanding as though he still stood at the head of the gleaming cohorts of Rome.

The tumult ceased; the curse, half muttered, died upon the lip; and so intense was the silence, that the clanking of the brazen manacles upon the wrists of the captive fell sharp and full upon every ear in that vast assembly, as he thus addressed them:

"Ye doubtless thought — for ye judge of Roman virtue by your own — that I would break my plighted oath, rather than, returning, brook your vengeance. If the bright blood that fills my veins, transmitted free from godlike ancestry,

were like that slimy ooze which stagnates in your arteries, I had remained at home, and broke my plighted oath to save my life.

"I am a Roman citizen; therefore have I returned, that ye might work your will upon this mass of flesh and bones, that I esteem no higher than the rags that cover them. Here, in your capital, do I defy you. Have I not conquered your armies, fired your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot wheels, since first my youthful arms could wield a spear? And do you think to see me crouch and cower before a tamed and shattered senate? The tearing of flesh and rending of sinews is but pastime compared with the mental agony that heaves my frame.

"The moon has scarce yet waned since the proudest of Rome's proud matrons, the mother upon whose breast I slept, and whose fair brow so oft had bent over me before the noise of battle had stirred my blood, or the fierce toil of war nerved my sinews, did with fondest memory of bygone hours entreat me to remain. I have seen her, who, when my country called me to the field, did buckle on my harness with trembling hands, while the tears fell thick and fast down the hard corselet scales,—I have seen her tear her gray locks and beat her aged breast, as on her knees she begged me not to return to Carthage; and all the assembled senate of Rome, grave and reverend men, proffered the same request. The puny torments which ye have in store to welcome me withal, shall be, to what I have endured, even as the murmur of a summer's brook to the fierce roar of angry surges on a rocky beach.

"Last night, as I lay fettered in my dungeon, I heard a strange ominous sound: it seemed like the distant march of some vast army, their harness clanging as they marched, when suddenly there stood by me Xanthippus, the Spartan general, by whose aid you conquered me, and, with a voice low as when the solemn wind moans through the leafless

forest, he thus addressed me: 'Roman, I come to bid thee curse, with thy dying breath, this fated city; know that in an evil moment, the Carthaginian generals, furious with rage that I had conquered thee, their conqueror, did basely murder me. And then they thought to stain my brightest honor. But, for this foul deed, the wrath of Jove shall rest upon them here and hereafter.' And then he vanished.

"And now, go bring your sharpest torments. The woes I see impending over this guilty realm shall be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve and artery were a shooting pang. I die! but my death shall prove a proud triumph; and, for every drop of blood ye from my veins do draw, your own shall flow in rivers. Woe to thee, Carthage! Woe to the proud city of the waters! I see thy nobles wailing at the feet of Roman senators! thy citizens in terror! thy ships in flames! I hear the victorious shouts of Rome! I see her eagles glittering on thy ramparts. Proud city, thou art doomed! The curse of God is on thee — a clinging, wasting curse. It shall not leave thy gates till hungry flames shall lick the fretted gold from off thy proud palaces, and every brook runs crimson to the sea."

41. SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.—*E. Kellogg.*

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet, and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dew-drops on the corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of the Vulturnus with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard, save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling

its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre a band of gladiators were assembled, their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows, when Spartacus, starting forth from amid the throng, thus addressed them:

"Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call *him* chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arēna every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron-groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when at noon I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together of our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra, and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the

hoof of the war-horse, the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

"To-day I killed a man in the arēna, and when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died; — the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave, and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay, upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arēna, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay. And the prætor drew back, as I were pollution, and sternly said, 'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans.' And so, fellow-*gladiators*, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome, Rome, thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; — to gaze into the glaring eye-balls of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled.

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are. The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adōnis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sestérces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh, but

to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours,—and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are *beasts*, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are *men*,—follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at Old Thermopylæ. Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades, warriors, Thracians,—if we must fight, let us fight for *ourselves!* If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our *oppressors!* If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!"

42. SPARTACUS TO THE ROMAN ENVOYS IN ETRURIA.

Envoys of Rome, the poor camp of Spartacus is too much honored by your presence. And does Rome stoop to parley with the escaped gladiator, with the rebel ruffian, for whom heretofore no slight has been too scornful? You have come, with steel in your right hand and with gold in your left. What heed we give the former, ask Cossinius; ask Claudius, ask Varinius; ask the bones of your legions that fertilize the Lucanian plains. And for your gold—would ye know what we do with *that*, go ask the laborer, the trodden poor, the helpless and the hopeless, on our route; ask all whom Roman tyranny had crushed, or Roman avarice plundered. Ye have seen me before; but ye did not then shun my glance as now. Ye have seen me in the arēna, when I was Rome's pet ruffian, daily smeared with blood of men or beasts. One day—shall I forget it ever?—*ye* were present—I had fought long and well. Exhausted as I was, your mūnĕrātor, your lord of the games, bethought him it were an equal match to set against me a new man, younger and lighter than I, but fresh and valiant. With Thracian sword

and buckler, forth he came, a beautiful defiance on his brow! Bloody and brief the fight. "He has it!" cried the people; "*habet! habet!*" But still he lowered not his arm, until, at length, I held him, gashed and fainting, in my power. I looked around upon the Podium, where sat your senators and men of state, to catch the signal of release — of mercy. But not a thumb was reversed. To crown your sport, the vanquished man must die! Obedient brute that I was, I was about to slay him, when a few hurried words — rather a welcome to death than a plea for life — told me he was a Thracian. I stood transfixed. The arēna vanished. I was in Thrace, upon my native hills! The sword dropped from my hands. I raised the dying youth tenderly in my arms. O, the magnanimity of Rome! Your haughty leaders, enraged at being cheated of their death-show, hissed their disappointment, and shouted, "Kill!" I heeded them as I would heed the howl of wolves. Kill *him?* — They might better have asked the mother to kill the babe, smiling in her face. Ah! he was already wounded unto death; and amid the angry yells of the spectators, he died. That night I was scourged for disobedience. I shall not forget it. Should memory fail, there are scars here to quicken it.

Well; do not grow impatient. Some hours after, finding myself, with seventy fellow-gladiators, alone in the amphitheatre, the laboring thought broke forth in words. I said, — I know not what. I only know that, when I ceased, my comrades looked each other in the face, and then burst forth the simultaneous cry, "Lead on! Lead on! O Spartacus!" Forth we rushed, — seized what rude weapons chance threw in our way, and to the mountains speeded. There, day by day, our little band increased. Disdainful Rome sent after us a handful of her troops, with a scourge for the slave Spartacus. Their weapons soon were ours. She sent an army; and down from old Vesuvius we poured, and slew three thousand. Now it was Spartacus, the dreaded rebel!

A larger army, headed by the prætor, was sent, and routed; then another still. And always I remembered that fierce cry, riving my heart, and calling me to "kill!" In three pitched battles have I not obeyed it? And now affrighted Rome sends her two Consuls, and puts forth all her strength by land and sea, as if a Pyrrhus or a Hannĭbal were on her borders!

Envoys of Rome! To Lentulus and Gellius bear this message: "Their graves are measured!" Look on that narrow stream, a silver thread, high on the mountain's side. Slenderly it winds, but soon is swelled by others meeting it, until a torrent, terrible and strong, it sweeps to the abyss, where all is ruin. So Spartacus comes on! So swells *his* force,—small and despised at first, but now resistless! On, on to Rome we come! The gladiators come! Let opulence tremble in all his palaces! Let oppression shudder to think the oppressed may have their turn! Let cruelty turn pale at thought of redder hands than his! Oh! we shall not forget Rome's many lessons. She shall not find her training was all wasted upon indocile pupils. Now, begone! Prepare the Eternal City for *our* games!

43. MARULLUS TO THE ROMAN POPULACE.—*Shakspeare.*

Wherefore rejoice that Cæsar comes in triumph?
What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
Oh, you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!
Knew ye not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The life-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,

That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you *now* put on your best attire?
And do you *now* cull out a holiday?
And do you *now* strew flowers in *his* way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Begone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude!

44. WILLIAM TELL ON SWITZERLAND.—*J. S. Knowles.*

Once Switzerland was free! With what a pride
I used to walk these hills,—look up to heaven,
And bless God that it was so! It was free
From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free!
Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
And plow our valleys, without asking leave;
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun!
How happy was I in it, then! I loved
Its very storms. Ay, often have I sat
In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake,
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring.—I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own.
You know the jutting cliff, round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two a-breast to pass? O'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there;—the thought that mine was free
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
Blow on! This is the land of liberty!

45. WILLIAM TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.—*J. S. Knowles.*

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! — O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine,—whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again! — I call to you
With all my voice! — I hold my hands to you.
To show they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!
Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow
O'er the abyss: — his broad-expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath
And round about; absorbed, he heeded not
The death that threatened him. I could not shoot—
'Twas liberty! — I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away!

46. DANGEROUS LEGISLATION, 1849.—*J. McDowell.*

Mr. Chairman: When I pass by the collective | parties in this case, and recall the partícular ones; when I see that my ówn state is as deeply implicated in the trouble and the danger of it as any óther, and shares, to the full, with all of her southern | colleagues, in the most painful | apprehensions of its íssue; when I see thís, I turn involuntárily, and with unaffected | deference of spírit, and ask,

w l R O l
Whát, in this exigent moment to Virgínia, will Massachùsetts dò?
R O w l R O to s R O
Will yóu, too, (I speak to her as present in her represéntatives)—
l R O w R O back w R C to
will yóu, too, forgetting | all | the past, put forth a hand | to smite
f C and to m s C
her | ignominiously | upon the chéek? In your own early day of
deepest extremity and distréss — the day of the Boston | Pŏrt Bill —
when your beautiful | capital was threatened with extínction, and
England was collecting her gigantic | power to sweep your liberties |
w L C back L C back l L O
awáy, Virgínia, caring for no | ódds and counting no | cóst, bravely, |
l L O l L O
generously, | instantly, | stepped forth for your delìverance. Ad-
dressing her through the justice | of your cause | and the agonies |
l R O l R O
of your condition, | you asked for her hèart. She gàve it; with
w R C F to br w to R O w to R O
scarce the reservation of a thròb, she gave it freely and gave it ãll.
w m tr R C to br f R O
You called upon her for her blòod; — she took her chìldren from her
w to l R O
bòsom, and offered thèm.

(*p*) But in all | thís | she felt and knew that she was mòre than your
polìtical | allỳ — more than your political frièND. She felt and knew
that she was your near, | natural born | relàtion — such in virtue
l f R O
of your common | descént, but such | far more still | in virtue of the
w tr R O to s R O
hīgher attributes of a congenial and kindred nàture. Do not be
startled at the idea of còmmon | quàlities between the American
l B
Cavalĭer and the American Ròundhead. A heroic and unconquer-
O Ft w to m B C
able wìll, differently dirécted, is the pervasive and màster cement in
l B O
the character of bòth. (*ff*) Nourished by the same | spírit, sharing as
twin- | sisters in the struggle of the heritage of the same | revolú-
tion, what is there in any demand of national | faith, or of constitu-
l B O
tional | duty, or of public | morals, | which should separate them nòw?
l B O down
(*f*) Give us but a pârt of that devotion which glowed in the heart
l s R O l f R O
of the younger | Pîtt, and of our own elder | Âdams, who, in the
R C Ft on waist
midst of their âgonies, forgot not the countries they had lived for,

but mingled with the spasms of their dỳing hour a last and implor-
l R O h R O
ing appeal to the parent of all | mercies, that he would remember,
m R O l R O R O
in eternal | blessings, the land of their bìrth; give us thêir devotion
l s L O w to
— give us that of the young enthusiast of Pâris, who, listening to
m s L C m s L C
Mìrabeáu in one of his surpassing vindications of human rígHts, and
drop L C pr l L C
seeing him fall from his stand, dying, as a physician proclaimed, for
back L C
the want of blóod, (*ff*) rushed to the spòt, and as he bent over the ex-
L C on R wrist and R Ft
piring man, bâred his ârm for the lâncet, and cried agâin and agâin,
ditto ditto
with impassioned vóice: "Hère, take it — oh! take it from mê! let
ditto l f B O l
mê die, so that Mìrabeau and the liberties of my cŏuntry may not
B O wide l B O l
pèrish!" Give us something only of sûch a love of country, and we
f B O m s B O turn to h B C tr
are sâfe, forèver sâfe: the troubles which shadow over and oppress
and to h s B C f h B C
us nów will pass awây like a summer clòud. The fatal element of
w b k B C down
all our discord will be remòved from among us. (*ff*) Let gentlemen
be adjured by the weal of this and coming ages, by our own and
our children's good, by all that we love or that we look for in the
progress and the glories of our land, to leave this entire subject,
with every accountability it may impose, every remedy it may re-
quire, every accumulation of difficulty or degree of pressure it may
reach — to leave it all to the interest, to the wisdom, and to the con-
science, of those upon whom the providence of God and the constitu-
tion of their country have cast it.)

(*pp*) It is said, sir, that at some dark hour of our revolutionary
cóntest, when army after army had been lóst; when, dispirited,
bèaten, wrétched, the heart of the boldest and faithfulest díed within
them, and áll, for an instant, seemed cónquered, except the uncon-
querable soul of our father-chiéf,—(*p*) it is said that at that móment,
lift f R C w tr R C to
rising above all the auguries aróund him, and buoyed up by the
br and to m f s R C to
inspiration of his immortal wórk for all the trials it could bríng, he
h R C and hold
aroused anew the sunken spirit of his associates by this confident
w to m s R C
and daring declarâtion: (*f*) "Strip me (said he) of the dejected and

w m tr R C and to m s R C
suffering remnant of my àrmy — take from me all that I have lèft —
w tr R C w to h f
leave me but a bânner, give me but the means to plant it upon the
R C F w tr R C to br
mountains of West Augũsta, and I will yet draw around me the
l R O m
men who shall lift ùp their bleeding country from the dũst, and set
R O l R O down
her frêe!" (*ff*) Give to mê, who am a son and representative here of
s R O f R O w R C tr
the same | West | Augusta, give to mè as a bănner the propitious
to f m R C
measure I have endeavored to suppórt, help me to plant it upon this
h R C F
mountain-top of our national pówer, and the land | of Wáshington,
f B O wide
ùndivìded and únbròken, will be ôur land, and the land of our chil-
B O l B O
dren's chìldren forèver! (So help me to do this at this hour, and, generations hence, some future son of the South, standing where I stand, in the midst of our legitimate successors, will bless, and praise, and thank God that he, too, can say of them, as I of you, and of all around me — these, these are my brethren, and Oh! this, this, too, is my country!)

47. PUBLIC OPINION AND THE SWORD.—*Thomas B. Macaulay.*

I know only two ways in which societies can permanently be governed — by Public Opinion, and by the Sword. A government having at its command the armies, the fleets, and the revenues of Great Britain, might possibly hold Ireland by the sword. So Oliver Cromwell held Ireland; so William the Third held it; so Mr. Pitt held it; so the Duke of Wellington might, perhaps, have held it. But, to govern Great Britain by the sword — so wild a thought has never, I will venture to say, occurred to any public man of any party; and, if any man were frantic enough to make the attempt, he would find, before three days had expired, that there is no better sword than that which is fashioned out of a ploughshare! But, if not by the sword, how is the people to be governed? I understand how the peace is kept at

New York. It is by the assent and support of the people. I understand, also, how the peace is kept at Milan. It is by the bayonets of the Austrian soldiers. But how the peace is to be kept when you have neither the popular assent nor the military force, — how the peace is to be kept in England by a government acting on the principles of the present Opposition, — I do not understand.

Sir, we read that, in old times, when the villeins were driven to revolt by oppression, — when the castles of the nobility were burned to the ground, — when the warehouses of London were pillaged, — when a hundred thousand insurgents appeared in arms on Blackheath, — when a foul murder, perpetrated in their presence, had raised their passions to madness, — when they were looking round for some Captain to succeed and avenge him whom they had lost, — just then, before Hob Miller, or Tom Carter, or Jack Straw, could place himself at their head, the King rode up to them, and exclaimed, "I will be your leader!" — And, at once, the infuriated multitude laid down their arms, submitted to his guidance, dispersed at his command. Herein let us imitate him. Let us say to the people, "We are your leaders, — we, your own House of Commons." This tone it is our interest and our duty to take. The circumstances admit of no delay. Even while I speak, the moments are passing away, — the irrevocable moments, pregnant with the destiny of a great people. The country is in danger; it may be saved: *we* can save it. This is the way — this is the time. In our hands are the issues of great good and great evil — the issues of the life and death of the State!

48. A REMINISCENCE OF LEXINGTON.—*Theodore Parker.*

One raw morning in spring — it will be eighty years the 19th day of this month — Hancock and Adams, the Moses and Aaron of that Great Deliverance, were both at Lexington; they also had "obstructed an officer" with brave words. British

soldiers, a thousand strong, came to seize them and carry them over sea for trial, and so nip the bud of Freedom auspiciously opening in that early spring. The town militia came together before daylight, "for training." A great, tall man, with a large head and a high, wide brow, their captain,— one who had "seen service,"— marshalled them into line, numbering but seventy, and bade "every man load his piece with powder and ball. I will order the first man shot that runs away," said he, when some faltered. "Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they want to have a war, let it begin here."

Gentlemen, you know what followed; those farmers and mechanics "fired the shot heard round the world." A little monument covers the bones of such as before had pledged their fortune and their sacred honor to the Freedom of America, and that day gave it also their lives. I was born in that little town, and bred up amid the memories of that day. When a boy, my mother lifted me up, one Sunday, in her religious, patriotic arms, and held me while I read the first monumental line I ever saw — "Sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind."

Since then I have studied the memorial marbles of Greece and Rome, in many an ancient town; nay, on Egyptian obelisks, have read what was written before the Eternal roused up Moses to lead Israel out of Egypt, but no chiseled stone has ever stirred me to such emotion as these rustic names of men who fell "In the Sacred Cause of God and their Country."

Gentlemen, the Spirit of Liberty, the Love of Justice, was early fanned into a flame in my boyish heart. That monument covers the bones of my own kinsfolk; it was their blood which reddened the long, green grass at Lexington. It was my own name which stands chiseled on that stone; the tall Captain who marshalled his fellow farmers and mechanics into stern array, and spoke such brave and dan-

gerous words as opened the war of American Independence,—the last to leave the field,—was my father's father. I learned to read out of his Bible, and with a musket he that day captured from the foe I learned also another religious lesson, that "Rebellion to Tyrants is Obedience to God." I keep them both, "Sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind," to use them both, "In the Sacred Cause of God and my Country."

49. IRISH GRIEVANCES.—*Richard L. Sheil.*

If we were to adopt the language which is prescribed to us, the people of England would not believe that we labored under any substantial grievances. "I do not believe you" (said a celebrated advocate of antiquity to a citizen who stated to him a case of enormous wrong),—"I do not believe you." "Not believe me?" "No." "What! not believe me! I tell you that my antagonist met me in the public way, seized me by the throat, flung me to the earth, and—" "Hold,"—exclaimed Demosthenes; "your eye is on fire; your lip begins to quiver; your cheek is flushed with passion; your hand is clinched. I believe you now; when you first addressed me you were too calm—too cold—too measured; but now you speak, you look like one who has sustained a wrong!"

And are we to speak and act like men who have sustained no wrong? We! Six millions of—what shall I say?—citizens? No! but of men who have been flagitiously spoliated of the rights and privileges of British subjects, who are cast into utter degradation, and covered with disgrace and shame, upon whom scorn is vented and contumely discharged; we who are the victims of legislative plunder—who have been robbed, with worse than Punic perfidy, of privileges which our ancestors had purchased at Limerick with their blood, which were secured by the faith of treaties, and consecrated with all the solemnities of a great national

compact,—shall we speak like men who have sustained no wrongs?

We are upon our knees; but even in kneeling, an attitude of dignity should be maintained. Shall we ask for the rights of freemen in the language of slaves? May common sense—common feeling—common honor—may every generous principle implanted in our nature—may that God (I do not take his name in vain), may that Power that endowed us with high aspirations, and filled the soul of man with honorable emotion; who made the love of freedom an instinctive wish, an unconquerable appetite; may the great Author of our being, the Creator of the human heart—may God forbid it!

215. **Elaborative Style. The long sentence and climax.** *Terminal Stress* (§ 101) gliding into *Median* (§ 102) wherever the speaker begins to feel the *Drift* (§ 154) or balance of the Rhetoric. End each **climax** with the gradual descent in pitch indicated in §§ 83–85. The first two examples contain series of *preliminary* clauses ending with *downward inflections;* in the other examples these end with *upward inflections.*

☞ In the following many of the words in subordinate clauses marked for downward or downward-circumflex inflections, *may* take upward inflections; but if rendered thus the delivery will not be so emphatic. Try an upward inflection on "Alps," etc.

50. EXAMPLES FOR IRELAND.—*T. F. Meagher.*

Other nations, with abilities far less eminent than those which you possess, having great difficulties to encounter, have obeyed with hèroism the commandment from which yōu have swêrved, maintaining that noble order of existence, through which even the pòorest state becomes an instrùctive châpter in the great history of the wòrld.

w l R O w m s R C w m
Shâme upon you! Swĭtzerlánd—without a cólony, without a
s R C w m s R C
gun upon the séas, without a helping hand from any court in Eúrope
w R C Ft to waist w to l R O down
—has héld for centuries her footing on the Alps—spite of the ávalanche, has bid her little territory sustain, in peace and plenty, the children to whom she has given bìrth—has trained those children

w tr to tr R C F w
up in the arts that contribute most to the security, the joy, the dìg-
R C to m s C
nity of lîfe—has taught them to depend upon themsêlves, and for
lift to h R C hold
their fortune to be thankful to no officious strànger—and, though a
h C shake h
blood-red cloud is breaking over one of her brightest lákes, what-
R C F w to m s R C F prone
êver plague it may porténd, be assured of thìs—the cap of foreign
w l L O l L O w
dèspotism will never again gleam in the market-place of Àltorff!

Shâme upon you! Nōrwáy—with her scanty populátion, scarce
m s L C lift L C to h s L C F drop to
a million stróng—has kept her flag upon the Càttegat—has reared a
s L C and down
race of gallant sàilors to gùard her frozen sòil—year after year has
nursed upon that soil a harvest to which the Swẽde can lay no clàim
—has saved her ancient láws—and to the spirit of her frank and
l L O L O L O snatch L O to L C Ft on waist
hardy sôns | commìts | the frêedom which she rescued from the
w to L O
allied swórds, when they hacked her crown at Frèderickstadt!
w l R O w l s R O turn

Shâme upon you! Hōlländ—with the ōcean as her foe—from
to l s R C
the swamp in which yōu would have sunk your | grãves, has bid
lift
the pàlace, and the warehouse còstlier than the palace, rear their
s R C drop to l C prone
ponderous | shapes | above the waves that battle at their bâse—has
s R C F prone w R C F to
outstripped the merchant of the Riàlto—has threatened England in
f m C F w R C to m s R C
the Thàmes—has swept the chànnel with her broom—and, though
w s R C tr to br R C w
for a day she reeled before the bayonets of Dumoúriez, she sprang
to R C f h O Ft
to her fèet again and strùck the trícolor from her dỳkes!

f B O l f B O wider B O

And yôu—yôu, who are eight millions stròng—you, who boast at
lift to h B O and drop to l B O
every meeting that this island is the finest which the sun looks dòwn
B O
upon—you, who have nô threatening | sea to stêm, no avalanche to
drêad—you, who say that you could shield along your coast a
thousand | sàil, and be the princes of a mighty | còmmerce—you,
who by the magic of an honest | hánd, beneath each summer | sky,

w l tr R C to br C w to l
might cull a plenteous | hàrvest from your sòil, and with the sickle
s R C
strike awây the scythe of dèath—you, who have no vùlgar | hìstory
to rèad—you, who can trace, from field to field, the evidences of
l L O
civilization | òlder than the Cònquest—the relics of a religion | far
to h L O l L O
more ancient than the Gòspel—you, who have thus been blèssed,
thus been gifted, thus been prómpted to what is wisé and generous
w l B C bk
and gréat—you will make no effort—you will whîne, and bèg, and
w R C tr to C on waist w to
skùlk, in sòres and rags, upon this favored lànd—you will còngregate
m R C drop to l R C
in drōwsy coùncils, and thén, when the very earth is loosening
l R C w tr R C and to m
beneath your féet, you will bid a prosperous voyage to your last
s R C w to br R C w to l R C
grain of còrn—you will be bèggared by the mìllion—you will pèrish
h R C F
by the thòusand, and the finest island which the sun looks down
shake h R C m f C
upon, amid the jêers and hôotings of the wórld, will blacken into a
prone lower C l C
plâgue-spot, a wìlderness, a sèpulchre.

51. GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.—*Newman Hall.*

Let all good citizens in both England and America, all who desire the world's progress, strive to preserve peace and international good-will.

I appeal to you by the unity of our race — for, with two governments we are one people; by the unity of the grand old language we alike speak, with the thrilling names of father, mother, home, dear to us alike; by our common literature, our Shakspeare, who is your Shakspeare, our Milton, who is your Milton, our Longfellows and Tennysons, side by side in all our libraries; I appeal to you by the stirring memories of our common history,— by those ancestors of both our nations, who proved their prowess at Hastings, whether as sturdy Saxons defending the standard of King Harold, or as daring Normans spurring their chivalry

to the trumpet of Duke William,—and who, afterward united on a better field, wrung from a reluctant tyrant that great charter which is the foundation of our liberties on both sides of the Atlantic; I appeal to you by the stirring times when those common ancestors lighted their beacons on every hill, and rallied around a lion-hearted queen, and launched forth—some of them in mere fishing vessels—against the proud Armada that dared to threaten their subjugation; I appeal to you by the struggles of the commonwealth, by the memories of those who put to rout the abettors of tyranny—Cromwell, Hampden, Sir Harry Vane; I appeal to you by those Pilgrim Fathers here, and by those Puritans and Covenanters who remained behind, by whose heroic sufferings both nations enjoy such freedom to worship God; I appeal to you by the graves in which our common ancestors repose,—not only, it may be, beneath the stately towers of Westminster, but in many an ancient village churchyard, where daisies grow on the turf-covered graves, and venerable yew-trees cast over them their solemn shade; I appeal to you by that Bible—precious to us both; by that gospel which our missionaries alike proclaim to the heathen world, and by that Savior whom we both adore,—never let there be strife between nations whose conflict would be the rushing together of two Niagaras, but whose union will be like the irresistible course of two great rivers flowing on majestically to fertilize and bless the world.

Never let our beautiful standards—yours of the stars and stripes, suggesting the lamps of night and the rays of day, and ours of the clustered crosses, telling of union in diversity, and reminding of the One Great Liberator and Peace-Maker, who, by the cross, gave life to the world—never let these glorious standards be arrayed in hostile ranks; but ever may they float side by side, leading on the van of the world's progress.

Oh, I can imagine that if we, the hereditary champions of freedom, were engaged in strife, all the despots of the earth would clap their hands, and all the demons in hell would exult, while angels would weep to see these two nations wasting the treasure and shedding the blood that should be reserved for the strife against the common foes of freedom.

Never give angels such cause of lamentation, never give despots and demons such cause for rejoicing; but ever Great Britain and America — the mother and the daughter, or, if you prefer it, the elder daughter and the younger — go forth hand in hand, angel-guardians together of civilization, freedom and religion, their only rivalry the rivalry of love.

52. THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.—*John B. Gough.*

Our cause is a progressive one. I have read the first constitution of the first temperance society formed in the State of New York in 1809, and one of the by-laws stated: "Any member of this association who shall be convicted of intoxication shall be fined a quarter of a dollar, except such act of intoxication shall take place on the Fourth of July, or any other regularly appointed military muster." We laugh at that now; but it was a serious matter in those days: it was in advance of the public sentiment of the age. The very men who adopted that principle were persecuted: they were hooted and pelted through the streets, the doors of their houses were blackened, their cattle mutilated.

The fire of persecution scorched some men so that they left the work. Others worked on, and God blessed them. Some are living to-day; and I should like to stand where they stand now, and see the mighty enterprise as it rises before them. They worked hard. They lifted the first turf — prepared the bed in which to lay the corner-stone. They laid it amid persecution and storm. They worked

under the surface; and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the solid foundation far down beneath.

By and by they got the foundation above the surface, and then began another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure — pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned with "Love, truth, sympathy, and good-will to men." Old men gaze upon it as it grows up before them. They will not live to see it completed; but they see in faith the crowning copestone set upon it. Meek-eyed women weep as it grows in beauty; children strew the pathway of the workmen with flowers.

We do not see its beauty yet — we do not see the magnificence of its superstructure yet — because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the building; but by and by, when the hosts who have labored shall come up over a thousand battlefields waving with bright grain never again to be crushed in the distillery — through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never again to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind — when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase — when they shall come up to the last distillery and destroy it; to the last stream of liquid death, and dry it up; to the last weeping wife, and wipe her tears gently away; to the last child, and lift him up to stand where God meant that child and man should stand; to the last drunkard, and nerve him to burst the burning fetters and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains — then, ah! then will the copestone be set upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will stand in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world. Loud shouts of rejoicing shall then be heard,

and there will be joy in heaven, when the triumphs of a great enterprise usher in the day of the triumphs of the cross of Christ.

53. DUTY OF AMERICA TO GREECE.—*Henry Clay.*

Are we so low, so base, so despicable, that we may not express our horror, articulate our detestation, of the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth, or shocked high heaven, with the ferocious deeds of a brutal soldiery, set on by the clergy and followers of a fanatical and inimical religion, rioting in excess of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens? If the great mass of Christendom can look coolly and calmly on, while all this is perpetrated on a Christian people, in their own vicinity, in their very presence, let us, at least, show that, in this distant extremity, there is still some sensibility and sympathy for Christian wrongs and sufferings; that there are still feelings which can kindle into indignation at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection and every modern tie.

But, sir, it is not first and chiefly for Greece that I wish to see this measure adopted. It will give her but little aid —that aid purely of a moral kind. It is, indeed, soothing and solacing, in distress, to hear the accents of a friendly voice. We know this as a people. But, sir, it is principally and mainly for *America* herself, for the credit and character of our common country, that I hope to see this resolution pass; it is for our own unsullied name that I feel.

What appearance, sir, on the page of history, would a record like this make: "In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Savior 1824, while all European Christendom beheld, with cold, unfeeling apathy, the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the

United States — almost the sole, the last, the greatest repository of human hope and of human freedom, the representatives of a nation capable of bringing into the field a million of bayonets — while the freemen of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, its fervent prayer, for Grecian success; while the whole continent was rising, by one simultaneous motion, solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking the aid of heaven to spare Greece, and to invigorate her arms: while temples and senate-houses were all resounding with one burst of generous sympathy; in the year of our Lord and Savior,— that Savior alike of Christian Greece and of us,— a proposition was offered in the American Congress to send a messenger to Greece, to inquire into her state and condition, with an expression of our good wishes and our sympathies, — and it was rejected!"

Go home, if you dare,— go home, if you can,— to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down! Meet, if you dare, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments; that, you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, affrighted you; that the spectres of cimeters, and crowns and crescents, gleamed before you, and alarmed you; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberality, by national independence, and by humanity! I cannot bring myself to believe that such will be the feeling of a majority of this House.

ANIMATED AND EXPOSITORY SELECTIONS.

216. In all these the predominating Time is *slower*, Pitch slightly *higher*, and Tone *louder* than in ordinary conversation; Force smooth, loud, *expulsive* and *effusive* (§§ 106–120); Quality *pure* and *orotund* (§§ 131–137).

217. **Explanatory and Categorical.** The following begin with a short, sharp *Terminal* (§ 101), becoming, at times, *Initial* stress (§ 100), and end with a longer Terminal, sometimes becoming *Median* (§ 102). A few of the selections may take Pure Quality at the opening; all should close with the Orotund (§§ 131–137).

54. SMALL BEGINNINGS OF GREAT HISTORICAL MOVEMENTS.

G. S. Hillard.

The first | forty | years | of the seventeenth | cĕntury were fruitful | in striking | occŭrrences | and remarkable | mèn. Charles ĪI | was born in 1630. When he had reached an age to understand the rudiments | of historical | knówledge, we may imagine his royal fāther to have commissioned some grave and experienced counselor of his cŏurt to instrŭct the future monarch of Éngland in the great | èvents which had taken plàce in Eúrope since the opening of the cèntury.

w l B O
Upon what thèmes would the tutor of the young prince have been
l B O f R
likely to discŏurse? He would have dwelt upon the struggle between
O s R O m s
Spàin and the Nètherlands, and upon the Thirty Years' Wàr in
R O bring s RO to R C F on
Gèrmany; and he would have recalled the sorrow that fell upon the
br hold l
heart of Êngland when the news cáme of the disastrous battle of
R O
Prâgue.
L C to
He would have painted the horror and dismay | which ran through
br w to s m L C
Frànce at the assassination of Henry IV̆. He would have attempted
l
to convey to his young pupil some notion of the military genius of
L O l s L O
Maurice of Nàssau, of the vast political capacity of Cardinal Rìche-
w m L C to br and to m f
lieu, and of the splendor and mystery that wrapped the romantic life
L C
of Wàllenstein.
w l R O to
But so seemingly insīgnificant an occurrence as the saīling of a
s R O l f R O l R O w
few Pûritans from Delph Hâven, in the summer of 1620, would doubt-
m R C to s R C
less have been entirely overlŏoked; or, if mentioned at āll, the young
prince might have been told, that in that year a congregation of

l f RO s R O w to l f RO
fanatical Brôwnists sailed for North Virgìnia; that, sìnce that tíme,
hold w to s RO
ôthers of the same factious and troublesome sect had fòllowed in
w to l RO l
their path, and that they had sent home many cargoes of fish and
RO
pòultry.

But with òur eyes, we can see that this humble event was the
l B O l BO l BO
seed of far more mèmorable cónsequences than âll the sieges, battles,
l BO w m L C to
and treaties of that momentous pèriod. The effects | of those fields
br and to s L C
of slaughter | hardly | lasted | longer | than the smoke and dùst of
the contending àrmies; but the seminal principles which were carried
l R O w m R C to br and
to America in the Mãyflower, which grew in the wholesome air of
to s R C l RO Ft l
obscurity and neglect, are at this moment vìtal forces in the move-
R O
ments of the wòrld, the extent and ìnfluence of which no political
foresight can mèasure. Ideas which, for the first time in the history
l LO
of mankind, took | shape | upon ōur soil, are the springs | of that
s L C F h CF
contest | now going on in Eûrope | between the Past and the Fùture,
h CF f m C
the ènd of which no man can sèe.

h L O l LO
May God inspire us and our rulers with the wisdom to presèrve
l LO
and transmit, unimpàired, those advantages | secured to us by our
stârting | without | the weary | burdens | and perplexing | entangle-
ments | of the Pàst. May we throw into the scale of struggling
w l R C w R C
freedom in the Old World, not the sword of phȳsical fórce, but the
to br and to l RO l
weight of a noble exàmple — the moral argument of a great people,
B O l B C m BO w
invīgorated, but not intôxicated, by their lìberty — a power which,
m f B C h f B O
though unsubstãntial, will yet, like the uplifted hands of Mōses upon
l BO l BO
Hòreb, avâil mòre | than hosts | of armed | mèn.

55. IN BEHALF OF STARVING IRELAND.—*S. S. Prentiss.*

FELLOW-CITIZENS: It is no ordinary cause which has brought together this vast assemblage on the present occasion. We have met, not to prepare ourselves for political contests, nor to celebrate the achievements of those gallant men who have planted our victorious standards in the heart of an enemy's country. We have assembled, not to respond to shouts of triumph from the west, but to answer the cry of want and suffering which comes from the east. The Old World stretches out her arms to the New. The starving parent supplicates the young and vigorous child for bread. There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. Its area is not so great as that of the State of Louisiana, while its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos. Into this fair region God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers who fulfill his inscrutable decrees. The earth has failed to give her increase; the common mother has forgotten her offspring, and her breast no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly famine, has seized a nation with its strangling grasp; and unhappy Ireland, in the sad woes of the present, forgets for a moment the gloomy history of the past.

We have assembled, fellow-citizens, to express our sincere sympathy for the sufferings of our brethren, and to unite in efforts for their alleviation. This is one of those cases in which we may, without impiety, assume, as it were, the function of Providence. Who knows but what one of the very

objects of this great calamity is to test the benevolence and worthiness of us upon whom unlimited abundance has been showered. In the name, then, of common humanity, I invoke your aid in behalf of starving Ireland. Give generously and freely. Recollect that in so doing you are exercising one of the most God-like qualities of your nature, and at the same time enjoying one of the greatest luxuries of life. We ought to thank our Maker that he has permitted us to exercise equally with himself that noblest of even the Divine attributes, benevolence. Go home and look at your family, smiling in rosy health, and then think of the pale, famine-pinched cheeks of the poor children of Ireland; and I know you will give, according to your store, even as a bountiful Providence has given to you — not grudgingly, but with an open hand, for the quality of benevolence, like that of mercy,

> "Is not strained;
> It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed,—
> It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

56. DANGER OF THE SPIRIT OF CONQUEST.—*Thomas Corwin.*

Since I have heard so much about the dismemberment of Mexico, I have looked back to see how, in the course of events which some call "Providence," it has fared with other nations who engaged in this work of dismemberment. I see that, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, three powerful nations, Russia, Austria and Prussia, united in the dismemberment of Poland. They said, too, as you say, "It is our destiny." They "wanted room." Doubtless each of these thought, with his share of Poland, his power was too strong ever to fear invasion, or even insult. One had his California, another his New Mexico, and a third his Vera Cruz. Did they remain untouched and incapable of harm? Alas! no; far, very far, from it. Retributive justice must fulfill its destiny too.

A very few years pass away, and we hear of a new man, a Corsican lieutenant, the self-named "armed soldier of democracy," Napoleon. He ravages Austria, covers her land with blood, drives the northern Cæsar from his capital, and sleeps in his palace. Austria may now remember how her power trampled upon Poland. Did she not pay dear, very dear, for her California?

But has Prussia no atonement to make? You see this same Napoleon, the blind instrument of Providence, at work there. The thunders of his cannon at Jena proclaim the work of retribution for Poland's wrongs; and the successors of the Great Frederick, the drill-sergeant of Europe, are seen flying across the sandy plains that surround their capital, right glad if they may escape captivity and death.

But how fares it with the autocrat of Russia? Is he secure in his share of the spoils of Poland! No; suddenly we see six hundred thousand men marching to Moscow. Does his Vera Cruz protect him now? Far from it. Blood, slaughter, desolation, spread abroad over the land, and, finally, the conflagration of the old commercial metropolis of Russia closes the retribution she must pay for her share in the dismemberment of her weak and impotent neighbor.

A mind more prone to look for the judgments of Heaven in the doings of men than mine cannot fail in this to see the providence of God. When Moscow burned, it seemed as if the earth was lighted up, that nations might behold the scene. As that mighty sea of fire gathered and heaved, and rolled upward, and yet higher, till its flames licked the stars and fired the whole heavens, it did seem as though the God of the nations was writing in characters of flame, on the front of his throne, that doom that shall fall upon the strong nation which tramples in scorn upon the weak.

And what fortune awaited him, the appointed executor of this work, when it was all done? He, too, conceived the idea that his "destiny" pointed onward to universal do-

minion. France was too small; Europe, he thought, should bow down before him. But as soon as this idea took possession of his soul he, too, became powerless. Just there, while he witnessed the humiliation, and, doubtless, meditated the subjugation of Russia, He who holds the winds in his fist gathered the snows of the north, and blew them upon his six hundred thousand men. They died, they froze, they perished. And now the mighty Napoleon. . . . He has found "room" at last. And France,—*she*, too, has found "room." Her eagles now no longer scream along the banks of the Danube, the Po, and the Borysthenes. They have returned home to their old eyrie, between the Alps, the Rhine, and the Pyrenees.

So shall it be with yours. You may carry them to the loftiest peaks of the Cordilleras, they may wave in insolent triumph in the halls of the Montezumas, the armed men of Mexico may quail before them,—but the weakest hand in Mexico, uplifted in prayer to the God of justice, may call down against you a Power, in the presence of which the iron hearts of your warriors shall be turned into ashes!

57. HAMLET'S INSTRUCTIONS.—*Shakspeare.*

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you avoid it.

Be not too tame either, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of Nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature, to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be players that I have seen play — and heard others praise, and that highly — not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

218. **Demonstrative and Diffusive.** The following selections begin with *median stress* (§ 102) and *orotund quality* (§ 137); they end with *terminal stress* (§ 101) and the *aspirated orotund* (§ 138).

58. IGNORANCE IN OUR COUNTRY A CRIME.—*Horace Mann.*

In all the dungeons of the Old World, where the strong champions
l L O
of freedom are now pining in captivity beneath the remorseless
power of the tyrant, the morning sun does not send a glimmering
ray into their cells, nor does night draw a thicker veil of darkness
between them and the world, but the lone prisoner lifts his iron-laden
l L O
arms to heaven in prayer that wé, the depositaries of freedom and of
l L O
human hopes, may be fāithful to our sacred trŭst; — while, on the
w m R C
other hand, the pensioned advocates of dēspotism stand, with listen-
tr and slowly to m
ing ear, to catch the first sound of lawless violence that is wafted
s R C w m R C to br C F
from our shòres, to note the first breach of faith or act of perfidy

w to l bk R C
amongst us, and to convert them into arguments against | lìberty
and the rights | of màn.

There is not a shout sent up by an insane mob, on thīs side of the
l L O s
Atlantic, but it is echoed by a thousand | presses and by ten | thou-
L O h s LC m s C
sand | tongues along every mountain | and valley, on the ôther.
w m LC tr to opposite f
There is not a conflagrātion | kindled | hēre | by the ruthless hand of
and w to m s LC m s LC h
vīolence, but its flame | glares over all | Eûrope, from horizon | to
s LCF
zènith. On each occurrence of a flagitious scēne, whether it be an
act of tūrbulence | and devastátion, or a deed of pērfidy | or breach
l R O
of fàith, mōnarchs | point them out as fruits of the growth | and
turn to m s R C w tr to C Ft on waist
omens of the fate | of repùblics, and claim for themselves and their
l R O R O
heirs a fûrther | extension | of the lease of dèspotism.

The experience of the ages that are pást, the hopes of the ages
l B O
that are yet to cóme, unite their voices in an appeal to ùs; they im-
f B O wide
plore us to think more of the chāracter of our people than of its
B O w m LC
nùmbers; to look upon our vast | natural | resources, not as tempt-
to s C
ers to ostentátion and príde, but as a means to be convérted, by the
m LO m LO
refining | alchemy of educátion, into mèntal | and spìritual | trèasures; they supplicate us to seek for whatever complacency or self-
w R C to m
satisfaction | we are disposed to indulge, not in the extent | of our
s R C to m s R C prone
tèrritory, or in the products | of our sóil, but in the expansion | and
l R O
perpetuation | of the means of human | hàppiness; they beseech us
B O
to exchange the luxuries of sēnse | for the joys of chârity, and thus
wide B O h B O
give to the world the example of a nation whose wìsdom | increases
m B O l f B O l wide B O
with its prospèrity, and whose virtues | are equal to its pòwer. For
these ends they enjoin upon us a more earnest, a more universal, a
more religious devotion of our exertions and resources to the culture |

l R O w to br C F w
of the yoùthful | mind and heart of the nàtion. Their gathered |
to m R O l R O
voices | assert | the eternal | truth that, in a Repùblic, ìgnorance |
l R O
is a crìme; and that prīvate | immorality is not less an opprôbrium
l B O l B O
to the stâte than it is guilt | in the pèrpetrator.

59. CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.—*Charles Phillips.*

Sir, it matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had past, how pure was the climate that it cleared! how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us!

In the production of Washington it does really appear as if Nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances, no doubt, there were, splendid exemplifications of some single qualification: Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied, by discipline, the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views and the philosophy of his

counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it.

If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens, or her soldiers, her heroes, or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created?

Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

60. DESTINY OF AMERICA.—*Charles Phillips.*

Search creation round, where can you find a country that presents so sublime a view, so interesting an anticipation? Who shall say for what purpose mysterious Providence may not have designed her! Who shall say that when in its follies or its crimes, the old world may have buried all the pride of its power, and all the pomp of its civilization, human nature may not find its destined renovation in the new! When its temples and its trophies shall have mouldered into dust,—when the glories of its name shall be but the legend of tradition, and the light of its achievements live only in song, philosophy will revive again in the sky of her Franklin, and glory rekindle at the urn of her Washington.

Is this the vision of romantic fancy? Is it even improbable? I appeal to history! Tell me, thou reverend

chronicler of the grave, can all the illusions of ambition realized, can all the wealth of a universal commerce, can all the achievements of successful heroism, or all the establishments of this world's wisdom, secure to empire the permanency of its possessions? Alas, Troy thought so once; yet the land of Priam lives only in song! Thebes thought so once; yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tombs are but as the dust they were vainly intended to commemorate! So thought Palmyra — where is she! So thought the countries of Demosthenes and the Spartan; yet Leonidas is trampled by the timid slave, and Athens insulted by the servile, mindless, and enervate Ottoman! In his hurried march, Time has but looked at their imagined immortality, and all its vanities, from the palace to the tomb, have, with their ruins, erased the very impression of his footsteps! The days of their glory are as if they had never been; and the island that was then a speck, rude and neglected, in the barren ocean, now rivals the ubiquity of their commerce, the glory of their arms, the fame of their philosophy, the eloquence of their senate, and the inspiration of their bards! Who shall say, then, contemplating the past, that England, proud and potent as she appears, may not one day be what Athens is, and the young America yet soar to be what Athens was! Who shall say, when the European column shall have mouldered, and the night of barbarism obscured its very ruins, that that mighty continent may not emerge from the horizon, to rule, for its time, sovereign of the ascendant!

61. EULOGY ON LAFAYETTE.—*Edward Everett.*

There have been those who have denied to Lafayette the name of a great man. What is greatness? Does goodness belong to greatness, and make an essential part of it? If it does, who, I would ask, of all the prominent names in history, has run through such a career with so little reproach,

justly or unjustly bestowed? Are military courage and conduct the measure of greatness? Lafayette was intrusted by Washington with all kinds of service,—the laborious and complicated, which required skill and patience; the perilous, that demanded nerve: and we see him performing all with entire success and brilliant reputation. Is the readiness to meet vast responsibilities a proof of greatness? The memoirs of Mr. Jefferson show us that there was a moment, in 1789, when Lafayette took upon himself, as the head of the military force, the entire responsibility of laying down the basis of the Revolution. Is the cool and brave administration of gigantic power a mark of greatness? In all the whirlwind of the Revolution, and when, as commander-in-chief of the National Guard, an organized force of three millions of men, who, for any popular purpose, needed but a word, a look, to put them in motion, we behold him ever calm, collected, disinterested; as free from affectation as selfishness; clothed not less with humility than with power. Is the voluntary return, in advancing years, to the direction of affairs, at a moment like that, when, in 1815, the ponderous machinery of the French Empire was flying asunder,—stunning, rending, crushing thousands on every side,—a mark of greatness? Lastly, is it any proof of greatness to be able, at the age of seventy-three, to take the lead in a successful and bloodless revolution; to change the dynasty; to organize, exercise and abdicate a military command of three and a half millions of men; to take up, to perform, and lay down the most momentous, delicate, and perilous duties, without passion, without hurry, without selfishness? Is it great to disregard the bribes of title, office, money; to live, to labor and suffer for great public ends alone; to adhere to principle under all circumstances; to stand before Europe and America conspicuous, for sixty years, in the most responsible stations, the acknowledged admiration of all good men?

There is not, throughout the world, a friend of liberty who has not dropped his head when he has heard that Lafayette is no more. Poland, Italy, Greece, Spain, Ireland the South American republics — every country where man is struggling to recover his birthright,— have lost a benefactor, a patron, in Lafayette. And what was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to our Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated his memory in the hearts of good men? The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him, in the morning of his days, with sagacity and counsel? The living love of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the horror of licentiousness,— to the sanctity of plighted faith,— to the love of liberty protected by law. Thus the great principle of your Revolutionary fathers, and of your Pilgrim sires, was the rule of his life — *the love of liberty protected by law.*

62. THE TRUE KINGS OF THE EARTH.—*John Ruskin.*

Mighty of heart, mighty of mind — "magnanimous" — to be this is indeed to be great in life; to become this unceasingly is indeed to "advance in life" — in life itself — not in the trappings of it. Do you remember that old Scythian custom? How, when the head of a house died, he was dressed in his finest dress, and set in his chariot, and carried about to his friends' houses; and each of them placed him at his table's head, and all feasted in his presence.

Suppose it were offered to you in plain words, as it *is* offered to you in dire facts, that you should gain this Scythian honor, gradually, while you yet thought yourself alive. Suppose the offer were this: You shall die slowly; your blood shall daily grow cold, your flesh petrify, your heart beat at last only as a rusty group of iron valves. Your life shall fade from you, and sink through the earth into the ice of Caina; but, day by day, your body shall

be dressed more gaily, and set in higher chariots, and have more orders on its breast — crowns on its head, if you will. Men shall bow before it, stare and shout round it; crowd after it up and down the streets; build palaces for it; feast with it at their tables' heads all the night long; your soul shall stay enough within it to know what they do, and to feel the weight of the golden dress on its shoulders, and the furrow of the crown edge on the skull — no more. Would you take the offer verbally made by the death-angel? Would the meanest among us take it, think you?

Yet practically and verily we grasp at it, every one of us, in a measure; many of us grasp at it in its fullness of horror. Every man accepts it, who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is; who means only that he is to get more horses, and more servants, and more fortune, and more public honor, and — not more personal soul. He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth — they, and they only.

63. THE AMERICAN FLAG.—*J. R. Drake.*

When Freedom from her mountain height
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there:
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
  Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,

To hear the tempest-trumpings loud
    And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
    And rolls the thunder — drum of heaven,—
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
    To guard the banner of the free;
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
    The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And, when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
    And cowering foes shall fall beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
    That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave.
When Death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly,
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to Valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

64. LOOK ALOFT.—*J. Lawrence.*

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail—
If thine eyes should grow dim, and thy caution depart—
"Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows, like clouds, are arrayed,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are nearest and dearest thy heart—
Thy friends and companions—in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom."

And oh, when Death comes in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "LOOK ALOFT," and depart.

65. FALL OF WARSAW, 1794.—*Thomas Campbell.*

O sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn:

Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland — and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her heights surveyed
Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid —
O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live! — with her to die!

He said; and on the rampart heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,—
"Revenge, or death!"— the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew; —
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career.
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked, as Kosciusko fell!

O righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Sion and of God?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh, once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell,— the Bruce of Bannockburn!

Yes, thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul,—and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of Desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of heaven!
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature, withered from the world!

219. **Illustrative: References to man and nature.** As a rule, on objects referred to, use a *downward* bend or inflection (§ 50), and sometimes the circumflex (§§ 69, 70). These objects should be articulated distinctly, which will tend to make the *predominating Terminal* stress (§ 101) short and sharp, or change it to *Initial* (§ 100). When, again, there is much Drift (§ 154), the Terminal will become *Median* stress (§ 102).

Orotund Quality (§ 135).

66. SUFFERINGS AND DESTINY OF THE PILGRIMS.

Edward Everett.

Methinks I see it nòw, that one | solitary, | adventurous vèssel,
the Mãyflower of a forlorn hòpe, freighted with the prospects of a
future | státe, and bound across the unknown | sèa. I behold it
m s R C up and prone w R C to br w
pursúing, with a thousand | misgívings, the uncertain, the tedious
m s R C up and prone w R C to br w
vòyage. Súns | rise and sèt, and wéeks and mònths pàss, and win-
m R C to m s C w m C to f
ter surprises them on the dèep, but brings them not the sight of the
m R C
wished-for shòre. I see them nów, scantily | supplied with provì-
sions, crowded almost to suffocation | in their ill-stored prison, de-
m tr R C and w to m f R C
layed by càlms, pursuing a circuitous ròute; and now driven in fury
h R C h R C pr
before the raging témpest, on the high and giddy wâve. The awful
h R C h R C R
voice of the stòrm hówls through the rìgging; the laboring másts
C down to l R C l L O
seem straining from their bàse; the dismal sound of the pùmps is
l L O l L O higher m O m O w
heard; the ship léaps, as it were, mâdly, from billow to bìllow; the
m tr L C w l L C to l s L C
ocean brèaks, and séttles with ingulfing floods over the floating
l L C l L C l L C
dèck, and béats, with deadening, shìvering wéight, against the

l L C
staggered vèssel. I see them, escáped from these périls, pursúing
their all but desperate | undertáking, and landed, at last, after a
l B O
few | months' | passage, on the ice-clad rocks | of Plỳmouth,—
wider B O wide
weak | and weary | from the vóyage, | poorly | ármed, | scantily |
B O w h B C w l B C w m s B C
provísioned, without | shélter, without | méans, surrounded by hostile trìbes.

Shut, now, the volume of history, and tèll me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fâte of this handful of ad-
l tr w R O
vènturers? Téll me, man of military scìence, in how many months
w s R C
were they all swept òff by the thirty savage tribes enumerated
l tr w L O
within the early limits of New Ènglaud. Tell me, polìtician, how
O
lòng did this shadow of a cólony, on which your conventions and
w s L C l tr w B
treaties had not smíled, lànguish on the distant còast? Student of
O B O B C B
hìstory, compàre for me the baffled | prò̀jects, the deserted | sèttle-
C B C
ments, the abandoned | advèntures, of òther | times, and find the
B O
pàrallel | of thìs! Was it the winter's stórm, beating upon the house-
less | heads of wómen and chíldren? was it hard | labor and spare |
méals? was it diséase? was it the tómahawk? was it the deep |
málady of a blighted | hópe, a rúined | énterprise, and a broken |
héart, | áching, in its last | móments, at the recollection of the
l f R O s R O w
lóved and left, beyond the séa?—was it some, or àll of these unìted,
l R C to m s R C m s R C
that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fâte? And
w s C l B O B O
is it póssible that néither of these causes, that not all | combíned,
w l s C l R O
were able to blást | this bud | of hópe! Is it pòssible that from a
w m s C
beginning so feèble, so frâil, so wórthy not so much of admirátion
l R O f B O wider
as of pìty, there has gone forth a progress | so stèady, a growth | so
B O h and wider B O l B O
wònderful, | an expansion | so àmple, a reality | so impòrtant, a
h B O m B O
promise, yet to be fulfilled, | so glòrious!

67. NATIONS AND HUMANITY.—*Geo. W. Curtis.*

It was not his olive valleys and orange groves which made the Greece of the Greek, it was not for his apple orchards or potato fields that the farmer of New England and New York left his plough in the furrow and marched to Bunker Hill, to Bennington, to Saratoga. A man's country is not a certain area of land, but it is a principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle. The secret sanctification of the soil and symbol of a country is the idea which they represent; and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol.

So with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelried gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears. So, Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that duty demands, perishes untimely with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely, and fallen bravely, for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, that army must still march, and fight, and fall.

But countries and families are but nurseries and influences. A man is a father, a brother, a German, a Roman, an American; but beneath all these relations, he is a man. The end of his human destiny is not to be the best German, or the best Roman, or the best father; but the best man he can be.

History shows us that the association of men in various nations is made subservient to the gradual advance of the whole human race; and that all nations work together toward one grand result. So, to the philosophic eye, the race is but a vast caravan forever moving, but seeming often to encamp for centuries at some green oasis of ease, where lux-

ury lures away heroism, as soft Capua enervated the hosts of Hannibal.

But still the march proceeds,—slowly, slowly over mountains, through valleys, along plains, marking its course with monumental splendors, with wars, plagues, crimes, advancing still, decorated with all the pomp of nature, lit by the constellations, cheered by the future, warned by the past. In that vast march, the van forgets the rear; the individual is lost; and yet the multitude is but many individuals. The man faints, and falls, and dies, and is forgotten; but still mankind moves on, still worlds revolve, and the will of God is done in earth and heaven.

We of America, with our soil sanctified and our symbol glorified by the great ideas of liberty and religion,—love of freedom and love of God,—are in the foremost vanguard of this great caravan of humanity. To us rulers look, and learn justice, while they tremble; to us the nations look, and learn to hope, while they rejoice. Our heritage is all the love and heroism of liberty in the past; and all the great of the Old World are our teachers.

Our faith is in God and the Right; and God himself is, we believe, our Guide and Leader. Though darkness sometimes shadows our national sky, though confusion comes from error, and success breeds corruption, yet will the storm pass in God's good time, and in clearer sky and purer atmosphere our national life grow stronger and nobler, sanctified more and more, consecrated to God and liberty by the martyrs who fall in the strife for the just and true.

And so, with our individual hearts strong in love for our principles, strong in faith in our God, shall the nation leave to coming generations a heritage of freedom, and law, and religion, and truth, more glorious than the world has known before; and our American banner be planted first and highest on heights as yet unwon in the great march of humanity.

68. AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.—*John Bright.*

Our opponents have charged us with being the promoters of a dangerous excitement. They have the effrontery to say that I am the friend of public disorder. I am one of the people. Surely, if there be one thing in a free country more clear than another, it is that any one of the people may speak openly to the people. If I speak to the people of their rights, and indicate to them the way to secure them,—if I speak of their danger to the monopolists of power,—am I not a wise counselor, both to the people and to their rulers?

Suppose I stood at the foot of Vesuvius, or Ætna, and, seeing a hamlet or a homestead planted on its slope, I said to the dwellers in that hamlet, or in that homestead, "You see that vapor which ascends from the summit of the mountain: that vapor may become a dense, black smoke, that will obscure the sky. You see the trickling of lava from the crevices in the side of the mountain: that trickling of lava may become a river of fire. You hear that muttering in the bowels of the mountain: that muttering may become a bellowing thunder, the voice of a violent convulsion, that may shake half a continent. You know that at your feet is the grave of great cities, for which there is no resurrection, as histories tell us that dynasties and aristocracies have passed away, and their names have been known no more forever."

If I say this to the dwellers upon the slope of the mountain, and if there comes hereafter a catastrophe which makes the world to shudder, am I responsible for that catastrophe? I did not build the mountain, or fill it with explosive materials. I merely warned the men that were in danger. So, now, it is not I who am stimulating men to the violent pursuit of their acknowledged constitutional rights.

The class which has hitherto ruled in this country has

failed miserably. It revels in power and wealth, whilst at its feet, a terrible peril for its future, lies the multitude which it has neglected. If a class has failed, let us try the nation.

That is our faith, that is our purpose, that is our cry. Let us try the nation. This it is which has called together these countless numbers of the people to demand a change; and from these gatherings, sublime in their vastness and their resolution, I think I see, as it were, above the hill-tops of time, the glimmerings of the dawn of a better and a nobler day for the country and for the people that I love so well.

DIGNIFIED AND GRAVE.

220. Predominating time *slow;* pitch *low;* force *moderate* (§ 116), *effusive* (§ 112) and *expulsive* (§§ 115, 119); stress *median* (§ 102) and in strong passages *terminal* (§ 101); quality *orotund* (§ 135).

69. GALILEO GALILEI.—*Edward Everett.**

(*P*) There is much | in every way | in the city | of Florence | to
excite | the curiósity, | kindle | the imaginátion, and gratify | the
tàste; but among all | its fascinátions, | addressed to the sénse, the
mémory, and the héart, there was none to which I more frequently
gave a meditative | hóur, | during a yẽar's | résidence, | than to the
w l R O
spot | where Galileo | Galilêi | sleeps | beneath the marble | floor | of
l R C w m R C tr
Santa Crôce; no building on which I gazed with grẽater | réverence |
and to m s R C
than I did upon that modest | mansion at Arcêtri; villa once and
príson, in which that venerable | sage, | by the command of the In-
m s C prone
quisition, passed the sad | clòsing years of his lîfe.

Of all the wonders | of ancient | and modern | árt, statues | and
paintings, jewels | and manuscripts, the admiration | and delight |
of áges, there was nothing I beheld with more affectionate | áwe |
w l L O h
than that poor | little spý-glass, through which the human eye first |

* This Selection belongs in § 219.

L C F change
pierced | the clouds | of visual | error, which | from the creation |
to m s f L C and drop
of the world | had involved | the system | of the Ùniverse.

There are occasions in life | in which great | minds | live yèars of rapt | enjoyment | in a mòment. (*O*) I can fancy the emòtions of
h R C F
f Galileo, when, first | raising | the newly-constructed telescope |
change to h R C
to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand | prophecy | of Copêr-
change to h C F h C
nicus, and beheld the planet Vènus, crèscent like the mòon. (*A O*) It was such another moment as that | when the immortal printers
l f L O
of Mèntz and Strâsburg received the first copy of the Bìble into
l s L O lift f L C
their hànds; like that, when Colùmbus, through the gray | dawn
m f L C
of the 12th of October, 1492, first beheld the shores of San Sâlva-
down l R O
dor; like that when Le Vèrrier received back from Berlìn the
R C F
tidings that the predicted plânet was found.
l L O l L O
ff (*O*) Yès! noble Galileo! thou wast rìght: "It doès move."
l B O B O
Bigots may make thee recânt it; but it mòves | still. (*A O*) Yès,
h R C F w to tr R C
the earth | mòves; and the plànets move; and the mighty wâters
w m R C to m s R C w
move; and the great sweeping | tides of aìr move; and the em-
to br R C w m R C to m s R C and f
pires of mèn move; and the world of thòught moves ever | on-
R C and to h R C h R C w h s R C
ward | and ever | upward | to hìgher fâcts and bòlder thèories.
h s R C drop s R C prone
p (*O*) Hang up || that poor | little | spy-glass; it has done | its wòrk.

Franciscans and Dominicans may deride | thy discoveries |
f nôw; (*A O*) but the time will come | when from two | hundred | observatories, | in Europe and America, | the glorious | artillery |
h f B C w h B C to
ff of science | shall nightly assault the skies; but they shall gain no |
h s B C w m B O and
conquests | in those glittering fields, before which thîne shall be
down
forgòtten.
m B O
f (*O*) Rest in pèace, great | Columbus | of the heàvens! like

w m BC w m B C w m B C
hìm | scorned, | persecuted, | broken-hèarted. In other | ages, in
distant | hemispheres, when the votaries of science, with solemn |
lift B O to
acts of consecrátion, shall dedicate their stately edifices to the
h B O l B O
cause of knowledge and of truth, | thŷ name | shall be mentioned | with hònor.

70. CRIME ITS OWN DETECTOR.—*Daniel Webster.*

Gentlemen: This is a most extraordinary case. An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder for mere pay. Deep sleep has fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof.

The assassin enters through the window, already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment; with noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges; and he enters and beholds his victim before him. The room is uncommonly light. The face of the innocent sleeper is turned from the murderer; and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, show him where to strike. The fatal blow is given, and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it is obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels it, and ascertains that it beats no longer. It is accomplished! The deed is done! He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes through as he came in, and

escapes. He has done the murder; no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him; the secret is his own, and it is safe.

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which pierces through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon,—such secrets of guilt are never safe; "murder will out." A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery.

Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master;—it betrays his discretion; it breaks down his courage; it conquers his prudence. When suspicions, from without, begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but in suicide, and suicide is confession.

71. ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.—*Edward Everett.*

No, fellow-citizens, we dismiss not Adams and Jefferson to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired, and prized, and venerated in them can *never* die, nor,

dying, be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live,— to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmingled happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. They were of the select few, the least portion of whose life dwells in their physical existence; whose hearts have watched while their senses slept; whose souls have grown up into a higher being; whose pleasure is to be useful; whose wealth is an unblemished reputation; who respire the breath of honorable fame; who have deliberately and consciously put what is called life to hazard, that they may live in the hearts of those who come after. Such men do not, *can* not die.

To be cold, and motionless, and breathless; to feel not and speak not: this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their heart's blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye?

Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, cannot die. The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, matured, maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "make it life to live," *these* cannot expire:

> "These shall resist the empire of decay,
> When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away:
> Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
> But that which warmed it once can never die."

72. DEATH OF COPERNICUS.—*Edward Everett.*

At length he draws near his end. He is seventy-three years of age, and he yields his work on "The Revolutions of the Heavenly Orbs" to his friends for publication. The day at last has come on which it is to be ushered into the world. It is the 24th of May, 1543.

On that day — the effect, no doubt, of the intense excitement of his mind, operating upon an exhausted frame — an effusion of blood brings him to the gates of the grave. His last hour has come; he lies stretched upon the couch from which he will never rise.

The beams of the setting sun glance through the Gothic windows of his chamber; near his bedside is the armillary sphere which he has contrived to represent his theory of the heavens; his picture painted by himself, the amusement of his earlier years, hangs before him; beneath it are his astrolabe and other imperfect astronomical instruments; and around him are gathered his sorrowing disciples.

The door of the apartment opens; the eye of the departing sage is turned to see who enters: it is a friend who brings him the first printed copy of his immortal treatise. He knows that in that book he contradicts all that has ever been distinctly taught by former philosophers; he knows that he has rebelled against the sway of Ptolemy, which the scientific world has acknowledged for a thousand years; he knows that the popular mind will be shocked by his innovations; he knows that the attempt will be made to press even religion into the service against him; but he knows that his book is true.

He is dying, but he leaves a glorious truth as his dying bequest to the world. He bids the friend who has brought it place himself between the window and his bedside, that the sun's rays may fall upon the precious volume, and he may behold it once more before his eye grows dim. He

looks upon it, takes it in his hands, presses it to his breast, and expires.

But no, he is not wholly gone. A smile lights up his dying countenance; a beam of returning intelligence kindles in his eye; his lips move; and the friend who leans over him can hear him faintly murmur the beautiful sentiments which the Christian lyrist of a later age has so finely expressed in verse:

"Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell, with all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, pale empress of the night;
And thou, effulgent orb of day, in brighter flames arrayed;
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere, no more demands thy aid.
Ye stars are but the shining dust of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts where I shall reign with God."

So died the great Columbus of the heavens.

73. SPEECH OF VINDICATION.—*Robert Emmett.*

My Lords: What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law?—I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt some-

where — whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish,— that it may live in the respect of my countrymen,— I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood, on the scaffold and in the field, in defense of their country and virtue; this is my hope,— I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High, which displays its power over man as over the beast of the forest, which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more or less than the government standard,— a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows, which its cruelty has made.

I swear, by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear,— by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me,— that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long, and too patiently, travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope (wild and chimerical as it may appear) there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise.

I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant; in the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemies should enter only

by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and wrathful oppressor, and to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights,—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it? No!—God forbid!

My Lords, you are all impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven! Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world,—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no one who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written!

74. DEATH OF JOHN Q. ADAMS.—*I. E. Holmes.*

Mr. Speaker: The mingled tones of sorrow, like the voice of many waters, have come unto us from a sister state—Massachusetts, weeping for her honored son. The state I have the honor in part to represent once endured, with yours, a common suffering, battled for a common cause, and rejoiced in a common triumph. Surely, then, it is meet that in this the day of your affliction we should mingle our griefs.

When a great man falls, the nation mourns; when a patriarch is removed, the people weep. Ours, my associates, is no common bereavement. The chain which linked our hearts with the gifted spirits of former times has been suddenly snapped. The lips from which flowed those living and glorious truths that our fathers uttered are closed in death. Yes, my friends, Death has been among us! He has not entered the humble cottage of some unknown, ignoble peasant; he has knocked audibly at the palace of a nation! His footstep has been heard in the halls of state! He has cloven down his victim in the midst of the councils of a people. He has borne in triumph from among you the gravest, wisest, most reverend head. Ah! he has taken him as a trophy who was once chief over many statesmen, adorned with virtue, and learning, and truth; he has borne at his chariot wheels a renowned one of the earth.

How often we have crowded into that aisle, and clustered around that now vacant desk, to listen to the counsels of wisdom as they fell from the lips of the venerable sage, we can all remember, for it was but of yesterday. But what a change! How wondrous! how sudden! 'Tis like a vision of the night. That form which we beheld but a few days since is now cold in death!

But the last Sabbath, and in this hall he worshiped with others. Now his spirit mingles with the noble army of martyrs and the just made perfect, in the eternal adoration of the living God. With him, "this is the end of earth." He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. He is gone—and forever! The sun that ushers in the morn of that next holy day, while it gilds the lofty dome of the capitol, shall rest with soft and mellow light upon the consecrated spot beneath whose turf forever lies the PATRIOT FATHER and the PATRIOT SAGE.

DRAMATIC AND DESCRIPTIVE.

221. In these, Emphasis varies according to the sentiment: *median* stress (§ 102) and *natural* (§§ 113–116) tending to *sustained* (§§ 111, 112) force, unless something else is mentioned.

222. **Fast Movement.**

75. LOCHINVAR'S RIDE.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Expulsive P. and O., high pitch, varied melody.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the West!
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented,—the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,—
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,—
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter;—my suit you denied:
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure,—drink one cup of wine.
There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup;
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye;

He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar;—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'twere better, by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, where the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung;—
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war—
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

76. HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT.

Robert Browning.

Explosive O., medium pitch, varied melody.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride for stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,—
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokēren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance.
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongrés, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

223. **Moderately Fast Movement.**

77. THE BATTLE OF IVRY.—*Thomas B. Macaulay.*

Explosive O., high pitch.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vales, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war.
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre!

The King has come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord, the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall,—as fall full well he may
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now,—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest,
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter—the Flemish Count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

78. THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE.—*William E. Aytoun.*

Idem, medium pitch.

On the heights of Killiecrankie
  Yester-morn our army lay;
Slowly rose the mist in columns
  From the river's broken way;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
  And the pass was wrapped in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
  From their lair amidst the broom.

Then we belted on our tartans,
  And our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges,
  And we proved them to be true;
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
  And we cried the gathering-cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
  And we swore to do or die!

Then our leader rode before us
  On his war-horse black as night,—
Well the Cameronian rebels
  Knew that charger in the fight!—
And a cry of exultation
  From the bearded warriors rose;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
  And we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence—
  "Soldiers! I have sworn a vow:
Ere the evening star shall glisten
  On Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
  Or another of the Græmes
Shall have died in battle-harness
  For his Country and King James!

* * * * * *

Strike! and when the fight is over,
  If ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest,
  Search for him that was Dundee!"

* * * * * *

Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
  Sounding in the pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
  And the voices of the foe;
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
  Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer,
  When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
  Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
  Marching to the tuck of drum;
Through the scattered wood of birches,
  O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
  Till they gained the plain beneath;
Then we bounded from our covert,—
  Judge how looked the Saxons then,

When they saw the rugged mountains
  Start to life with armed men!
Like a tempest down the ridges
  Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald,—
  Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!
* * * * * *
Horse and man went down before us,—
  Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
  When that stubborn fight was done!

And the evening star was shining
  On Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
  And returned to count the dead.
There we found him gashed and gory,
  Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him,
  In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage,
  For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
  And the clansman's clamorous cheer:
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
  Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
  Passed the spirit of the Græme!

Open wide the vaults of Atholl,
  Where the bones of heroes rest,—
Open wide the hallowed portals
  To receive another guest!
Last of Scots and last of freemen,—
  Last of all that dauntless race,
Who would rather die unsullied
  Than outlive the land's disgrace!

79. MARMION AND DOUGLAS.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Idem, varied melody and movement.

The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:—
"Though something I might 'plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent thither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer;
My castle's are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone,—
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate!
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hand upon your sword,)
I tell thee thou 'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer

To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
    Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth,—"And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
    The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms!—What, warder, ho!
    Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need!—
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim;
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.

* * * * * *

St. Mary, mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried;
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried,"
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle walls.

80. THE SONG OF THE CAMP.—*Bayard Taylor.*

AN INCIDENT OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

Effusive and expulsive O., medium pitch, sustained force.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
  Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
  And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
  For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
  Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
  Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
  The loving are the daring.

224. **Moderate Movement.**

81. THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

Effusive and expulsive O., medium and high pitch, varied melody.

It was the schooner Hesperus
  That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
  To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
  Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
  That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
  His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
  The smoke now west now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
  Had sailed the Spanish main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
  For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
  And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
  And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
  A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
  And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
  The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
  Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
  And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
  That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
  Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
  And bound her to the mast.

"Oh, father! I hear the church-bells ring,
  Oh, say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
  And he steered for the open sea.

"Oh, father! I hear the sound of guns,
  Oh, say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
  In such an angry sea!"

"Oh, father! I see a gleaming light,
  Oh, say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
  A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
  With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
  On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
  That savéd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
  On the lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
  Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
  Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between
  A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
  On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
  She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
  Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
  Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
  Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
  With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
  Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach,
  A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
  Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
  The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
  On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
  In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
  On the reef of Norman's Woe!

82. MARCO BOZZARIS.—*Fitz Greene Halleck.*

Effusive and Explosive O., medium pitch, varied melody.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
  The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
  Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
  In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—
Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
  As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on,—the Turk awoke;
  That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek—
"To ARMS! *they come!* the GREEK! the GREEK!"
He woke, to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan and saber-stroke,
  And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
  Bozzaris cheer his band:—
"*Strike*,—till the last armed foe expires!
STRIKE,—for your altars and your fires!
STRIKE,—for the green graves of your sires!
  GOD, and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
  They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered: but Bozzaris fell
  Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
  And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
  Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
  Come to the mother when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
  Come when the blessèd seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean's storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
  With banquet song, and dance, and wine,—
And thou art terrible: the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
  Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
  Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
  The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
  Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,
  Even in her own proud clime.
  We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,—
One of the few immortal names,
  That were not born to die!

83. THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.—*Henry W. Longfellow*

Idem.

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

* * * * * *

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom old and gray;
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms."

How beautiful she is! how fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State,
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee!

84. THREE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS.—*Delavigne.*
Idem.

On the deck stood Columbus; the ocean's expanse,
Untried and unlimited, swept by his glance.
"Back to Spain!" cry his men; "Put the vessel about!
We venture no further through danger and doubt."—
"Three days, and I give you a world!" he replied;
"Bear up, my brave comrades; — three days shall decide."
He sails,— but no token of land is in sight;
He sails,— but the day shows no more than the night;—
On, onward he sails, while in vain o'er the lee
The lead is plunged down through a fathomless sea.

The second day's past, and Columbus is sleeping,
While Mutiny near him its vigil is keeping:
"Shall he perish?"—"Ay! death!" is the barbarous cry.
"He must triumph to-morrow, or, perjured, must die!"
Ungrateful and blind! — shall the world-linking sea,
He traced for the Future, his sepulchre be?
Shall that sea, on the morrow, with pitiless waves,
Fling his corse on that shore which his patient eye craves?
The corse of an humble adventurer, then;
One day later,— Columbus, the first among men!

But hush! he is dreaming!—A veil on the main,
At the distant horizon, is parted in twain,
And now, on his dreaming eye,—rapturous sight!—
Fresh bursts the New World from the darkness of night!
O vision of glory! how dazzling it seems!
How glistens the verdure! how sparkle the streams!

How blue the far mountains! how glad the green isles!
And the earth and the ocean, how dimpled with smiles!
"Joy! joy!" cries Columbus, "this region is mine!"
Ah! not e'en its name, wondrous dreamer, is thine!

But, lo! his dream changes;—a vision less bright
Comes to darken and banish that scene of delight.
The gold-seeking Spaniards, a merciless band,
Assail the meek natives and ravage the land.
He sees the fair palace, the temple on fire,
And the peaceful Cazique 'mid their ashes expire;
He sees, too,—Oh, saddest! Oh, mournfullest sight!—
The crucifix gleam in the thick of the fight.
More terrible far than the merciless steel
Is the up-lifted cross in the red hand of Zeal!

Again the dream changes. Columbus looks forth,
And a bright constellation beholds in the North.
'Tis the herald of empire! A People appear,
Impatient of wrong, and unconscious of fear!
They level the forest,—they ransack the seas,—
Each zone finds their canvas unfurled to the breeze.
"Hold!" Tyranny cries; but their resolute breath
Sends back the reply, "Independence or death!"
The ploughshare they turn to a weapon of might,
And, defying all odds, they go forth to the fight.

They have conquered! The People, with grateful acclaim,
Look to Washington's guidance, from Washington's fame;—
Behold Cincinnatus and Cato combined
In his patriot heart and republican mind.
Oh, type of true manhood! What sceptre or crown
But fades in the light of thy simple renown?
And lo! by the side of the Hero, a Sage,
In Freedom's behalf, sets his mark on the age;
Whom Science adoringly hails, while he wrings
The lightning from heaven, the sceptre from kings!

At length, o'er Columbus slow consciousness breaks;
"Land! land!" cry the sailors; "land! land!"—he awakes,—
He runs,—yes! behold it!—it blesseth his sight,—
The land! Oh, dear spectacle! transport! delight!

Oh, generous sobs, which he cannot restrain!
What will Ferdinand say? and the Future? and Spain?
He will lay this fair land at the foot of the throne,—
His king will repay all the ills he has known,—
In exchange for a world what are honors and gains?
Or a crown? But how *is* he rewarded?—with chains!

225. **Moderately Slow Movement.**

85. THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.—*A. G. Greene.*

All kinds of force, O., moderately low pitch.

O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay,—
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say my days of life are o'er;
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no more;
They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me now that I,
Their own liege lord and master born, that I,—ha! ha!—must die.

"And what is death? I've dared him oft before the Paynim spear;
Think ye he's entered at my gate,—has come to seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was raging hot;
I'll try his might, I'll brave his power; defy, and fear him not.

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin,
Bid each retainer arm with speed; call every vassal in;
Up with my banner on the wall; the banquet board prepare;
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armor there!'

An hundred hands were busy then: the banquet forth was spread,
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread;
While from the rich, dark tracery, along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed retainers poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around the board;
While at its head, within his dark, carved oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men; pour forth the cheering wine;
There's life and strength in every drop; — thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true? mine eyes are waxing dim;
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim.

"Ye're there, but yet I see you not; draw forth each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board;—
I hear it faintly; — louder yet! What clogs my heavy breath?
Up, all! and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance unto death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose a deafening cry,
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high.
"Ho! cravens! do ye fear him? Slaves, traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone?

"But I defy him; let him come!" Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-way up;
And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger sat,—dead!

86. HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.—*Thomas B. Macaulay.*

Idem.

The Consul's brow was sad, and the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall, and darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge, what hope to save the town?"

Then out spoke brave Horatius, the Captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth death cometh, soon or late.
Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe at bay.

"In yon strait path a thousand may well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand, and keep the bridge with me?"
Then out spake Spurius Lartius,—a Ramnian proud was he,—
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand, and keep the bridge with thee."

And out spake strong Herminius,—of Titian blood was he,—
"I will abide on thy left side, and keep the bridge with thee."
"Horatius," quoth the Consul, "as thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array, forth went the dauntless Three.

Soon all Etruria's noblest felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses, in the path the dauntless Three.
And from the ghastly entrance, where those bold Romans stood,
The bravest shrank like boys who rouse an old bear in the wood.

But meanwhile axe and lever have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!" loud cried the Fathers all:
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius; Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet they felt the timbers crack;
But when they turned their faces, and on the further shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone, they would have crossed once more.

But, with a crash like thunder, fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken when first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard, and tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded, rejoicing to be free,
And battlement, and plank, and pier, whirled headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad flood behind,
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus, with a smile on his pale face,
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsĕna, "now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsĕna, to Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatīnus the white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river that rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber! father Tiber! to whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed the good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back, plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise, stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges they saw his crest appear,
Rome shouted, and e'en Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current, swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing; and he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor, and spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,—but still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer, in such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely by the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus; "will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day we should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsĕna, "and bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;—now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers to press his gory hands.
And now, with shouts and clapping, and noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate, borne by the joyous crowd.

87. THE SAILOR-BOY'S DREAM.—*Dimond.*

Effusive O., poetic monotone.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory stood side-wise, half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall.
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,—
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
  Joy quickens his pulse—all his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
  "O God! thou hast blest me,—I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
  Ah! what is that sound that now 'larums his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky!
  'Tis the crashing of thunder, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck;
  Amazement confronts him with images dire;—
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,
  The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tumultuously swell;
  In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;—
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
  And the death-angel flaps his dark wings o'er the wave.

O sailor-boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
  In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;—
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,
  Thy parent's fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss.

O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
  Shall love, home or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main
  Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
  Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding sheet be,
  And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,
  Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
  And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years and ages shall circle away,
  And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye—
  O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul!

88. THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.—*Robert Lowell.*

P., O. and A., all kinds of force.

Med. Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last:
Low. That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe was worse than death,
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

Med. There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee:
High. "When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
"Oh! then please waken me."

Med. She slept like a child on her father's floor
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is staid.

Low. It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
Med. And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream
Of an English village-lane
High. And wall and garden;—but one wild scream
Low. Brought me back to the roar again.

Med. There Jessie Brown stood listening,
Till a sudden gladness broke
A. All over her face, and she caught my hand
And drew me near, as she spoke:

High. "The Hielanders! Oh! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa?
The McGregor's? Oh! I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'!

"God bless the bonny Hielanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
Med. O. And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide

A. Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back;—they were there to die;
But was life so near them then?

They listened for life: the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar
Low O. Were all; and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

High. But Jessie said, "The slogan's done;
But winna ye hear it noo?
The Campbells are comin'! It's nae a dream;
Our succors hae broken through!"

Low. We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
Med. But the pipes we could not hear;
Low. So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

Med. It was not long ere it made its way,—
A shrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise from the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground.

High. It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders!
And now they played *Auld Lang Syne;*
A. It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where he stood
And we all thanked God aloud.

Med. O. That happy time, when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartans streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears
As the pipers played *Auld Lang Syne.*

89. CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Explosive O., medium pitch, poetic monotone.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Charge," was the captain's cry;
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke

Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

90. THE BUGLE SONG.—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Effusive P. and O., medium and high pitch.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark! Oh, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

91. THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.—*Alexander Pope.*

Explosive O.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, Oh, quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss, of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say
Sister Spirit, come away;
What is this absorbs me quite,—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, soul! can this be death?

(*A O*) The world recedes,—it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

92. THE BURIAL OF MOSES.—*Mrs. C. F. Alexander.*

Idem, low pitch.

By Nebo's lonely mountain, on this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab, there lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulchre, and no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod, and laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral that ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping, or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the spring-time her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music, or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown the great procession swept.

Lo! when the warrior dieth, his comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum, follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken, they tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed, while peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place with costly marble dressed.
In the great minster transept, where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings, along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior that ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet that ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage, as he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor, the hill-side for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait with stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes, over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land, to lay him in the grave?

Oh, lonely tomb in Moab's land, Oh, dark Beth-peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours, and teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of Grace — ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep of him he loved so well.

226. **Slow Movement: Descriptions of Natural Scenery.**

Natural and *Effusive P.* and *O.*, passing often, especially in the latter portions of the extracts, into *Expulsive O.*

93. THE SKY.—*John Ruskin.*

Medium pitch.

Not | long | agó | I was slowly || descénding || the càrriage road || after you leave | Albàno. It had been wíld | wéather | when I left | Rõme, || and áll | acróss | the Campâgna || the clouds | were sweéping | in sulphurous | blúe, | with a clap of thúnder | or two, | and breaking | gleams | of

sun | along the Claudian | áqueduct, | lighting up | its arches || like the bridge | of chàos. But, as I climbed || the long || slope || of the Alban || mount, || the storm | swept | finally | to the nòrth, || and the noble | outline || of the domes || of Albâno || and the graceful | darkness | of its || îlex grove | rose | against | pure || streaks | of alternate || blue || and âmber, | the upper | sky | gradually | flushing throùgh | the last | fragments | of rain-cloud, | in deep | palpitating | âzure, | half | éther | and half | dèw. The noon-day | sun | came | slanting | down | the rocky | slopes | of La Rìcca, || and its masses | of entangled | and tall | foliage, | whose autumnal | tints | were mixed | with the wet | verdure | of a thousand | évergreens, | were pènetrated with it | as with ràin. I cannot call it cŏlor, it was conflagrâtion. Púrple, | and crímson | and scárlet, | like the cúrtains | of Gŏd's | tabernàcle, | the rejoicing | trées | sank | into the válley | in showers | of light, | every | separate | lèaf | quivering | with buoyant | and burning | lîfe; | éach, | as it turned | to refléct | or to transmít | the súnbeam, | first || a torch, || and then || an èmerald.

Are not all natural things, it may be asked, as lovely near as far away? By no means. Look at the clouds and watch the delicate sculpture of their alabaster sides, and the rounded lustre of their magnificent rolling. They are meant to be beheld far away: they were shaped for their place high above your head: approach them and they fuse into vague mists, or whirl away in fierce fragments of thunderous vapor. Look at the crest of the Alp from the far-away plains over which its light is cast, whence human souls have communed with it by their myriads. It was built for its place in the far-off sky: approach it, and as the sound of the voice of man dies away about its foundations, and the tide of human life is met at last by the eternal "Here shall thy waves be stayed," the glory of its aspect fades into blanched fearfulness; its purple walls are rent

into grisly rocks, its silver fret-work saddened into wasting snow; the stormbrands of ages are on its breast, the ashes of its own ruin lie solemnly on its white raiment.

If you desire to perceive the great harmonies of the form of a rocky mountain, you must not ascend upon its sides. All there is disorder and accident, or seems so. Retire from it, and as your eye commands it more and more, you see the ruined mountain world with a wider glance; behold! dim sympathies begin to busy themselves in the disjointed mass: line binds itself into stealthy fellowship with line: group by group the helpless fragments gather themselves into ordered companies: new captains of hosts, and masses of battalions, become visible one by one; and far-away answers of foot to foot and bone to bone, until the powerless is seen risen up with girded loins, and not one piece of all the unregarded heap can now be spared from the mystic whole.

94. AVALANCHES OF JUNGFRAU ALP.—*G. B. Cheever.*

Idem.

Suddenly an enormous mass of snow and ice, in itself a mountain, seems to move; it breaks from the toppling outmost mountain ridge of snow, where it is hundreds of feet in depth, and in its first fall of perhaps two thousand feet is broken into millions of fragments. As you first see the flash of distant artillery by night, then hear the roar, so here you may see the white flashing mass majestically bowing, then hear the astounding din. A cloud of dusty, dry snow rises into the air from the concussion, forming a white volume of fleecy smoke, or misty light, from the bosom of which thunders forth the icy torrent in its second prodigious fall over the rocky battlements. The eye follows it delighted, as it ploughs through the path which preceding avalanches have worn, till it comes to the brink of a vast ridge of bare rock, perhaps more than two thousand

feet perpendicular; then pours the whole cataract over the gulf, with a still louder roar of echoing thunder, to which nothing but the noise of Niagara in its sublimity is comparable.

Another fall of still greater depth ensues, over a second similar castellated ridge or reef in the surface of the mountain, with an awful, majestic slowness, and a tremendous crash in its concussion, awakening again the reverberating peals of thunder. Then the torrent roars on to another smaller fall, till at length it reaches a mighty groove of snow and ice. Here its progress is slower; and last of all you listen to the roar of the falling fragments, as they drop out of sight, with a dead weight, into the bottom of the gulf, to rest there forever.

Figure to yourself a cataract like that of Niagara, poured in foaming grandeur, not merely over one great precipice of two hundred feet, but over the successive ridgy precipices of two or three thousand, in the face of a mountain eleven thousand feet high, and tumbling, crashing, thundering down with a continuous din of far greater sublimity than the sound of the grandest cataract. The roar of the falling mass begins to be heard the moment it is loosened from the mountain; it pours on with the sound of a vast body of rushing water; then comes the first great concussion, a booming crash of thunders, breaking on the still air in mid-heaven; your breath is suspended, and you listen and look; the mighty glittering mass shoots headlong over the main precipice, and the fall is so great that it produces to the eye that impression of dread majestic slowness of which I have spoken, though it is doubtless more rapid than Niagara. But if you should see the cataract of Niagara itself coming down five thousand feet above you in the air, there would be the same impression. The image remains in the mind, and can never fade from it; it is as if you had seen an alabaster cataract from heaven.

The sound is far more sublime than that of Niagara, because of the preceding stillness in those Alpine solitudes. In the midst of such silence and solemnity, from out the bosom of those glorious, glittering forms of nature, comes that rushing, crashing, thunder-burst of sound! If it were not that your soul, through the eye, is as filled and fixed with the sublimity of the vision as, through the sense of hearing, with that of the audible report, methinks you would wish to bury your face in your hands, and fall prostrate, as at the voice of the Eternal.

95. THE FIRST VIEW OF THE HEAVENS.—*O. M. Mitchel.*

Often have I swept backward, in imagination, six thousand years, and stood beside our great ancestor, as he gazed for the first time upon the going down of the sun. What strange sensations must have swept through his bewildered mind, as he watched the last departing ray of the sinking orb, unconscious whether he should ever behold its return.

Wrapped in a maze of thought, strange and startling, he suffers his eye to linger long about the point at which the sun had slowly faded from view. A mysterious darkness creeps over the face of Nature; the beautiful scenes of earth are slowly fading, one by one, from his dimmed vision.

A gloom deeper than that which covers earth steals across the mind of earth's solitary inhabitant. He raises his inquiring gaze toward heaven; and lo! a silver crescent of light, clear and beautiful, hanging in the western sky, meets his astonished gaze. The young moon charms his untutored vision, and leads him upward to her bright attendants, which are now stealing, one by one, from out the deep blue sky. The solitary gazer bows, wonders, and adores.

The hours glide by; the silver moon is gone; the stars are rising, slowly ascending the heights of heaven, and sol-

emnly sweeping downward in the stillness of the night. A faint streak of rosy light is seen in the east; it brightens; the stars fade; the planets are extinguished; the eye is fixed in mute astonishment on the growing splendor, till the first rays of the returning sun dart their radiance on the young earth and its solitary inhabitant.

The curiosity excited on this first solemn night, the consciousness that in the heavens God had declared his glory, the eager desire to comprehend the mysteries that dwell in their bright orbs, have clung, through the long lapse of six thousand years, to the descendants of him who first watched and wondered. In this boundless field of investigation, human genius has won its most signal victories.

Generation after generation has rolled away, age after age has swept silently by; but each has swelled, by its contributions, the stream of discovery. Mysterious movements have been unravelled; mighty laws have been revealed; ponderous orbs have been weighed; one barrier after another has given way to the force of intellect; until the mind, majestic in its strength, has mounted, step by step, up the rocky height of its self-built pyramid, from whose star-crowned summit it looks out upon the grandeur of the universe self-clothed with the prescience of a God.

96. CHAMOUNY.—*Samuel T. Coleridge.*

Moderately low pitch.

Hast | thou a charm | to stay | the morning | star |
In his | steep | cóurse? — so lòng || he seems | to pause |
On thy | bald, | awful | frònt, || Oh, | sovereign | Blânc;
The Arvé | and Arveiron | at thy base |
Râve || cèaselessly; || but thóu, || most | awful | form, |
Risest | from forth | thy silent | sea | of pines |
How | sìlently! Around thee | and above, |
Dèep | is the air, | and dàrk; substantial | blâck, |
An èbon mass: || methinks | thou pièrcest it |
As with a wèdge! | But, when I look | agâin, |

It is thine own | calm | hòme, | thy crystal | shrìne, |
Thy habitation | from etèrnity. |
O dread | and silent | móunt! | I gázed | upon thee |
Till thóu, | still | present | to the bōdily | sense, ||
Didst vànish | from my thòught: | entranced | in práyer, |
I worshiped | the Invìsible | alone.

Yet, | like some sweet, | beguiling | mèlody, |
Sŏ | sweet | we know not | we are lístening to it,
Thŏu, | the meanwhile, | wast blending wìth | my thòught,—
Yea, | with my lîfe, | and life's | own | secret joy —
Till the dilating | sóul, | enrápt, | transfúsed, |
Into the mighty | vision | pássing || — there, |
As in her nâtural | fórm, || swelled || vast || to hèaven.

Awàke, | my sòul! | Not only pāssive | praise |
Thou ówest; not alone | these swelling | tẽars,
Mūte | thánks, | and sĩlent | écstasy. | Awàke,
Vôice of sweet | sòng! Awake, | my hèart, | awake,
Green | vàles | and icy clìffs, âll || jòin || my hỳmn.

Thou, fìrst | and chîef, | sole | sovereign | of the vàle!
Oh, | struggling | with the darkness | all | the nîght, |
And visited | all | night | by troops | of stárs,
Or when they climb | the sky, | or when they sínk || —
Companion || of the morning | star | at dáwn, |
Thysélf || eārth's || rōsy | stār, || and | of the dawn |
Cō- || hērald, || wàke! | Oh, wàke! || and utter pràise! ||
Whò || sank | thy sunless | pillars | deep | in èarth?
Whò | filled | thy coùntenance | with rosy || lìght?
Whò | made thee | pàrent | of perpetual | strèams?

And yôu, | ye five | wild | tòrrents, || fiercely || glâd!
Who called | yôu || forth | from night | and utter | death, |
From dark | and icy | cáverns | called you fòrth, ||
Down | those | precipitous, | black || and jaggéd ròcks,
Forever | shâttered, || and the sàme | forever? |
Who gave you | your | invùlnerable | lîfe,
Your strèngth, | your spèed, | your fùry, | and your jòy, |
Unceasing | thùnder, | and eternal | fôam?
And who | commânded, | — and the silence | cáme,—
"Here | let the billows | stìffen, | and have rèst"?

Ye ìce-falls! | ye | that from the mountain's | brow
Adown | enormous | ravìnes | slope | amain,—
Tórrents, | methinks, | that heard a mighty | vōice, |
And stòpped | at ònce | amid | their maddest | plúnge!
Mōtionless | tórrents! sīlent | cátaracts! — |
Who made you | glòrious | as the gates | of heaven |
Beneath the keen | full | mòon? Who bade the sùn
Clothe you | with ràinbows? Who | with living | flowers |
Of loveliest | blue | spread | gàrlands | at your fèet? —
"Gôd!" | let the torrents, | like a shout | of nations, |
Ànswer: | and let the ice-plains | écho, | "Gôd!"
"Gôd!" | sing, | ye mèadow-strèams, | with gladsome | vòice,
Ye pìne-groves, | with your soft | and soul-like | sòunds! ||
And thèy, too, | have a vòice, | yon | piles | of snòw,
And, in thèir | perilous | fall, | shall thunder, | "Gôd!"
Ye èagles, | playmates | of the mountain- | stòrm!
Ye lìghtnings, | the dread | arrows | of the clòuds!
Ye sìgns | and wònders | of the èlements!
Utter forth | "Gòd!" | and fìll | the hills | with pràise!

Thou, too, hoar mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain! thou
That—as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears—
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—rise, Oh, ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch, tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell you rising sun,
"Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!"

97. THANATOPSIS.—*William C. Bryant.*

Idem.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours

She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,—
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers, that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all

Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men —
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off —
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

HUMOROUS.

227. Humor requires a *light* and *airy* but greatly *diversified movement; tones* both *discrete* (laughing) and *concrete* (§§ 86, 87); a *melody* (§ 92 *a*) often passing suddenly *from the lowest to the highest pitch* and back again; a frequent use of the *circumflex*, of double reference or meaning (§ 74), and *all kinds* of *stress* and *quality*.

98. HOBBIES.—*T. DeWitt Talmage.*

We all ride something. It is folly to expect us always to be walking. The cheapest thing to ride is a hobby; it eats no oats; it demands no groom; it breaks no traces; it requires no shoeing. Moreover, it is safest; the boisterous outbreak of the children's fun does not startle it; three babies astride it at once do not make it skittish. If, perchance, on some brisk morning it throws its rider, it will stand still till he climbs the saddle. For eight years we have had one tramping the nursery, and yet no accident; though, meanwhile, his eye has been knocked out and his tail dislocated.

When we get old enough to leave the nursery we jump astride some philosophic, metaphysical, literary, political or theological hobby. Parson Brownlow's hobby was the hanging of rebels; John C. Calhoun's, South Carolina; Daniel Webster's, the constitution; Wheeler's, the sewing machine; Dr. Windship's, gymnastics.

Goodyear's hobby is made out of India-rubber; Peter Cooper's, out of glue; Townsend's, out of sarsaparilla bottles; De Witt Clinton rode his up the ditch of the Erie canal; Cyrus Field, under the sea; John P. Jackson, down the railroad from Amboy to Camden; indeed, the men of mark and the men of worth have all had their hobby, great or small.

We have no objections to hobbies; but we contend that there are times and places when and where they should not

be ridden. Let your hobby rest. If it will not otherwise stop, tie it for a few days to the whitewashed stump of modern conservatism. Do not hurry things too much. If this world should be saved next week it would spoil some of our professions. Do not let us do up things too quick. This world is too big a ship for us to guide. I know, from the way she swings from larboard to starboard, that there is a strong Hand at the helm.

Be patient. God's clock strikes but once or twice in a thousand years; but the wheels all the while keep turning. Over the caravansera of Bethlehem, with silver tongue, it struck One. Over the University of Erfurt, Luther heard it strike Nine. In the rockings of the present century it has sounded — Eleven. Thank God! It will strike — Twelve.

99. THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

To marry,— or *not* to marry,— that is the question!
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The sullen silence of these cobweb rooms,
Or seek in festive balls some cheerful dame,
And by uniting, end it. To live alone,—
No more; — and, by marrying, say we end
The heart-ache, and those throes and make-shifts
Bachelors are heirs to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished!
To marry; — to live in peace; —
Perchance in war; — ay, there's the rub;
For in the marriage state what ills may come,
When we have shuffled off our liberty,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes us dread the bonds of wedlock;
For who could bear the noise of scolding wives,
The fits of spleen, th' extravagance of dress,
The thirst for plays, for concerts, and for balls,
The insolence of servants, and the spurns
That patient husbands from their consorts take,

When he himself might his quietus gain
By living single?
Who would wish to bear
The jeering name of Bachelor,
But that the dread of something after marriage
(Ah, that vast expenditure of income,
The tongue can scarcely tell) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather choose the single life
Than go to gaol for debts we know not of!
Economy thus makes Bachelors of us still;
And thus our melancholy resolution
Is still increased upon more serious thought.

100. MISS MALONEY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Scribner's Monthly.

Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blissed thing cud I do, but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' whishkers on him, an' his finger nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus a-larnin' him, an' he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black shtoof, the haythin chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, an' ketchin' an' copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythin, an' he a-atin' wid drum-sticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a-foldin' down me clane clothes for ironin', an' fill his haythin mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder squirrit it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight, as innercent

now as a baby, the dirrity baste! But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be dishtracted. It's yerself knows the tinder feet that's on me since iver I've bin in this connthry. Well, owin' to that I fell into a way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praities or the likes o' that; an', do ye mind! that haythin would do the same thing after me, whiniver the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' I didn't. Didn't he get me into throuble wid me missus, the haythin? You're aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper an' put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit, the how it cuddent be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn, the missus was a-spakin' pleasant an' respec'ful wid me in me kitchen, when the grocer-boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name nor any other, but just haythin), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar, an' what not, where they belongs. If you'll belave me, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chase, right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprise, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box, wid a show o' bein' sly, to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, an' the missus sayin' "Oh, Kitty!" in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I. "I've found you out," says *she.* "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's *you* ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she—an' so

it went till she give me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady—an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.

101. BROTHER WATKINS.—*John B. Gough.*

My beloved brethering, before I take my text I must tell you about my parting with my old congregation. On the morning of last Sabbath I went into the meeting-house to preach my farewell discourse. Just in front of me sot the old fathers and mothers in Israel; the tears coursed down their furrowed cheeks; their tottering forms and quivering lips breathed out a sad—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* Behind them sot the middle-aged men and matrons; health and vigor beamed from every countenance, and as they looked up I could see in their dreamy eyes—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* Behind them sot the boys and girls that I had baptized and gathered into the Sabbath-school. Many times had they been rude and boisterous, but now their merry laugh was hushed, and in the silence I could hear—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* Around, on the back seats, and in the aisles, stood and sot the colored brethering, with their black faces and honest hearts, and as I looked upon them I could see a—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* When I had finished my discourse and shaken hands with the brethering—ah! I passed out to take a last look at the old church—ah! the broken steps, the flopping blinds, and moss-covered roof, suggested only—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* I mounted my old gray mare, with my earthly possessions in my saddle-bags, and as I passed down the street the servant-girls stood in the doors, and with their brooms waved me a—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* As I passed out of the village the low wind blew softly through the waving branches of the trees, and moaned—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!*

I came down to the creek, and as the old mare stopped to drink I could hear the water rippling over the pebbles a—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* And even the little fishes, as their bright fins glistened in the sunlight, I thought, gathered around to say, as best they could—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* I was slowly passing up the hill, meditating upon the sad vicissitudes and mutations of life, when suddenly out bounded a big hog from a fence-corner, with aboo! aboo! and I came to the ground with my saddle-bags by my side. As I lay in the dust of the road my old gray mare ran up the hill, and as she turned the top she waved her tail back at me, seemingly to say—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* I tell you, my brethering, it is affecting times to part with a congregation you have been with for over thirty years—ah!

102. A CATASTROPHE.

On a pine woodshed, in an alley dark, where scattered moonbeams, shifting through a row of tottering chimneys and awnings torn and drooping, fell, strode back and forth, with stiff and tense-drawn muscles and peculiar tread, a cat. His name was Norval; on yonder neighboring sheds his father caught the rats that came in squads from the streets beyond Dupont, in search of food and strange adventure. Grim war he courted, and his twisted tail and spine upheaving in fantastic curves, and claws distended, and ears flatly pressed against a head thrown back defiantly, told of impending strife. With eyes a-gleam and screeching blasts of war, and steps as silent as the falling dew, young Norval crept along the splintered edge, and gazed a moment through the darkness down, with tail awag triumphantly. Then with an imprecation and a growl—perhaps an oath in direst vengeance hissed—he started back, and crooking his body like a letter S, or like a U inverted (∩), stood in

fierce expectancy. 'Twas well. With eyeballs glaring and ears aslant, and open mouth, in which two rows of fangs stood forth in sharp and dread conformity, slap up a post from out the dark below, a head appeared. A dreadful tocsin of determined strife young Norval uttered, then, with a face unblanched and mustache standing straight before his nose, and tail flung wildly to the passing breeze, stepped back in cautious invitation to the foe. Approaching each other, with preparations dire, each cat surveyed the vantage of the field. Around they walked, tails uplifted and backs high in air, while from their mouths, in accents hissing with consuming rage, dropped brief but awful sentences of hate. Twice around they went in circle, each eye upon the foe intently bent, then sideways moving,—as is wont with cats,—gave one long-drawn, *terrific*, *savage yeow*, and buckled in.

103. BUZFUZ VERSUS PICKWICK.—*Charles Dickens.*

You have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen of the jury, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at fifteen hundred pounds. The plaintiff, gentlemen, is a widow—yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, some time before his death, became the father, gentlemen, of a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell street; and here she placed in her front parlor window a written placard, bearing this inscription: "Apartments furnished, for a single gentleman. Inquire within." Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear—she had no distrust—all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widow, "was a man

of honor,—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word,—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver,—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation;—in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let."

Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch; the train was laid; the mine was preparing; the sapper and miner was at work! Before the bill had been in the parlor window three days—three days, gentlemen—a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within, he took the lodgings, and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick the defendant.

Of this man I will say little. The subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villainy. I say systematic villainy, gentlemen; and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, further, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plain-

tiff or be he defendant; be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without any interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that on many occasions he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy. I shall prove to you that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms offered her marriage; previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witness to their solemn contract. And I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends — most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen — most unwilling witnesses — that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties — letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye — letters that were evidently intended, at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: — "Garraway's, twelve o'clock. — Dear Mrs. B.: Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick." Gentlemen, what does this mean? *Chops and tomato sauce! Yours, Pickwick!* Chops! — gracious heavens! — and tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. "Dear Mrs. B.: I shall not be

at home till to-morrow. Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression: —"Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan." *The warming-pan!* Why, gentlemen, *who does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire — a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you.

But enough of this, gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined; and it is no figure of speech to say that her "occupation is gone" indeed. The bill is down; but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass; but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps. But Pickwick, gentlemen — Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell street — Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward — Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans — Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made! Damages, gentlemen, heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him — the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those

damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen.

104. SPEECH OF M. HECTOR DE LONGUEBEAU.—*T. Mosely.*

Milors and gentlemans! You excellent chairman, M. le Baron de Mount-Stuart, he have say to me, "Make de toast." Den I say to him dat I have no toast to make; but he nudge my elbow ver soft, and say dat dere is von toast dat nobody but von Frenchman can make proper; and derefore, wid your kind permission, I vill make de toast. "De brevete is de sole of de feet," as you great philosophere, Dr. Johnson, do say, in dat amusing little vork of his, de Pronouncing Dictionaire; and derefore I vill not say ver mooch to de point. Ven I vas a boy, about so mooch tall, and used for to promenade de streets of Marseilles et of Rouen, vid no feet to put onto my shoe, I nevare to have expose dat dis day would to have arrive. I vas to begin de vorld as von garçon — or vat you call in dis countrie von vataire in a café — vere I vork ver hard, vid no habilimens at all to put onto myself, and ver little food to eat, excep' von old bleu blouse vat vas give to me by de proprietaire, just for to keep myself fit to be showed at; but, tank goodness, tings dey have change ver mooch for me since dat time, and I have rose myself, seulement par mon industrie et perseverance. (Loud cheers.) Ah! mes amis! ven I hear to myself de flowing speech, de oration magnifique, of you Lor' Maire, Monsieur Gobbledown, I feel dat it is von great privilege for von étranger to sit at de same table, and to eat de same food, as dat grand, dat majestique man, who are de terreur of de voleurs and de brigands of de metropolis; and who is also, I for to supposé, a halterman and de chef of you common scoundrel. Milors and gentlemans, I feel dat I can perspire to no greataire honneur dan to be von common scoundrel-

man myself; but, helas! dat plaisir are not for me, as I are not freeman of your great cité, not von liveryman servant of von of you compagnies joint-stock. But I must not forget de toast. Milors and gentlemans! De immortal Shakispeare he have write, "De ting of beauty are de joy for nevermore." It is de ladies who are de toast. Vat is more entrancing dan de charmante smile, de soft voice, de vinking eye, of de beautiful lady! It is de ladies who do sweeten de cares of life. It is de ladies who are de guiding stars of our existence. It is de ladies who do cheer but not inebriate, and derefore, vid all homage to dere sex, de toast dat I have to propose is, "De Ladies! God bless dem all!"

105. CAUDLE HAS BEEN MADE A MASON.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

Now, Mr. Caudle,—Mr. Caudle, I say: oh, you can't be asleep already, I know! Now, what I mean to say is this: there's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but at last my mind's made up, Mr. Caudle: I shall leave you. Either I know all you've been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no. There's an end of the married state, I think,—an end of all confidence between man and wife,—if a husband's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself. Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't know 'em. Not fit for any decent person to know, I'm sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel, there's a good soul: tell me, what's it all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still,—not that I care much about it,—still, I *should* like to know. There's a dear. Eh? *Oh, don't tell me there's nothing in it;* I know better. I'm not a fool, Mr. Caudle; I know there's a good deal in it. Now, Caudle, just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you anything. You know I would. Well?

And you're not going to let me know the secret, eh? You

mean to say — *you're not?* Now, Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion,— not that I care about the secret itself; no, I wouldn't give a button to know it, for it's all nonsense, I'm sure. It isn't the secret I care about; it's the slight, Mr. Caudle; it's the studied insult that a man pays to his wife when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know. Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a mason,—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha! you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have all the best of them to yourselves; otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when a man becomes a mason,— when he's got a sort of corner-cupboard in his heart, a secret place in his mind, that his poor wife isn't allowed to rummage.

Was there ever such a man? A man, indeed! A brute! —yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being a mason; not at all, Caudle; I dare say it's a very good thing; I dare say it is: it's only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But you'll tell me,— you'll tell your own Margaret? *You won't?* You're a wretch, Mr. Caudle.

106. THE JESTER CONDEMNED.—*Horace Smith.*

One of the kings of Scanderoon,
    A royal jester,
Had in his train a gross buffoon,
    Who used to pester
The court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
    Which wholesome rule
Occurred not to our jackanapes,

Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks
Which only seemed to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure,
Incurred the desperate displeasure
Of his serene and raging Highness;
Whether he twitched his most revered
And sacred beard,
Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows: his sin was an occult one;
But record tells us that the Sultan
Meaning to terrify the knave,
Exclaimed, "'Tis time to stop that breath;
Thy doom is sealed; — presumptuous slave!
Thou stand'st condemned to certain death.
Silence, base rebel! — no replying;
But such is my indulgence still,
That, of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the *mode* of dying."

"Thy royal will be done,—'tis just,"
Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust;
"Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your Majesty's humane decree
Has deigned to leave the choice to me,
I'll die, so please you, of *old age!*"

107. A MODEST WIT.—*Anonymous.*

A supercilious nabob of the east —
Haughty, being great — purse-proud, being rich,
A governor, or general, at the least,—
I have forgotten which,—
Had in his family an humble youth,
Who went from England in his patron's suite,
An unassuming boy, and in truth
A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;
  But yet, with all his sense,
  Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
  His honor, proudly free, severely merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
  To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft or trade
  Did your good father gain a livelihood?"
"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
  "And in his time was reckoned good."

"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
  Instead of teaching you to sew!
'ray, why did not your father make
  A saddler, sir, of you?"

Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
At length Modestus, bowing low,
  Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
  Your father's trade!"

"My father's trade! By heaven, that's too bad!
My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low—
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

"Excuse the liberty I take,"
  Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
"Pray, why did not your father make
  A gentleman of you?"

108. THE SHADOW ON THE BLIND.

Mr. Plum was retiring to rest one night,
He had just undressed and put out the light,
And pulled back the blind
As he peeped from behind
('Tis a custom with many to do so, you'll find),
When, glancing his eye,
He happened to spy
On the blinds on the opposite side — oh, fie!
Two shadows; each movement of course he could see
And the people were quarreling, evidently.
"Well, I never!" said Plum, as he witnessed the strife,
"I declare 'tis the minister beating his wife!"
The minister held a thick stick in his hand,
And his wife ran away as he shook the brand,
Whilst her shrieks and cries were quite shocking to hear,
And the sounds came across most remarkably clear.

"Well, things are deceiving,
But — 'seeing's believing,'"
Said Plum to himself, as he turned into bed;
"Now, who would have thought
That man would have fought,
And beaten his wife on her shoulders and head
With a great big stick
At least three inches thick?
I am sure her shrieks quite filled me with dread.
I've a great mind to bring
The whole of the thing
Before the church members; but no, I have read
A proverb which says, 'Least said soonest mended.'"
And thus Mr. Plum's mild soliloquy ended.

But, alas! Mr. Plum's eldest daughter, Miss Jane,
Saw the whole of the scene, and could not refrain
From telling Miss Spot, and Miss Spot told again
(Though of course in strict confidence) *every* one
Whom she happened to know, what the parson had done.
So the news spread abroad, and soon reached the ear
Of the parson himself, and he traced it, I hear,

To the author, Miss Jane. Jane could not deny
But at the same time she begged leave to defy
The parson to prove she had uttered a lie.

A church meeting was called: Mr. Plum made a speech.
He said, "Friends, pray listen awhile, I beseech.
What my daughter has said is most certainly true,
For I saw the whole scene on the same evening, too;
But, not wishing to make an unpleasantness rife,
I did not tell either my daughter or wife.
But of course as Miss Jane saw the whole of the act,
I think it but right to attest to the fact."

"'Tis remarkably strange!" the parson replied:
"It is plain Mr. Plum must *something* have spied;
Though the wife-beating story of course is denied;
And in *that* I can say I am grossly belied."
While he ransacks his brain, and ponders, and tries
To recall any scene that could ever give rise
To so monstrous a charge,—just then his wife cries,
"I have it, my love: you remember that night
When I had such a horrible, terrible fright.
We both were retiring that evening to rest,—
I was seated, my dear, and but partly undressed,
When a nasty large rat jumped close to my feet;
My shrieking was heard, I suppose, in the street;
You caught up the poker and ran round the room,
And at last knocked the rat, and so sealed its doom.
Our *shadows*, my love, must have played on the blind;
And this is the mystery solved, you will find."

MORAL.

Don't believe every tale that is handed about;
We have all enough faults and *real* failings, without
Being burdened with those of which there's a doubt.
If you study this tale, I think, too, you will find
That a light should be placed in the front, not behind:
For often strange shadows are seen on the blind.

109. THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.—*Robert Southey.*

The Emperor Nap he would set off
On a summer excursion to Moscow;
The fields were green and the sky was blue,–
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

The Emperor Nap he talked so big
That he frightened Mr. Roscoe.
John Bull, he cries, if you'll be wise,
Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please
To grant you peace, upon your knees,
Because he is going to Moscow!
He'll make all the Poles come out of their holes,
And beat the Russians, and eat the Prussians;
For the fields are green, and the sky is blue,—
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And he'll certainly march to Moscow!

And Counsellor Brougham was all in a fume
At the thought of the march to Moscow:
The Russians, he said, they were undone,
And the great Fee-Faw-Fum
Would presently come,
With a hop, step and jump, unto London.

But the Russians stoutly they turned to
Upon the road to Moscow.
Nap had to fight his way all through.
They could fight, though they could not parlez vous;
But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,—
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And so he got to Moscow.

He found the place too warm for him,
For they set fire to Moscow.
To get there had cost him much ado,
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green, and the sky was blue,—
Morbleu! Parbleu!
But to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him
All on the road from Moscow.
There was Tormazow and Jemalow,
And all the others that end in ow;
Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch,
And Karatschkowitch,
And all the others that end in itch;
Schamscheff, Souchosaneff,
And Schepaleff,
And all the others that end in eff;
Wasiltschikoff, Kostomaroff,
And Tchoglokoff,
And all the others that end in off;
Rajeffsky, and Novereffsky,
And Rieffsky,
And all the others that end in effsky;
Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky,
And all the others that end in offsky;
And Platoff he play'd them off,
And Shouvaloff he shovelled them off,
And Markoff he marked them off,
And Krosnoff he crossed them off,
And Tuchkoff he touched them off,
And Boraskoff he bored them off,
And Kutousoff he cut them off,
And Parenzoff he pared them off,
And Worronzoff he worried them off,
And Doctoroff he doctored them off,
And Rodionoff he flogged them off,
And, last of all, an admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name,
A name which you all know by sight very well,
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.
They stuck close to Nap with all their might;
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by night;
He would rather parlez vous than fight;
But he looked white, and he looked blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
When parlez vous no more would do,
For they remembered Moscow.

And then came on the frost and snow,
All on the road from Moscow.
The wind and the weather he found, in that hour,
Cared nothing for him, nor for all his power;
For him who, while Europe crouched under his rod,
Put his trust in his Fortune, and not in his God.
Worse and worse every day the elements grew,
The fields were so white and the sky so blue,
Sacrebleu! Ventrebleu!
What a horrible journey from Moscow!

110. HISTORY OF JOHN DAY.—*Thomas Hood.*

John Day, he was the biggest man
Of all the coachman kind,
With back too broad to be conceived
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight,
When he was in the rear,
And wished his box a Christmas-box,
To come but once a year.

Alas! against the shafts of love
What armor can avail?
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through
His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar-maid of "The Crown" he loved,
From whom he never ranged;
For, though he changed his horses there,
His love he never changed.

One day, as she was sitting down
Beside the porter pump,
He came and knelt, with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, "My taste will never learn
To like so huge a man;
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can."

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, although
He drove the "Dart" for years.

In vain he wooed — in vain he sued,—
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry
While on the way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town;
The course of love was never smooth,
So his went up and down.

At last, her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin;
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

"Oh, Mary! view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf!
Though I have never had a wife,
I've lost my better half!"

Alas! in vain he still assailed,
Her heart withstood the dint;
Though he had carried sixteen stone,
He could not move a flint!

Worn out, at last he made a vow,
To break his being's link,
For he was so reduced in size,
At nothing he could shrink.

Now, some will talk in water's praise,
And waste a deal of breath;
But John, though he drank nothing else,
He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid, that caused his love,
Found out the fatal close,
For looking in the butt she saw
The butt end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the "Crown,"
  But that is only talk;
For after riding all his life,
  His ghost objects to walk.

111. ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

Good people all, of every sort,
  Give ear unto my song;
And, if you find it wondrous short,—
  It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
  Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,—
  Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he haa,
  To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,—
  When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
  As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
  And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
  But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
  Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
  The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits
  To bite so *good* a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
  To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
  They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

112. TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.—*Thomas Hood.*

I really take it very kind,—
This visit, Mrs. Skinner;
I have not seen you such an age —
(The wretch has come to dinner!)
Your daughters, too, what loves of girls!
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here, and kiss the infant, dears,—
(And give it, p'rhaps, the measles!)

Your charming little niece, and Tom,
From Reverend Mr. Russell's;
'Twas very kind to bring them both —
(What boots for my new Brussels!)
What! little Clara left at home!
Well, now, I call that shabby!
I should have loved to kiss her so —
(A flabby, dabby babby!)

And Mr. S., I hope he's well,—
But, though he lives so handy,
He never drops once in to sup —
(The better for our brandy!)
Come, take a seat,— I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You've come, of course, to spend the day —
(Thank Heaven! I hear the carriage!)

What! must you go? — next time, I hope,
You'll give me longer measure:
Nay, I shall see you down the stairs —
(With most uncommon pleasure!)
Good-by! good-by! Remember, all,
Next time you'll take your dinners —
(Now, David, mind,— I'm not at home,
In future, to the Skinners.)

PATHETIC.

228. Pathos requires *concrete tones* (§ 87) and *semitonic melody* (§ 89), *effusive*, *sustained force* (§ 109), a frequent use of *tremulous stress* (§ 105), and *pure* (§ 131) or *orotund* (§ 135) *quality*.

113. THE LEPER.—*N. P. Willis.*

"Room for the leper! Room!" And as he came
The cry passed on,—"Room for the leper! Room!"

* * * And aside they stood,
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on his way,—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying, "Unclean!—Unclean!"

* * * Day was breaking
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense-lamp
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof
Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still
Waiting to hear his doom:

"Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God,
For he has smote thee with his chastening rod,
And to the desert wild,

From all thou lov'st, away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague his people may be free.

"Depart! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more,
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er;
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way, and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

"Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide,
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide,
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well, or river's grassy brink.

"And pass not thou between
The weary traveler and the cooling breeze,
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

"And now depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to him
Who from the tribes of men
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod.
Depart, O leper! and forget not God!"

And he went forth,—alone! not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibers of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,
Sick and heart-broken, and alone,—to die!
For God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched

The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blest,— to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! Unclean!" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form pronounced his name.
"Helon!"— the voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument,— most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon! arise!" and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
As he beheld the stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at his back, nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear,— yet in his mien
Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,
A kingly condescension graced his lips
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
His stature modeled with a perfect grace;
His countenance, the impress of a God,
Touched with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; his hair unshorn
Fell to his shoulders, and his curling beard
The fullness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if his heart was moved, and, stooping down,
He took a little water in his hand
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,

And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshiped him

114. THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.—*Thomas Hood.*

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly,—
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful

Still, for all slips of hers,—
One of Eve's family,—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,—
Her fair auburn tresses,—
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed,—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;

Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it!
Picture it,—think of it!
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!
Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Savior!

115. DAVID'S LAMENT FOR ABSALOM.—*N. P. Willis.*

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood
With his faint people for a little rest
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank
And spoke their kindly words, and as the sun
Rose up in heaven he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh, when the heart is full — where bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a mockery — how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer.
He prayed for Israel — and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield — and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh, for Absalom,
For his estranged, misguided Absalom —
The proud, bright being who had burst away
In all his princely beauty to defy
The heart that cherished him — for him he prayed,
In agony that would not be controll'd,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there
Before his God for his deep sinfulness.

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave, and as the folds

Sank to their still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
The mighty Joab stood beside the bier
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang, but the bent form
Of David entered; and he gave command
In a low tone to his few followers,
And left him with the dead.

The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Thou who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill
Like a rich harp-string yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet '*my father!*' from those dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee! I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;—
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee!—
And thy dark sin! Oh, I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer.
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently — and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

APPENDIX I.

Hints for the Composition of Orations.

Style. The phraseology of the oration should be modelled upon that of dignified conversation, which differs from the language of the essay both in being broken up into more short sentences, especially those in the form of exclamations and questions; and in being, now and then, as in the climax, extended into longer sentences. The student can best cul-

tivate an appropriate style by reading aloud orations of a high character, and by repeating over the phraseology of his own productions, when composing them, until he finds that his forms of expression fit the exigencies of delivery.

MATTER: INTRODUCTIONS AND CONCLUSIONS. The general principles underlying these are the same. The beginner would better postpone thinking of either till after the main body of his discourse has been prepared. Otherwise, upon the Introduction especially, he may waste time, and end by making it the whole speech itself, or, at any rate, long enough for this. Moreover, the form of the introduction depends upon the form of the general presentation, which, therefore, should be first determined. As a rule both Introductions and Conclusions should be brief.

In character, they may be either direct or indirect. The direct introduction states what the speaker intends to tell or prove; the direct conclusion sums up what he has told or proved, e.g.

Browning begins his poem entitled "Sordello" by stating what he intends to tell: —

> Who will may hear Sordello's story told.

He ends it by stating what he has told:—

> Who would has heard Sordello's story told.

Wendell Phillips begins his oration on Toussaint L'Ouverture by stating what he intends both to tell and to prove.

"I have been requested to offer you a sketch of one of the most remarkable men of the last generation, the great Toussaint L'Ouverture. My sketch is at once a biography and an argument, — a biography of a negro statesman and soldier, an argument in behalf of the race from which he sprang."

He ends his speech on "A Metropolitan Police," the

subject of which was really agitation, by stating what he has proved: —

"Agitate and we shall yet see the laws of Massachusetts rule even in Boston."

The indirect Introduction or Conclusion gives either a statement of a general principle unfolded in the speech, or a story or quotation illustrating a specific application of this principle.

Henry Clay begins his speech "In Defence of the American System" by stating a general principle, thus: —

"In one sentiment, Mr. President, expressed by the honorable gentleman from South Carolina, though perhaps not in the sense intended by him, I entirely concur. I agree with him that the decision on the system of policy embraced in this debate involves the future destiny of this growing country."

Edward Everett ends his oration "On Temperance" by stating this general principle: —

"Let us, sir, mingle discretion with our zeal; and the greater will be our success in this pure and noble enterprise."

Daniel Webster begins his great speech, "In Reply to Hayne," with this illustration: —

"When the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course."

Edward Everett ends his oration on "The Importance of Scientific Knowledge" with this illustration: —

"When an acorn falls upon an unfavorable spot, and decays there, we know the extent of the loss — it is that of a tree like the one from which it fell; but when the mind of a rational being, for want of culture, is lost to the great ends for which it was created, it is a loss which no man can measure, either for time or for eternity."

THEME. There are two principal kinds of subjects, those telling stories and those presenting arguments.

Subjects telling stories may be subdivided into the historical, which deal with events as influencing persons; and the biographical, which deal with persons as influencing events.

Subjects presenting arguments may be subdivided into the *philosophical*, which unfold principles; and the *practical*, which apply them.

Either a story or an argument, whether long or short, whether used in an essay or oration, is effective in the degree in which it brings out a point or points. A story illustrates the point, an argument proves it. This is the chief fact to be borne in mind when preparing anything for the public. The subject need not be new; but it should be given a new application. Just as the painter when he copies a familiar landscape, by putting into it his own individuality, and causing us to see it with his own eyes, can make his picture original and artistic, so a writer or speaker, by giving a new point to an old story can make it far more interesting and effective than a new story could possibly be, in case it had no point; i.e. no idea which it suggested or enforced.

SPECIAL AIM OF SPECIAL SUBJECTS. The particular point to be brought out in the treatment of a subject depends upon its purpose. As a rule, the purpose of an historical subject is to inform. A biographical, dwelling as it does upon personal characteristics and exemplifications of personal merit or demerit, is usually intended to excite to emulation or the opposite. If one be speaking, for instance, of "The Fall of Granada," the "Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," or "The Expulsion of the Jews from Spain," he should do so in order to illustrate the effects upon progress or upon a country's prosperity, of religious intolerance or bigotry; if he be treating of O'Connell or Garrison, he may do so in order to illustrate the effects of agitation, or if of

Milton or Wordsworth, to illustrate the effects of confidence in one's own powers. To thoughtful minds, facts always illustrate principles. If, in connection with the facts, one does not discover and present, or at least suggest these principles with his facts, people will not think that he has any thoughts worthy of their consideration.

The purpose of a philosophical argument is to convince, and of a practical one is to persuade. If, keeping these ends in view, one puts into his production all that will secure them, and leaves out of it all that will not, he will invariably command attention and sympathy. It is talk that is scattering which distracts and disaffects an audience. When one is aiming straight at a mark, they are interested in seeing, at least, whether or not he will hit it.

The Treatment of the Theme. There are methods connected with what in rhetoric is termed *invention*, through which, when no thoughts concerning a subject readily suggest themselves, a man can come to have thoughts concerning it, and can develop them in an interesting and effective way. Such methods are almost always acquired, being a result of conscious or unconscious cultivation. As a rule, a man who composes well is one who first desires to do so, and then, by trying hard to accomplish his purpose, ends by training himself thoroughly for the work.

Dividing a Subject Logically. In order to have something to say, a speaker must begin by dividing his one general subject of consideration into different special subjects of consideration. These will furnish him with material for presentation, even if he does no more than to state and explain them. But to do the latter in a manner which will cause an audience to regard and remember what is said, necessitates divisions conceived and arranged logically, as it is termed. The ability to present thought in this manner, however, is not so much a matter of logic as

of art. As such, it does not invariably necessitate either logical training or even a logical mind. The art too, as will be shown here, may be acquired with comparative ease. Many persons acquire it naturally by applying unconsciously to the subject a principle underlying the expression of thought in many other relations. Why cannot other persons be instructed so as to apply the same principle consciously? They certainly can be. The principle is that, in accordance with which, when we have any thought in mind to which we try to give expression, we instinctively associate it with certain sights or sounds of the external world. Otherwise, as thought itself is invisible and inaudible, we might not be able to make others acquainted with it. For instance, this term *expression*, just used, means a pressing out — an operation that can be affirmed literally only of a material substance which is forcibly expelled from another material substance; but, because we recognize a possibility of comparison between this operation and the way in which immaterial thought is made to leave the immaterial mind, we use the term as we do. So with thousands of terms like *understanding*, *uprightness*, *clearness*, *fairness*, etc. Carrying out the same principle, the ancients represented whole sentences through the use of hieroglyphics; and geometricians and scientists, even of our own times, represent whole arguments — the logical relations of abstract ideas and the physical relations of intangible forces — through the use of lines and figures. In a similar way and with a similar justification we can apply the principle to the expression of thought in a subject considered as a whole.

The sights or sounds in external nature to which we may compare this thought may be conceived of as occupying chiefly a certain portion of space, as a house does; or of time, as a melody does. Most things, however, and all things having life, while chiefly occupying the one or the other of these elements, actually occupy both, or, at least, sug-

gest both; like a man's body, for instance, which has both shape and movements. For this reason, the arts of sight must usually represent in space not only what occupies it but also time. Thus a picture often portrays an event; and this requires a suggestion, at least, of a series of actions. In fact the ability to embody such a suggestion furnishes one reason why a product of the higher art of painting ranks above a photograph. On one side of a canvas, for example, a painter may depict a man as drawing a bow, and on the other side of the same canvas he may depict an arrow that has evidently just left the bow as having hit its mark. In the arts of sound, among which we must class all compositions involving a use of language, a corresponding principle operates. Think how large a proportion of the most artistic, in the sense of being the most effective passages in poems and orations, describe visible persons or events. The words occupy time; but they represent to imagination, so that one seems to see them, face to face, things that exist only in space.

Not merely as judged by separate illustrations, but by general arrangement, that essay or oration is the most successful which presents the thought in this depicted or graphic way, — a way that causes the reader or hearer to seem to see the whole line of the argument mapped out before him, the entire framework of the ideas built up and standing in front of him. But before a writer or speaker can produce such an effect, he himself must be able to see his subject lying before him, or rising in front of him; in other words, he must be able to conceive of it as comparable to some external object whose shape or movement can be perceived. The principle that is now to be unfolded being based upon this kind of a conception is, therefore, of such a nature as not merely to simplify the work of dividing subjects, but also to make the presentation of them more effective.

Let us first consider the methods of forming two general

divisions suggested by the appearances of objects. Bearing in mind that we are to conceive of our topic as represented by something that is visible, we may start by remarking that this may be perceived either in space, in which case it has location; or in time, in which case it has movement. If we perceive it in space alone, we may notice *The Object* and also *Its Relations* to other objects, or — what is the same thing expressed differently — we may notice *Itself* and also *Its Surroundings.* This will give us two divisions into one or the other of which can be put everything that it is possible to say about the object, and, for this reason, about the topic also, which the object is supposed to represent. These two divisions, thus derived, may now suggest others analogous to them in principle, but differing in phraseology in order to meet the requirements of different subjects to which they are to be applied. Instead, for instance, of saying *Object* and *Its Relations*, we may say, if treating of persons, *Individual* and *Community;* if of their character, *Private* and *Public;* if of their influence, as in the case of a statesman, *At Home* and *Abroad;* if we are dealing with corporate as well as individual life, we may discuss their *Character* and *Associations;* or their *Constitution* and *Circumstances;* or, if we are referring to principles, natural or philosophic, we may speak of their *Elements* and *Affinities*, or their *Essence* and *Environment.* Practically, in fact, there is no end of the ways in which we may change our phraseology, and yet not depart from the general method in accordance with which it is suggested.

Again, if we choose, we may confine our attention to only the object itself. In this case, a thorough examination must include a consideration of its *Outside* and also of its *Inside*, or, to use the technical terms that conventionally designate these respectively, its *Conditions* and also its *Qualities.* Here again we have two divisions, into one or the other of which we can put everything that it is pos-

sible to say about the object considered only in itself. And changing the phraseology in the way and for the reasons indicated in the last paragraph, we may go on and form such divisions as *Externally* and *Internally*, *Superficially* and *Intrinsically*, *Appearance* and *Reality*, *Class* and *Kind*, *Reputation* and *Character*, *Accident* and *Essential*, *Form* and *Spirit*, and others like these.

Once more, we may consider the object only in time, or as related to movement; and this again will lead us to put everything into two divisions, namely the *Object* and its *Actions*, analogous to which we can form other divisions, like *In Itself* and *Its Results*, *Cause* and *Effect*, *Character* and *Influence*, *Nature* and *Acquirements*, *Matter* and *Manner*, *Means* and *Methods*, *Theory* and *Practice*, and *Principle* and *Tendencies*.

Recalling now what has been said in the three paragraphs above, we shall notice that the *Relations* of the object as suggested by what surrounds it in space, the *Object* itself, and its *Actions* as they are perceived by its movements in time, can also furnish divisions, into which to put all that can be said of an object or of a topic. But holding still to our purpose, which is to compare the topic as a whole to some perceptible object, let us suppose this, first, to be one appearing in space, and, therefore, characterized mainly by shape; and let us make three divisions suggested by it, somewhat analogous, though not closely to *Relations*, *Object*, and *Actions*. Plato was evidently thinking of shape when he said that every work of art must have *Feet*, *Trunk*, and *Head*. Following out his suggestion, we may make divisions like *Bottom*, *Sides*, and *Top*; *Foundation*, *Walls*, and *Roof*; *Mineral*, *Vegetable*, and *Animal*; *Physical*, *Intellectual* and *Spiritual*; *Grounds*, *Beliefs*, and *Speculations*; *Certainties*, *Probabilities*, and *Surmises*; *Fact*, *Theory*, and *Practice*, etc.

Now let us compare our topic to an object appearing in time, and therefore characterized mainly by movement.

This is evidently what Aristotle did when he said that every work of art should have *Beginning, Middle,* and *End.* Following out his suggestion, we make divisions like *Past, Present,* and *Future; What I recall, What I see, What I anticipate; Antecedents, Achievements,* and *Expectations; Source, Nature,* and *Results; Derivation, Condition,* and *Tendencies; History, Character,* and *Destiny,* and so on indefinitely.

Going back now to the fact mentioned in the fourth paragraph above this, namely, that we may divide the object into its *Outside* and its *Inside,* or into its *Condition* and *Qualities,* we may extend *Relations, Object,* and *Actions* into *Relations, Conditions, Qualities,* and *Actions,* and thus obtain four divisions. These, too, by the way, are the very terms that are used in logic to indicate the leading attributes of objects, and a knowledge of which is especially helpful when one is describing or defining; as when we say of a man, that in his relations he is social, in his condition healthy, in his qualities intellectual, and in his actions energetic. Making the same changes in phraseology as in the previous cases, we may parallel these divisions by such as the following: as applied to a person or community, by *Surroundings, Constitution, Disposition,* and *Occupation;* by *Associations, Culture, Temperament,* and *Achievements:* as applied to natural objects or systems of philosophy or government, by *Connections, Phases, Character,* and *Influence;* by *Affinities, Forms, Elements,* and *Operations;* by *Rank, State, Kind,* and *Powers,* and so on.

So far, our divisions have all been based upon a comparison of a topic to the conditions of an object, as appearing either in space or time. But, besides conditions, the object, as has been said, has qualities. This fact suggests that we may ask, What *kinds* of Relations, of Conditions, of Qualities, or of Actions can be affirmed of the object? and also that the answer in each case can suggest divisions for our topic. Thus, the idea of the kinds of Relations suggests

that we can consider those which are on *One Side* and the *Other Side; Before* and *Behind; Antecedents* and *Consequents; Means* and *Ends;* at *One Extreme* and at the *Other Extreme;* that the object has a *Bright Side* and a *Dark Side;* and as applied to abstract ideas, that it may have certain features that are *Advantageous* and others *Disadvantageous;* certain, *Superior* and others *Inferior.*

The idea of the kinds of Conditions suggests that we may consider some *High* and others *Low;* some *Rich* and others *Poor;* some *Prosperous* and others *Unprosperous;* some *Noble* and others *Ignoble;* some *Free* and others *Restrained;* some *Susceptible* and others *Insensible;* some *Safe* and others *Dangerous,* etc.

The idea of the kinds of Qualities suggests that we may consider some *Good* and others *Bad;* some *Fine* and others *Coarse;* some *Common* and others *Uncommon;* some *Pleasant* and others *Disagreeable;* some *Admirable* and others *Despicable;* some *Trustworthy* and others *Untrustworthy;* some *Positive* and others *Negative,* etc.

The idea of the kinds of Actions suggests that we may consider some *Slow* and others *Fast;* some *Beneficial* and others *Injurious;* some *Skilful* and others *Bungling;* some *Efficient* and others *Inefficient;* some *Subjective* and others *Objective;* some *Profitable* and others *Unprofitable;* some *Peaceable* and others *Hostile.*

Such formulæ as these can be used, first, for the main divisions of a topic. Suppose, for instance, that one be asked to address a gathering interested in a certain cause. Referring to it, he will have something to say, in case only he can think of divisions like these: *What I recall, What I see, What I anticipate.* Or suppose he is to preach on a text like "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation," he can present the subject both textually and logically by saying, I am not ashamed of the gospel, because, in its *Source,* it is of God; in its *Nature,* a power; and, in its *Results,* salvation.

The formulæ can be used also for subdivisions of the main divisions. Suppose that one be treating of Political Life, he can speak of it, first, in itself, and under this he can refer to its *Character* and its *Influence*, and to the latter both *At Home* and *Abroad*. Then, second, he can speak of its *Surroundings*, both *Private* and *Public;* and of both of these he may mention what is *Advantageous* and *Disadvantageous;* and, perhaps too, *Pleasant* and *Disagreeable*.

Two divisions, of course, one of which is complementary of the other, are more in accordance with the principles of logic than are a larger number. At the same time, these are not necessarily illogical. Aristotle, for instance, in Book 2, Chapter X. of his Rhetoric, says, "All things are done by men either not of themselves, or of themselves. Of things not done by men of themselves, some they do from necessity, others they do from chance; of those done from necessity, a part are from external force, the others are from force of natural constitution. So that all that men do, not of themselves, are either from chance or from nature or force."

The number of divisions may be extended greatly with no great detriment to the logical effect, if only the *order of observation* be followed. The sole reason why certain of these divisions — those like *Foundation, Walls*, and *Roof*, for instance — are important, is because of the order that they introduce into description. A hearer could not be interested in an account of a cathedral, nor remember it, if the describer were to mention one feature of the foundation, then one of the roof, then one of the walls, and then another of the roof again, and so on. As a rule, he is expected to say everything that he has to say of the foundation before beginning about the walls; and to end describing these before referring to the roof. Because in such cases all that is essential is to preserve the order of thought, it is feasible sometimes to analyze one or more of the factors of divis-

ions, such as Individual and Community, into many heads like *Individual*, *Community*, *Race*, and *Humanity*; or divisions, like At Home and Abroad into *Home*, *Town*, *District*, *Country*, *World*, and *Universe*. Often it is possible to fulfil the requirements of order, and, at the same time, because of allied principles of analysis, together with slightly different methods of applying them, to combine certain of the sets of divisions that have been made.[1]

There is a connection worth noticing now between the methods that have suggested all these sets of divisions, and a well-known rule of rhetoric, which is, that in treating a subject, thought should move by successive steps from the generic to the specific, or from the specific to the generic. This connection is owing to the fact that, in passing from the generic to the specific, thought usually advances by a process of analysis from what has only to do with the relations or, at least, the environments of a subject to that which may be said to belong to it more specifically, being, as it were, at its core. Again, passing onward from this, thought usually does so in order to show the actions or influence of that which is in this sense specific upon that which is more generic in its environments and relations. Dr. Mark Hopkins, for instance, in his "Outline Study of Man," illustrates this method by starting with the general conception of being, and passing from that through Organized Being, Animal, Vertebrate, Mammal, and Man to a specific Man. Then, affirming something of this man, he retraces his steps exactly in reverse order, applying what has been said, first, to Man, then Mammal, Vertebrate, Animal, Organized Being, and finally to Being. So one may start with the general conception of *Humanity*, and advancing through *Race* and *Country* to *Government*, and affirming something of this apply what is said in succession to *Country*, *Race*, and *Humanity*. So moving through *Physical*, *Intellectual*, and *Moral* to *Spiritual*, he may apply what is said of this in succession to it in its *Moral*, *Intellectual*, and

[1] Thus the last two on page 110 may give us *Rise*, *History*, *Culmination*, *Character*, *Decline*, *Destiny*.

Physical relations; and moving through *Nature*, *Human Nature*, and *Æsthetic Nature* to *Art*, he may apply what is said to *Æsthetic Nature*, *Human Nature*, and *Nature*.

Whenever we begin by observing in this way the more general relations or features of a subject, and pass from these to those that are more specific, and having treated of the latter go on to show the influence that they exert first in their more specific and then in their more generic relations, we pursue an order of thought which fulfils the principle underlying all the methods that have been here unfolded.

Enough has been said now, however, to make clear what this principle is, as well as to suggest the methods through which it may be applied. It is hardly necessary to add that the sets of divisions that have been given illustrating these may be almost infinitely varied, or that, for this reason, there is no necessity that they should be used or imitated slavishly. In fact, it is hardly possible that, for any length of time, they should be used thus. The principle at the base of them is so easy to understand and master that any endeavor to carry it out will, after a few attempts, give a man such a command of it as to render him practically independent of any prescribed methods of procedure.

For convenience in consultation, all that has been said on this subject is summarized in the chart on pages 110, 111. The pupil who will use the chart when preparing the outline of a speech will soon become so familiar with the principles of observation in accordance with which the different classes or divisions are derived, as to be able to do without it.

Rules for testing Successful Divisions. First, to secure unity, there should be one principle in accordance with which all the divisions are made.

It would not be proper to divide North Americans into Canadians, Yankees, Southerners, and Mexicans. The first

and last divisions are made upon the principle of naming people after the countries to which they belong; the other divisions are not.

Second: To secure distinctness, the thought in each division should exclude thought properly belonging to other divisions.

The word Southerners in the last example does not necessarily exclude Mexicans; nor in dividing the powers of a man into physical, nervous, and mental, would either physical or mental exclude nervous.

Third: To secure completeness, all the divisions taken together should exhaust the subject.

North America contains more people of more nations than those mentioned in the example illustrating the first rule.

Fourth: To secure progress the divisions should be arranged so as successively to make an advance in the line of thought.

Exactly what constitutes an advance in the line of thought depends upon the circumstances and aim of the presentation. A physician, wishing to make clear some principle ruling in the physical nature, might begin by speaking first of the operation of an analogous principle in the mental nature, whereas a metaphysician wishing to prove something with reference to the mental nature would more appropriately arrange his divisions in the opposite order.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE. (See chart, pp. 358, 359.)

1. Should American University Students wear the Cap and Gown?

FOUR DIVISIONS, EACH BEING SUBDIVIDED INTO TWO.

I. RELATIONS.

a. History and Associations Abroad and at Home.

Affirmative should show desirability of preserving the good old academic customs of the Eng-

II. CONDITIONS.

a. Forms and Phases.

Affirmative should state who should be entitled to wear cap and gown and when and where, e.g., upper class-men, on public

lish universities in the American, their offspring.

Negative should show un-American nature of the custom of class-distinction, and refute the theory of English character of American universities by showing presence of other elements than English, such as German, etc.

III. Qualities.

a. Spirit and Character.

Affirmative should uphold the custom as giving a needed dignity to the character of the American scholar.

Negative should deplore the priggishness and exclusiveness of the custom.

occasions, etc., and show the benefits of such distinctions.

Negative should deny the power of discrimination as to person, time, and place, and picture the resulting incongruities of outer and inner garments, of appearance and surroundings, etc.

IV. Actions.

b. Tendencies and Results.

Affirmative should show how a more general respect for scholarship would be fostered.

Negative should show the distrust and envy toward the educated classes, which it would tend to increase among the uneducated.

2. Influence of Athletics upon College Studies.
3. Should the Grading System be Abolished?
4. Should Prizes and Honors be Abolished?
5. Should Inter-collegiate Athletic Contests be Abolished?
6. Should Greek be omitted from the Requirements for the A.B. Degree?
7. Should Latin be a Requirement for every College and University Degree?
8. Should Gymnastic Exercises be Compulsory?
9. Should the Class System be Abolished in Favor of the Course System?
10. Should the Elective System prevail after
    a. Entrance to College, or (a second theme),
    b. Freshman Year, or
    c. Sophomore Year?
11. Should Attendance on Chapel Exercises be Compulsory?
12. Should Class Honors be Decided by Contest, or Election?
13. Is the Social Spirit of the College Club Detrimental to the Literary Spirit of the Debating Society?
14. Should Work on College Publications be accepted in place of Required College Exercises in Composition?
15. Should Independent Student Organizations (such as Glee and Sketch Clubs) receive Assistance from the College?

HINTS FOR MAKING GRAPHIC ORATORICAL DIVISIONS, SUBDIVISIONS AND DEFINITIONS.

Compare the subject to some existence, manifesting itself

In SPACE and (or) **In TIME.**

in considering which, we look first at

THE LOCATION ABOUT IT, then AT, then INTO, then at the MOVEMENT BEYOND it.

TWO DIVISIONS.

RELATION.			OBJECT. CONDITIONS.		OBJECT. QUALITIES.	ACTIONS.		
Object	and	its Relations.	Outside	and	Inside.	Object	and	Its Actions.
In Itself	and	its Surroundings.	Externally	and	Internally.	In Itself	and	Its Results.
Constitution	and	Circumstances.	Superficially	and	Intrinsically.	Cause	and	Effects.
Character	and	Associations.	Appearance	and	Reality.	Character	and	Influence.
Elements	and	Affinities.	Class	and	Kind.	Nature	and	Acquirements.
Essence	and	Environment.	Reputation	and	Character.	Matter	and	Manner.
Individual	and	Community.	Accident	and	Essential.	Theory	and	Practice.
Private	and	Public.	Form	and	Spirit.	Principle	and	Tendencies.
At Home	and	Abroad.				Means	and	Methods.

THREE DIVISIONS.

Built up like Things in Space.			Following like Things in Time.		
Bottom.	Sides.	Top.	Beginning.	Middle.	End.
Foundations.	Walls.	Roof.	Past.	Present.	Future.
Lower.	Medium.	Higher.	What I recall.	What I see.	What I anticipate.
Mineral.	Vegetable.	Animal.	Antecedents.	Achievements.	Expectations.
Physical.	Intellectual.	Spiritual.	Source.	Nature.	Results.
Grounds.	Beliefs.	Speculations.	Derivation.	Condition.	Tendencies.
Certainties.	Probabilities.	Surmises.	Rise.	Culmination.	Decline.
Facts.	Theory.	Practice.	History.	Character.	Destiny.

FOUR DIVISIONS.

RELATIONS.	CONDITIONS.	QUALITIES.	ACTIONS.
* Surroundings.	Constitution.	Disposition.	Occupation.
* Associations.	Culture.	Temperament.	Achievements.
† Connections.	Phases.	Character.	Influence.
† Affinities.	Forms.	Elements.	Operations.
† Rank.	State.	Kind.	Powers.

*May apply to Persons or Communities. † May apply to Natural Objects or Systems of Philosophy, Government, etc.

DIVISIONS OF ANALYSIS AND SYNTHESIS.

RELATIONS. OBJECT. ACTIONS.

* Being.
Organized Being.
Animal.
Vertebrate.
Mammal.
Man. A Man. Man.
Mammal.
Vertebrate.
Animal.
Organized Being.
Being.

GENERIC. ☞SPECIFIC.☜ GENERIC.

* Hopkins's Outline Study of Man.

Humanity.	Race.	Country.	Government.	Country.	Race.	Humanity.
Physical.	Intellectual.	Moral.	Spiritual.	Moral.	Intellectual.	Physical.
Nature.	Human Nature.	Æsthetic Nature.	Art.	Æsthetic Nature.	Human Nature.	Nature.

TWO DIVISIONS, COMPARED TO THE KINDS OF

RELATIONS.		CONDITIONS.		QUALITIES.		ACTIONS.	
One side.	Other side.	High.	Low.	Good.	Bad.	Slow.	Fast.
One extreme.	Other extreme.	Rich.	Poor.	Fine.	Coarse.	Beneficial.	Injurious.
Bright side.	Dark side.	Prosperous.	Unprosperous.	Common.	Uncommon.	Skilful.	Bungling.
Antecedents.	Consequences.	Free.	Restrained.	Exalted.	Degraded.	Efficient.	Inefficient.
Means.	Ends.	Encouraging.	Discouraging.	Admirable.	Despicable.	Subjective.	Objective.
Advantageous.	Disadvantageous.	Susceptible.	Insensible.	Trustworthy.	Untrustworthy.	Profitable.	Unprofitable.
Superior.	Inferior.	Safe.	Dangerous.	Positive.	Negative.	Peaceable.	Hostile.

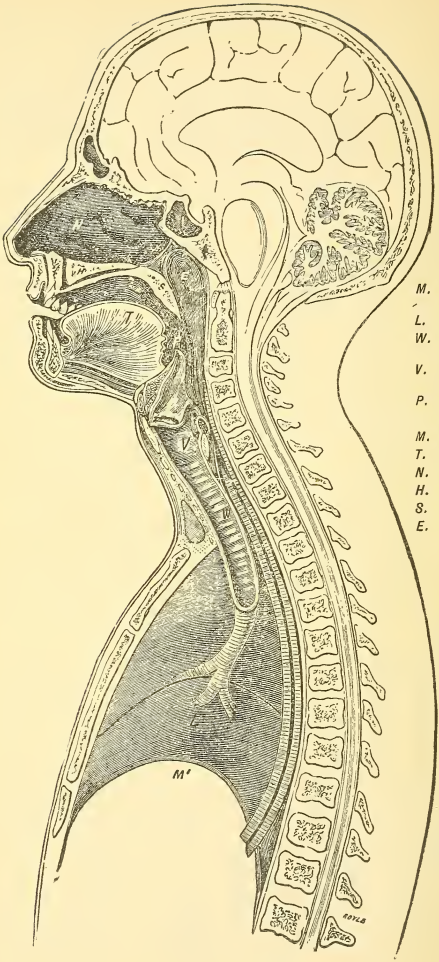
M. Midriff, or Diaphragm.
L. Lungs.
W. Windpipe, or Trachea.
V. Voicebox, or Larynx.
P. Upper Part of the Throat, or Pharynx.
M. Mouth.
T. Tongue.
N. Nasal Cavities.
H. Hard Palate.
S. Soft Palate.
E. Eustachian Tube.
M'

PLATE I.

APPENDIX II.

The Organs for Vocal Expression.

Besides the organs of articulation, considered on pp. 17–22, three other classes of organs are involved in vocalization. They are ordinarily termed the *Motor Organs*, the *Essential Organs*, and the *Organs of Intensification*.

To the first class, the *Motor*, belong the organs of respiration, the *lungs* and *bronchial tubes*, and the muscles of the *diaphragm* and *ribs* surrounding them. (*See* Plate I.)

The essential organs are in the larynx. (*See* Plate II.)

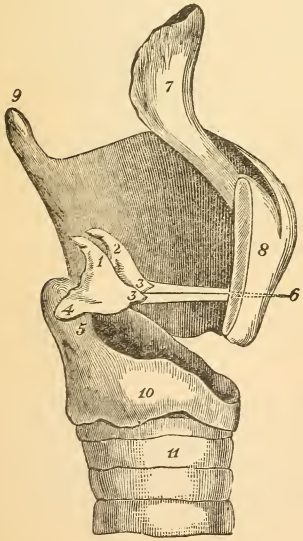

Plate II.—Side View of the Voicebox, or Larynx, showing the Interior of it, the right Plate being removed.

1, 2. Pyramids (Arytenoid Cartilages).
3, 3. Front Projections of the Pyramids.
4. Lever of the Right Pyramid.
5. Upper Border of the Ring.
6, 3, 3. Vocal Ligaments.
7. Lid.
8. Shield.
9. Left Upper Horn of the Shield
10. Ring.
11. Windpipe, or Trachea.

a. It surmounts the *trachea*, or windpipe, and is connected by the *hyoid bone* to the base of the tongue. During the act of swallowing, by an upward movement against the base of the tongue, it is covered by the *epiglottis*. Beneath this covering lies the cavity of the larynx. This is divided by a central contraction, called the *glottis*, into a conical chamber above and a cylindrical one below. The glottis is bounded by the projection of two ligamentous bands called the *vocal cords* (though the term "cord" is misleading), and that of the *ventricular bands* above. The *ventricle of the larynx*, situated behind the latter, intensifies the sounds emitted by the vocal cords. These cords are attached to the *thyroid* (θυρεος, a shield,) the protecting cartilage of the whole larynx, the *arytenoids* (αρυταινα, cup), and these in turn to the *cricoid* (κρικος, ring), the fundamental cartilage. The muscles moving these cartilages affect the tension of the vocal cords and their vibratory length, for, the cords being arranged somewhat in the shape of a V, contraction of the apex has the same result in increasing the pitch of the sounds emitted, as the shortening by the hand of the strings on the neck of a guitar. But pitch is not entirely dependent upon the larynx used as a stringed instrument. It depends also upon variation in length of the resonating columns of air passing through the cords as through reeds.

Exercises of the Vocal Cords. (Attack.)

I. Holding the breath, repeat as rapidly as possible, a soft, short sound, between that of **u** in *up* and **oo** in *coo*—**whispered**—then **softly vocal**—and **up and down the scale.** Make it in the forward part of the mouth, rather than in the throat, and never after it begins to irritate the organs.

II. If you have a voice of a breathing quality, occasionally, for a few seconds, hold the breath and force it against the vocal cords so as to grate them together, emitting a half-vocalized, constantly interrupted sound.

The organs of **Intensification** (Resonance), in addition to the tubes and chambers of the lungs and larynx, are the upper throat, or *pharynx*, the *nasal cavities*, the mouth, or *buccal cavity* (*bucca*, cheek), the *hard* and *soft palates*, and the *uvula*. (*See* Plate III.)

a. The *pharynx* is a connecting chamber for the passage from the stomach (the œsophagus), and from the lungs (the larynx), and those from the drums of the ears (Eustachian tubes), and from the nose. It is the stage proper of the theatre of the voice. While it is important that its entrances and exits and resonating "flies" should be kept open and free from obstruction (the Eustachian tubes are easily inflated if mouth and nose be closed), the chief organ of intensification under control of the will is

b. The *nose* (nasal cavities). Respiration during vocal exercises should usually be through it alone. Its resonance results mainly from the vibration of

c. The *hard* and *soft* palates. The former being the hard, bony portion that arches the front of the mouth, serves also as a re-

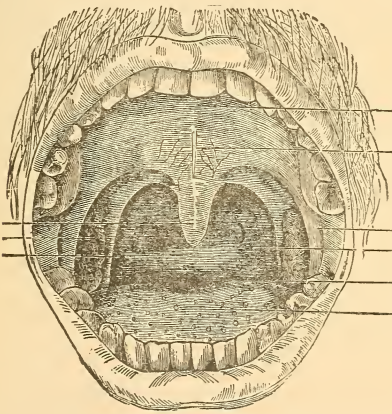

PLATE III. — VIEW OF PARTS SEEN WHEN THE MOUTH IS WIDELY OPEN.[1]

flector of sound for the buccal cavity. It is the dome of the theatre. The soft palate is the movable covering and partition at the back of the mouth. As a covering it is a sort of "proscenium arch" over the stage, or pharynx, and is supported by two muscular ridges on either side, which are called the "pillars

[1] The above illustrative cut is taken from "The Mechanism of the Human Voice," by permission of E. S. Werner, publisher.

of the fauces. These can be brought near together at will, narrowing the space between them, called "the isthmus of the fauces."

As a partition, the soft palate answers to the curtain of the stage, affecting resonance by closing at will the openings of the pharynx to the nose and mouth. To do the first, its pendent portion, the *uvula*, is drawn backward, and a cushion is formed behind it, stopping the nasal passages. The second is accomplished by lowering the soft palate and lifting the back of the tongue till the two meet.

d. It is essential that, throughout all vocalization not imitative, the underlying muscles of the organs of resonance should be in a passive state, leaving the surfaces free to vibrate. With Americans, as a rule, these muscles, especially those below and about the nasal passages, share wrongly in the active work of articulation, which is only appropriately done near the tip of the tongue and the lips. As a result, the sweetness of the voice is impaired and catarrh and laryngitis are contracted, Demosthenes, by practising articulation with a mouth filled with pebbles, not only cured his stammering, but, as we now know, did so by breaking up the connection, merely sympathetic, between the muscles intended for articulation and for resonance.

SUMMARY OF EXERCISES TO BE PRACTISED DAILY FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES.

1. Active and Passive chest, abdomen and sides alternately,—with empty and full lungs. Arm movements, page 23.
2. Inhale and exhale slowly,—first at abdomen, then at lower sides,—then at chest.
3. With elevated chest, inhale and exhale at abdomen and lower sides.
4. Exhale through one nostril with compressed lips, with whispered *ah*.
5. Keep moving tongue's tip from lower teeth back along roof of mouth.
6. With tongue's tip out, keep moving its root and the larynx as if swallowing.
7. With fingers between teeth, keep opening lips.
8. Look in a mirror and keep lifting uvula.
9. Sit straight, half fill lungs, hold abdomen stiff—and empty lungs with puffs of p (ŭh)-p-p.

10. Repeat several times from abdomen *wo ; waw ;* and *oi*, *ai*, *ou*.

11. Vocalize and whisper *uh*, *uh*, *uh*.

12. Repeat rapidly until lungs are emptied, *la*, *la*, *la*. Roll *r-r-r*. Sound *ng*, *ng*, *k ;* and *ee*, *ee*, *mm*.

13. Sound each following initial consonant alone ; then with the vowels ; and then with all the letters following both itself and the other initial consonants :

boob	goig	lail
dōd	maum	thāth
jouj	nahn	rer

14. With full orotund tone (see § 134) and deep breathing, repeat, "¡Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll! Independence, constitution, abounding, amazement."

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